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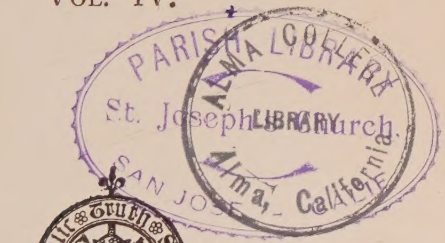

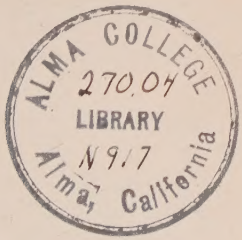

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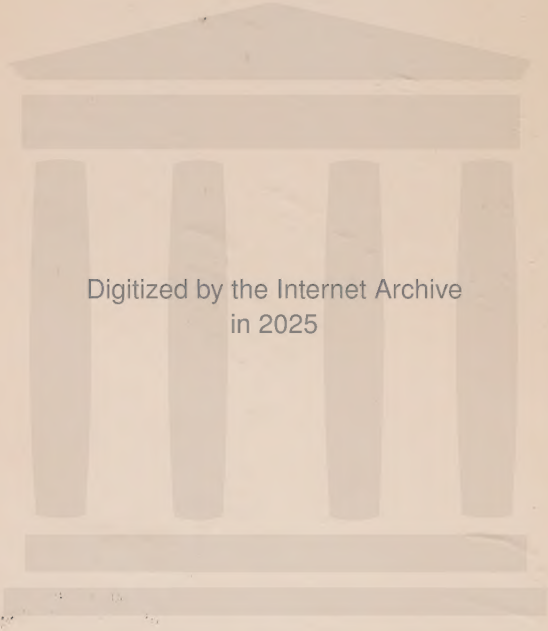

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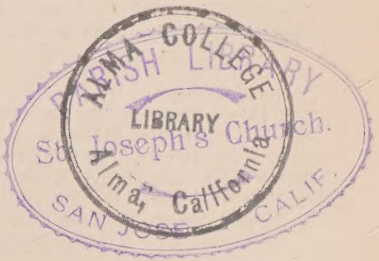

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CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 18 WEST SQUARE, LONDON, S.E.

Archbishop Ullathorne.*

(1806–1889.)

THERE are some lives which serve to mark an epoch,—lives which by virtue of their striking power or unique position or both, stand apart by themselves, and form landmarks in the history of their time. Of such was the life of Archbishop Ullathorne—one who was the link between the old order and the new,—the last of that long line of Vicars Apostolic, stretching back even to the times of the "Reformation," the first Bishop of Birmingham, and consolidater of Catholic life in mid-England, and the Patriarch of the present English Episcopate; the promoter of the restored hierarchy in England, the chief founder of the Church in Australia, the zealous missioner among the outcast and degraded, the prudent adviser at the Councils of the Church, and the learned expounder and unwearied defender of her doctrine and practice in a period of doubt and difficulty and transition. It is a life which, by reason of its originality of character and grandeur of spirit, quite as much as its extent of work and eminence of position, is well worthy of being handed down to posterity.

And handed down it will be in some form at least. For there exists an autobiography, written during the last months of his life, which will doubtless give a peculiar insight into Dr. Ullathorne's character, as well as a

* Abridged, by permission, from the *Oscotian*, with alterations and additions.

graphic picture of his relations to the times in which he lived,—though even there, from the nature of the case, many a wonderful touch in word and act will be wanting, which we would fain see preserved, but which seem destined to pass away unrecorded.

This memoir does not aim at being in any sense a complete account of such a life. It is mainly a short summary of its chief facts and events; yet it is hoped that it will be of interest to many, especially with regard to those parts which concern his last years and days upon earth.

I. Early Life.

William Ullathorne was born on the 7th of May, 1806, at Pocklington, some ten or twelve miles from York. His father belonged to a good old Catholic family, which reckoned among its ancestors a lineal descendant of Blessed Thomas More, Chancellor and Martyr. His mother was a convert, distantly related to Sir John Franklin, the Arctic navigator; and William was the eldest of their ten children. He learnt his letters from the daughter of a Protestant clergyman in the town, and when he was eight years old became a weekly boarder in a neighbouring village, that he might receive some further schooling. He returned home every Saturday night, that he might hear Mass on Sundays, and listen to the instructions of the venerable Abbé Fidèle, who had at that time the charge of the Pocklington mission. The teaching the boy received at Burnby was, of course, quite of an elementary kind; but his own insatiable taste for reading enlarged his stores of knowledge, far beyond what is usual in boys of his age. His imagination was remarkably lively, and led him to take special delight in any tales of voyages and travels he could lay his hand on.

After two years of this village schooling, the family removed to Scarborough, where, for the first time, he saw the sea. This had been a great object of his aspira-

tion from the time he had read *Robinson Crusoe;* and he never forgot the keen sense of wonder and delight with which he gazed on that enchanting sight.* Here he was sent to a school of higher pretensions, kept, like the former one, by a Protestant master. He suffered, however, great disadvantages by his change from Pocklington, in the loss of weekly Mass. Although there was a Catholic Chapel at Scarborough, there was no resident priest; the mission was served alternately by two priests of the neighbourhood, each coming once in six weeks. As they were both Douay priests, and generally dined at Mr. Ullathorne's house, the boy's interest was much awakened by their college stories; but his real attraction was to the sea. His father attempted to bring him up to his own business, but after a year's trial it was thought best to yield to the strong wishes of the son.

A new brig was about to be launched, whose owners were among Mr. Ullathorne's personal friends, and it was to be commanded by a captain very superior to the ordinary run of mercantile captains. The officers and crew were also picked men, and so the future Bishop sailed as cabin boy from Newcastle to Leghorn, thence to Barcelona, and then returned from Tarragona to Hull. His next voyage was to St. Petersburgh. He was charmed by the wildness of the Baltic Sea, and much struck by the religious habits of the people; but a change of captains, and a change of destination for the vessel, led before long to the cancelling of his indentures. His parents hoped that this would sicken their son of sea life altogether; but though he had not much taste for ship work, and greatly disliked the coarse society into which he was necessarily thrown, he still retained his desire to see more of the world; so he spent the winter in studying the science of navigation, and in the following

* To the last he was never tired of talking, and hearing, and reading, about the sea. In fact, so strong was the impression made upon him by his early sea-faring days, that he ever after regarded himself as a sailor, and had always a humorous pity for "poor land-lubbers." He used always to declare that it was aboard ship that he learnt the meaning of discipline and obedience.

spring set sail again. This time he was under a Catholic captain, whose nephew, the mate of the vessel, had been educated for a while at Stonyhurst, and was full of faith. They made a voyage to Cronstadt, and another to Memel, and there the young sailor met the turning-point of his life.

One Sunday morning the mate proposed that they should go to Mass; so the "Garden of the Soul" was fished up from the bottom of the sea-chest, and the two youths set off together through the flat town, with its numerous wind-mills for sawing timber, and its many churches, which were in the hands of the Lutherans. Beyond the town they reached a considerable wooden structure, exteriorly not unlike a barn, with a large grass-plot in front, in the middle of which stood a bare wooden cross. Mass had already begun; the men knelt on one side of the church, the women on the other; and their devout and recollected faces made the deepest impression on the cabin boy. Their hands were joined in prayer, and they were singing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin to two or three simple notes, accompanied by an instrument somewhat resembling in effect the tinkling of small bells. The sight and sound affected him in a wonderful way; his heart and soul were turned inwardly upon himself; he saw the claims of God upon his service, and felt a deep reproach for leading an aimless life. On the homeward voyage, he spent all his leisure time in reading the two or three Catholic books which the mate happened to have on board, and as soon as his ship entered the Thames he wrote to his parents, saying that he now wished to give up the sea, and to return home.

Not long afterwards a friend, who had a son studying for the Church at Downside, pressed a younger son of Mr. Ullathorne's to embrace the same vocation. The invitation, however, met with no response; whereupon the elder brother made known to his parents the change that had been wrought in him, and to his great delight it was soon arranged with Dr. Barber, the Prior of Downside, that William should go to that school. He went in the beginning of February, 1823.

II. Religious Training.

There were only twenty boys in the school; probably there were none of these whose education—in its more common sense—was more backward than William Ullathorne's, certainly none whose mind on the other hand was more fully developed. He now set himself to work to supply the deficiency, and his natural abilities enabled him to push his way with wonderful rapidity to the top of his class, and indeed of the school; for at each successive examination, he was transferred to a higher class. If the intellectual and classical part of his education was too hurried, as he himself on more than one occasion publicly acknowledged, the same cannot be said of his religious and spiritual training. This was deep and solid, as became the nature which was to receive it. Fr. Polding, afterwards Archbishop of Sydney, was Prefect of the school, and also spiritual director. He at once began to prepare the new pupil for his first Communion, which in consequence of the absence of a resident priest at Scarborough, and his own sailor life, he had not yet made. The preparation was long and thorough, and the first communion was delayed until Christmas night, 1823. Twelve days later, William Ullathorne was admitted as a postulant to the Benedictine Order. On the 12th of March, 1824, he received the habit, together with four other students.

Besides the usual course of religious training and exercises, the young novice devoted himself with the utmost ardour to the study of all the books that came within his reach. He made his solemn profession on the 5th of April, 1825, taking the name of Bernard.

Early in the year 1828, he commenced his course of theology under a man of singular ability, Dr. Brown, afterwards well-known as Bishop of Newport and Menevia. In October he received Confirmation from Bishop (afterwards Cardinal) Weld; on the 12th of the same month he was promoted to the Sub-diaconate, and in the Ember-week of September, 1830, to the Diaconate.

He was soon afterwards sent with another of his order

to the Benedictine College at Ampleforth, where he was appointed Prefect of discipline, and where his firmness of ruling was soon made manifest. On Ember Saturday, September 24th, 1831, he was ordained priest at Ushaw by Bishop Penswick, Vicar-Apostolic of the Northern District.

The account of his religious training must needs be scanty and inadequate; for, besides the time itself being a period of retirement from the world, it was also one to which Dr. Ullathorne rarely alluded at any length, and then only to more intimate friends, so great was his reticence in all that concerned his own spiritual life. His private devotion was ever hidden and unobtrusive; so much so, that it was only in his last illness, when retirement was no longer possible, that those around him realised how tenderly and ardently he had loved his God.

III. Life as Priest.

For some little time after his ordination, Father Ullathorne was doing the ordinary Sunday duties of a priest at Craik and Easingwold; and after that was recalled to his own monastery to teach in the school. But, about this time, events happened which had a most important bearing on his career.

Fr. Polding received a brief appointing him Visitor-Apostolic of the Mauritius, where his uncle, Dr. Slater, was Bishop. He, however, declined the appointment, and Dr. Morris was put in his place. The Vicariate of the Mauritius at that time extended far beyond the limits of the island. It embraced all Southern Africa, Australia, and the islands of the Pacific, including New Zealand, and even a considerable part of British India. Dr. Morris was an old member of the Downside community, and naturally wished for co-operators from the house of his profession. In reply to his application, he was told by the Superiors that if Fr. Bernard were asked, he would probably be not unwilling to go. The young priest,

who had already, years before, expressed his sympathy with the sufferings of the convicts in Australia, now declared his wish to go there. After consultation with his superiors, he wrote to the President-General of the Order for leave to offer himself for that mission; which leave was at once granted.

Ecclesiastical affairs in Australia were then in a very uncomfortable position, and Sir Richard Bourke, the Governor, had asked the Home Government to make some arrangements whereby a Catholic ecclesiastic might be sent out, invested with competent authority, to settle the matters in dispute. Dr. Morris, therefore, proposed to make Fr. Ullathorne his Vicar-General for that part of his diocese. Fr. Ullathorne, alarmed at the proposal, had recourse to his usual mentor; and acting on Fr. Polding's advice, did not refuse the offer.

He set out from London in September, 1832, reaching Sydney about Shrovetide in February, 1833, at which time there were only three priests in the colony to minister to the wants of a scattered flock of some 20,000 souls. The new Vicar-General, by his prudence, tact, and firmness at once made his influence felt, reforming abuses, deciding disputes, destroying party spirit, conciliating the Government officials, and establishing unity and peace throughout the whole community.

The Vicar at once entered upon the missionary life, which his companions were already familiar with. Their usual mode of travelling was on horse-back, accompanied by a servant man on another horse, carrying the vestments, altar stone, &c. The priest himself always carried the Blessed Sacrament in the breast pocket of his coat, not knowing when he might come upon the sick and dying—a practice lately prohibited by the Holy See. On one occasion, the Vicar lost the holy oil-stocks through their wearing a hole in his pocket. This happened on the desolate Blue Mountains, many miles from any habitation; but strange to say, a French woman, happening to pass that way, picked them up, and at once concluding that they belonged to a priest, found means of restoring them.

In most places, the police courts served for chapels, but at times a public room over the stables of some hotel had to serve the purpose; and it happened more than once that the Vicar had to preach against drunkenness in places devoted to drinking. Wherever the missionaries went, the Catholic innkeepers never failed to entertain both them and their horses, free of expense. When they reached a township, they used to ride round, visiting all the farms in the neighbourhood, calling also at Protestant houses, to ask leave for the Catholic convict-servants to come to Mass and the Sacraments; also looking after any sick who might require attention. Then came the day for Mass, which was occupied from morning till night with people coming and going. Sometimes a second day was required for communions, and all this amid intense heat and many other grave inconveniences.

Even at Sydney itself there was work enough for more clergy than the colony contained. Besides the usual flock, there was a large gaol in which convicts were put on first landing, and to which others were sent from all parts of the colony for extra punishment. There was the felons' gaol, where about forty executions took place in the year; a large chain-gang to be looked after on an island in Sydney Cove; a great convict hospital in Sydney, another at Paramatta, and another at Liverpool, twenty miles off.

These things, and many other duties connected with the convict population made more priests necessary; and the difficulty of communicating with Bishop Morris at the Mauritius made it clear that New South Wales needed a Bishop of its own. Feeling the weight of his responsibility, Fr. Ullathorne wrote to his old novice master at Downside a letter which set astir the English Benedictines, led to communications with Rome, and finally to Fr. Polding's appointment as the first Bishop of Sydney.

Meanwhile, events occurred which brought the Vicar into yet closer relations with the convicts. The duty of attending at executions usually fell to the lot of another priest, Fr. McEncroe. But when a judicial commission was sent to Norfolk Island for the purpose of trying a

number of criminals who had been engaged in rebellion against the troops and in an attempt to get possession of the island, the Governor begged Fr. Ullathorne to accompany the commission, as many of the guilty men were Catholics.

Describing the place in a pamphlet on the Catholic Mission in Australasia, he says: "Norfolk Island is about 1000 miles from Sydney. It is small, only about twenty-one miles in circumference, of volcanic origin, and one of the most beautiful spots in the universe." The detailed account he then gives, which is too long to reprint here, shows that the place, from the magnificence of its scenery, the luxuriance of its growth, and the purity of its climate, must be indeed an earthly Paradise, but he then goes on to show what a moral hell had been created by the depravity of man, amid such beautiful surroundings.

This island had been selected as the place of punishment for men who had committed fresh crimes, after having been already transported to New South Wales for crimes committed in England or Ireland. Probably the majority of them had received, at one time or other, sentence of death. They were a desperate body of men, made more desperate through their isolation from the outer world, the hardships of their lot, and the utter exclusion of religion from their midst. In fact, so deep was their depravity that in their language *evil* was literally called *good*, and *good*, *evil*. Their life was one of intense misery: they worked in heavy irons and fed on salt meat and maize bread; so indifferent had life become to them that murders were committed in cold blood, the murderer afterwards declaring he had no ill feeling against his victim, but that his sole object was to obtain release from his surroundings.

To such men as these was Fr. Ullathorne sent in 1835, to prepare such Catholics amongst them as were condemned to death, to meet their end. This work he did most successfully, and much more as well; for, besides collecting much information which he used to good purpose afterwards, twenty conversions were made and

one hundred and fifty general confessions heard, during the week still allowed before the departure of the ship.

He left prayer books behind him; arranged a form of prayer for their use on Sundays, and obtained the appointment of one as reader, whose duty also it should be to teach those to read who were unable, in the intervals between labour and food.

At the close of the next year, the Vicar re-visited Norfolk Island, and our readers will appreciate his delight at finding that his poor penitents had remained remarkably attentive to their duties of religion, in spite of all sorts of ridicule and persecution; and, as a consequence, had vastly improved in their lives and conduct. They now had their reward in being admitted to Holy Communion. Besides hearing three hundred confessions during the fortnight of this second visit, the Vicar's labours were also rewarded by twelve conversions from among the Protestant criminals.

In the midst of these distracting duties, he yet found time to write a short work on the "Use and Abuse of the Sacred Scriptures, as exhibited in the Discipline and Practice of the Protestant and Catholic Communions." This was published when there was a danger of anti-Christian Education gaining a footing in the colony. He also published a sermon on Drunkenness, and another on Cursing and Swearing, thousands of copies of which were circulated throughout the settlement at the expense either of the Government or the Governor. Indeed, the former sermon has often been used, and still continues to be used largely throughout the British Isles, by Protestants, as well as Catholics, in their fight with that terrible evil.

After Bishop Polding's arrival, Catholic affairs soon began to assume larger proportions. And as the Church expanded, its wants increased; so much so, that it was soon determined to send Fr. Ullathorne to England to do what he could to provide for them.

He landed in England towards the end of 1836, and then entered upon what must be called, in some respects,

the most eventful years of his life, when he was brough into contact with so many men of note in various parts of the country. He was perpetually on the move, not only through England, but also in Ireland. He wrote and published the book already mentioned on the Catholic Mission in Australasia; gave lectures up and down the country on his distant mission and its wants; and his appeals met with a very large measure of success. He also met the Vicars-Apostolic of England, assembled at York, and the Irish Bishops at Maynooth; and arranged to take out with him or send fifteen priests (four of whom became bishops), five church-students to study Philosophy, five Sisters of Charity from Dublin, and two or three schoolmasters. Finally, he was called upon, through the suggestion of Dr. Lingard, to give evidence before Sir William Molesworth's Committee on the subject of transportation and its attendant evils. His evidence will be found in the report of that Committee laid before Parliament in 1838.

In the midst of these various duties, he was summoned to Rome, at the instance of Cardinal Weld, to give an account of his mission. Pope Gregory XVI. gave him his approbation and encouragement, and conferred on him the title of Doctor of Divinity.

On his return to England, he assisted at the opening of St. Mary's College, Oscott, May 29th, 1838. Soon after he set sail for Sydney, and on his arrival found himself the object of almost universal indignation in the colony, and, indeed, throughout the other penal settlements. His evidence before the House of Commons, and his little book on the subject, had preceded him; and garbled extracts had been published from them, dressed up in the usual newspaper fashion, with all sorts of exaggerations. He had deeply wounded both freemen and emancipists in two ways: he had touched them in two most sensitive points, their pride and their pockets. He had made known throughout England, and, indeed, all Europe, the state of moral degradation which prevailed in the colony; and had exposed the evils and vicious results of the assignment system. But on the continu-

ance of that system depended the wealth both of emigrants and emancipated convicts. The land derived its value from the number of convicts that its owners could get assigned to them. Hence, the more criminals, the more wealth. Moreover, trade and manufactures rested on the same basis; and even the domestic servants of both sexes were usually assigned criminals. But after the evidence which had been given against it, this system was vigorously attacked in Parliament and by the English press; and its reformation was already looming in the distance, though many years had yet to roll over their heads before the colonists realised the truth and justice of what had been said. But he lived to see the fruit of his labour, and hear the reviling changed to blessing; for in a monster meeting held at Sydney, in 1850, almost on the very spot where he had dwelt, 100,000 men registered a memorable oath, that no convict should ever again be allowed to set foot on Australian shores.

About this time he wrote his "Reply to Judge Burton," the most important of his colonial productions. It was to protest against decisions in applying certain English laws to the Colony, which, had they stood, would have invalidated all the Catholic marriages there up to quite a recent period, illegitimatized the children of those marriages, and upset the tenure of much property.

He had also a conflict with an anti-Catholic Tract Society, to which government officials were giving their support, and by his efforts the abuse was abolished. These and other encounters caused him to be called in Protestant circles the Very Rev. Agitator-General of New South Wales.

After a while, Bishop Polding determined to return to Europe for a time, as a still further increase in the number both of priests and bishops became necessary; and Dr. Ullathorne, who took alarm at seeing his name on the Bishop's list for the bishopric of Hobart-Town, insisted on accompanying him to Rome. It was the Vicar's taking leave of New South Wales altogether, though he did not know it at the time. Yet, before he went, he published

three letters addressed respectively to the Governor, the city of Sydney, and the colony in general, predicting great financial troubles and consequent distress. These letters were signed by his usual political *nom de plume*, "Sydney;" and though the colonists did not believe him at the time, they had good reason to do so afterwards, when the crash came.

On their way to Europe the Bishop and his Vicar paid a visit to New Zealand; and Dr. Ullathorne was so impressed by what he saw and heard that he has charmed many an audience, young and old, by narrating his adventures there, and describing the character of the country and the native inhabitants—their splendid physique, their simplicity and their peculiar customs. He and his party were astonished to find themselves repeatedly pointed out as "Picopo." On asking the Catholic missionaries what it meant, they were told that from certain peculiarities belonging to their language, the words "Bishop" or "Evêque" were unpronounceable to the natives, so that Bishop Pompallier, who was stationed there, had taken the Latin word "Episcopus," and turned it into "Picopo" for his own title; and in process of time his religion had also become designated by the same word. The English Catholic was called "Picopo-Poryaxono" (from Port Jackson, the harbour of Sydney), and the French Catholic "Picopo—Weewee" ("oui, oui") from his frequent use of the affirmative in his own language.

The travellers also paid visits to some of the native chiefs in their own homes, one of whom greatly amused the Vicar by rubbing his cold blue nose with great energy against the nose of his visitor.* Another amusing incident relates to their difficulties in crossing a morass. Dr. Ullathorne was taken over first, on the head and shoulders of a half-naked New Zealander, and then enjoyed the sight of a huge human pyramid advancing

* It was the coldness, quite as much as the custom, that amused him. Even in his last illness, when some one spoke about his feeling cold, he remarked: "The coldest object in nature that I know of is the nose of a New Zealand chief."

at solemn pace, apparently supported on two copper-coloured legs. The pyramid consisted of good Bishop Polding, with his purple-stockinged legs conspicuously prominent, and on his shoulders, rising above the broad ecclesiastical hat, a young English lad, who was travelling with them, from whose hands hung a couple of wild ducks.

Our travellers reached England in June, 1841. Bishop Polding started for Rome. Dr. Ullathorne, released from his position as Vicar, returned to Downside, where he received from the Fathers assembled at the General Chapter of the English Benedictines the title of "Predicator Generalis" *ob merita*, which gave him a seat for life in the General Council of the Congregation. Soon after he was appointed to the mission of Coventry. Here he was a wonderfully effective preacher, an indefatigable missioner, devoted to his flock who in turn were devoted to him. Through his exertions the Church of the Most Holy Sacrament and St. Osburg was built.

About 1845, Dr. Ullathorne received word from Rome of his nomination to the See of Adelaide: he had to make his second journey to Rome where he succeeded in declining it. After his return, he was offered the See of Perth, New South Wales, which he also declined. But it was evident that he was destined to be a bishop sooner or later. After the death of Bishop Baggs, Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District of England, he was nominated to that bishopric, and pressed by Cardinal Acton not to refuse it, on account of the difficulties of the situation. Yielding to this pressure, and acting in obedience to the President-General of the Order, Dr. Barber, he consented to accept the appointment, and was consecrated Bishop of Hetalona, at Coventry, on June 21st, 1846, the day on which Pius IX. was crowned as Sovereign Pontiff. All the Bishops of England attended, Bishop Briggs being the consecrating Bishop, with Bishops Griffiths and Wareing as assistants, and Bishop Wiseman, preacher. Dr. Newman and his companions, then recent converts to the Church, were present at the ceremony. His devoted flock presented

him with a beautiful chalice and an address, to which he wrote a most touching and appropriate reply.

IV. Life as Bishop.

The new Bishop lost no time in proceeding to his new sphere of action. He went to the College of Prior Park the next morning for the public reception according to the prescriptions of the Ritual. Here he took up his residence for a while: for, although it had always been his opinion that a Bishop ought to reside in one of the most populous and important towns of his district for the sake of his clergy and the thoroughness of the ecclesiastical ceremonial, he yet felt anxious for the College on account of its financial difficulties and the general condition of the studies and discipline. His conditions of reform were not accepted by the President, Dr. Brindle, nor was his offer to take the College with all its difficulties off his hands, on condition of exercising full control over it in all respects. Dr. Brindle being in possession, and having a large personal stake in the place, remained firm in his position; whereupon his Lordship renounced all further responsibility in the affairs of the College, and went to Bristol, where he lived in a hired house for some time. A saying began to spread about to the effect that Prior Park had killed two Bishops already, and seemed not unlikely to kill a third; to which the Bishop replied, that hitherto he had been in the habit of killing the difficulties that attempted to kill him. Finally, after holding a formal visitation on the matter without avail, he laid it before the Holy See; and we need only add that a Commission of Bishops fully justified his action. As to Prior Park College itself, it passed into lay hands, and was then recovered by the present Bishop of Clifton (Dr. Clifford).

The Bishop at Bristol began to map out and organize his diocesan plans and raise new institutions; but he was sadly hampered by lack of funds for all ecclesiastical purposes; and this, with the amount of work to be done

at Bristol itself and Clifton, made him limit his chief energies to those places.

Early in 1848 he was sent, at the unanimous request of all the Vicars-Apostolic, to be their representative and agent in Rome for the prosecution of the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England. He arrived in the Eternal City on May 25th, stayed about ten weeks, and returned to England to meet the assembled Bishops at Manchester.

It is a matter of history how Dr. Wiseman, coadjutor to Dr. Walsh, was removed to London; how Dr. Walsh himself died not long afterwards, and Bishop Ullathorne was appointed to succeed him as Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland District, in spite of his remonstrances and his attachment to his first episcopal home, where his unfinished plans were just getting into shape, and where dwelt his Dominican children who had followed him from Coventry to Clifton, and had been the object of his special care. The new Bishop was received in St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, on 30th August, 1848, by the main body of the clergy of the district. Dr. Newman and his companions, who had but recently taken possession of Old Oscott, were also present. The clergy dined with the Bishop, and Dr. Weedall, speaking in their name: addressed his Lordship in a beautiful oration, expressing very cordially their unanimous loyalty to the ruler set over them by the Holy See.

The name of Edgar Edmund Estcourt may be mentioned here, as he accompanied the Bishop to Birmingham and occupied so prominent a position in the diocese till his death in 1884. He was one of those converts from the Established Church who had found a temporary home at Prior Park; but had left that College at the same time as Dr. Ullathorne, and had lived with him as his secretary. With untiring perseverance he effectively helped the Bishop to rescue the temporal affairs of the diocese from the verge of bankruptcy to their present flourishing condition. This was the first work that the Bishop was called upon to undertake; and to do it effectually he resolved to take the clergy into his

confidence, and to gain their consent to a general reduction of income, at least for a while. To raise funds for Church Education, he determined to ask for contributions from the faithful, and to organize a system of weekly collections; but from them also it was impossible to obtain the sympathy and aid he required without making them in some degree acquainted with the real difficulties of the case. This he did in a series of financial Pastorals, at the same time justifying the memory of his predecessor, Bishop Walsh, with regard to the unforeseen failure of investments, etc., and by reason of the great works he had undertaken and completed. This appeal must have been very distasteful to Dr. Ullathorne; for one of his marked characteristics was the unwillingness with which he ever made appeals to the faithful of his flock for pecuniary aid.

Mention has already been made in this narrative of the negotiations, in which Bishop Ullathorne had been the chief agent, for the restoration of the English Hierarchy. These belonged to the year 1848; but, owing to the revolution in Rome, and the consequent dispersal of Pope and Cardinals, the Brief was not issued until Sept. 29th, 1850. We need not describe the turmoil that succeeded its publication in this country. Cardinal Wiseman's appeal to the people, and a public meeting in the Town Hall of Birmingham, presided over by Bishop Ullathorne, on Nov. 18th, had much to do with recalling the English mind to a healthier and more sensible tone. On Sunday, Oct. 27th, his Lordship took possession of his Cathedral in presence of an immense congregation, and after the gospel, Dr. Newman delivered his remarkable sermon, "Christ on the Waters."

There is no need to dilate at length on his life as Bishop of Birmingham, for its main events are known to all. He never really took part in "public life." His power lay in another direction. He used to say that he had missed his vocation and ought to have been a hermit. He seldom came forward except in defence of Catholic truth and interests that were attacked, and then far more often in writing than in public meetings; though

when he did take part in these things, it was always to some purpose. But his main work lay hidden from public gaze: it was to organize, consolidate, and expand his diocese; to nourish the ecclesiastical spirit in his clergy; to foster and direct religious communities; to be the wise counsellor of his brother bishops and of a host of people of all sorts and conditions. And it was owing to these things, we think, far more than to his public appearances and writings that he was so well known and so widely esteemed at the time of his death.

However, it may be of interest just to give some sort of list of the events of his episcopate. In 1850, he fought for Religious Education against Mr. Fox's Bill, and against State interference with convents, between 1851–4. He was one of the promoters of the Catholic Defence Association to maintain the rights of Catholics and secure perfect religious liberty throughout the Empire. In 1852, he helped Bishop Grant to prepare the statute for the first Provincial Synod, and began his own Diocesan Synods in 1853. But before this (1852), he was imprisoned in Warwick Gaol for debt—no real debt of his own but because he happened to be one of the *ex officio* trustees in a charitable bequest, in which he had no beneficial interest whatever. This created some amusement, because his Lordship had always warned his clergy against getting involved in debt. Plenty of sympathy was shown him, of course, and many visitors went to see him; and he seems to have rather liked the retirement for the short time it lasted. In 1856, he went on a pilgrimage to Subiaco; in 1858, he held his second Diocesan Synod; in 1860, at a crowded meeting in the Town Hall, he protested against the violation of the rights of the Holy See by the House of Savoy; in 1862, he assisted at the canonization of the Japanese Martyrs, at Rome, and subscribed to the Address of 265 Bishops, then in Rome, protesting against the spoliation of the Papal States; and in 1863, he assisted at the Centenary of Sedgley Park School. At his third Diocesan Synod, 1864, together with his clergy, he thanked Dr. Newman for his "Reply to Mr. Kingsley," and on the following day

wrote the letter which forms the postscript to the "Apologia," and is described by the great Oratorian as "a very precious document, completing and recompensing, in a way most grateful to my feelings, the anxious work which has occupied me for nearly ten weeks." In 1865, he assisted at the funeral of Cardinal Wiseman; in the same year he consecrated Mgr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. In 1866, he read a paper before the Academia of the Catholic Religion on the "Management of Criminals," and the following year gave evidence before a Parliamentary Committee on "Ecclesiastical Titles and the Roman Catholic Relief Acts." In 1867, his clergy presented him with an address and £2,700 towards building a Diocesan Seminary—an object that had long occupied his thoughts. In 1869, at a public meeting in the Town Hall, he condemned the "unchristian and godless policy" of the National Education League of which Birmingham was the centre. At his fourth Diocesan Synod, in the same year, he was asked to accept £358 "towards defraying the expenses of his assisting at the General Council" of the Vatican; and he took a notable part in that Council. On June 21st, 1871, his Lordship reached the half-jubilee of his Episcopate. After Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral, the clergy presented him with a costly pectoral cross and chain, accompanied by an address written by Dr. Newman.

He preached, on July 23rd, 1873, at the fourth Provincial Synod; and on September 13th of the same year admitted students to the new seminary of St. Bernard's at Olton, opening it solemnly on October 2nd, when Dr. Newman preached the inaugural sermon.

In 1874, on the Feast of St. Gregory the Great, he kept the 50th year of his religious habit, and joined with three others who had been professed with him, in presenting a "memorial of gratitude" to their old novice-master, Archbishop Polding of Sydney. In September, 1878, he went to stay at Oscott College after a serious illness, and practically took up his residence there till the end of his life. His increasing infirmities obliged him to ask for a Bishop Auxiliary; and the Very Rev.

Canon Ilsley, first Rector of the Seminary (now Bishop of Birmingham), was selected by the Holy See, and consecrated by him in St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, December 4th, 1879.

A complete list of works written by Dr. Ullathorne will be found in the volume of "Characteristics," lately selected from his writings and published. They were extremely varied in scope; among them may be mentioned: "The Proposal to submit Convents to Government Inspection," "The Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom" (1864); "Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation Unravelled" (1874); "Pilgrimage to the Proto-Monastery of Subiaco" (1856); "Remarks on the proposed Education Bill" (1850); "Lectures on the Conventual Life" (1868); a "History of the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England" (1869); "Church Music" (1880), &c., &c.

But perhaps the greatest and most important works that came from his pen were the fruit of his ripe old age. "The Endowments of Man" (1880); "The Groundwork of the Christian Virtues" (1882); and "Patience" (1886); which contain the accumulated wisdom of his whole life, and will ever be a lasting monument of his powers of observation and analysis, his keen insight into human nature and his practical as well as theoretical knowledge of the spiritual life. The last work he ever published was the "Memoir of Bishop Willson," first Bishop of Hobart Town, and his personal friend, who succeeded to his labours among the convicts. This was written in 1887.

As to the results of his diocesan labours, his own statistics up to 1884 show us that 44 new missions had been founded, and 67 new churches built; and the number of priests increased from 86 to 198 since he began to rule the diocese. Also the religious communities for men had grown from two to five, and of women from seven to 36. In the beginning, orphanages and charitable institutions were represented by one House of Mercy; now there are two Houses of Mercy, seven Orphanages, two Asylums for Aged Poor, two Hospitals for Incurables, and three

Homes for Children under the Poor Law Board. In nearly every case these are managed by nuns. We may add that whereas in 1848 there were about 12 Mission Schools, there are now 193; that the present number of Churches and Chapels is 150.

There are two persons whose names stand forth conspicuous in the history of the diocese of Birmingham during the last forty years, of whose relations with its Bishop it would seem necessary we should say a few words. The one is Cardinal Newman, the other Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, foundress of the English Congregation of Nuns, of the Third Order of St. Dominic.

Of the relations between Mother Margaret Hallahan and Bishop Ullathorne, he has himself given some record in his preface to the interesting life of that wonderful woman. He gives thanks to God that in His goodness He had deigned to make him an instrument to co-operate in the work of that great soul, and that he had had the privilege of her friendship and prayers for six-and-twenty years. As to the character of that friendship, he re-echoes her own words, uttered on her deathbed—"It has always been in God and for God." He sums up her character in the few words, wherein Montalembert describes certain heroic women of our country of the old Saxon days, namely, that "she had the vigour of the man, the tenderness of the woman, and the simplicity and humility of the child." It was he who first brought her to England, and he was her guide in external works, as well as in her interior soul, till her death on May 11th, 1868.

The relations between Cardinal Newman and Bishop Ullathorne were uniformly characterized by mutual respect and regard. The Bishop, in a letter dated June 2, 1864, says to the Cardinal (then Dr. Newman): "We have now been personally acquainted, and much more than acquainted, for nineteen years, during more than sixteen of which we have stood in special relation of duty towards each other. This has been one of the singular blessings which God has given me among the cares of the episcopal office. What my feelings of respect, of

confidence, and of affection have been towards you, you know well. Nor should I think of expressing them in words. . . . During our long intercourse there is only one subject on which after the first experience I have measured my words with some caution, and that has been where questions bearing on ecclesiastical duty have risen. I found some little caution necessary because you were always so prompt and ready to go even beyond the slightest intimation of my wish or desires."

On his part, the Cardinal on many occasions expressed his appreciation of the Bishop,—in dedicating to him his lectures on Anglican Difficulties, in his letters, in the composing of, or sharing in the, addresses presented by the clergy; and again in the History of his Religious Opinions, where he says: "When I first became a Catholic, nothing struck me more at once than the English out-spoken manner of the priests. It was the same at Oscott, at Old Hall Green, at Ushaw; there was nothing of that smoothness or mannerism which is commonly imputed to them, and they were more natural and unaffected than many an Anglican clergyman. The many years which have passed since, have only confirmed my first impression. I have ever found it in the priests of this diocese; did I wish to point out a straightforward Englishman, I should instance the Bishop, who has to our great benefit for so many years presided over it."

V. Last Days.

He went to live at Oscott in 1878, as we have said, after a serious illness—a course which had become imperatively necessary. He then practically gave up active work, leaving it to the charge of his Bishop-Auxiliary and Vicar General; still, however, reserving to himself the real ruling and superintendence of the diocese. His time was now mainly employed in reading, the writing of his greater works, the duties of a

large correspondence, and the helping materially his episcopal brethren by his wise and learned counsel in all their important deliberations. Occasionally he paid a visit to his Cathedral, and in the summer generally made a round of visits to his convents, staying at each a short time, and returning to Oscott for the autumn and winter. He kept the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood on September 24th, 1881, on which occasion he sang Mass in the College Chapel. Preparations had been afloat to make him a grand presentation, but he had interposed, and expressed his desire that the offering should be prayers and Masses. The loyal and universal response to this desire touched him deeply, as is evident from a beautiful letter which he sent to the clergy of the diocese. But in 1886, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, he was not allowed to escape a presentation, though it was of a private character. At the meeting of all the English Bishops in London, in Low Week, he was made to sit down in their midst. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster then offered him hearty congratulations in the name of all, and made him a present of a selection of books connected with his special line of studies, as a token of their "admiration, confidence and love."

The same year was also the 40th anniversary of his Episcopate; and Oscott commemorated it by publishing the "Ullathorne number" of the *Oscotian*, from which this short memoir is mainly taken.

For the rest, his life passed on quietly and peacefully in his last home, undisturbed save by occasional serious outbreaks of illness, arising chiefly from a chronic malady which was a real martyrdom to him for the last twenty years of his life. If he had seemed somewhat distant in his official relations of bygone days, he was not so now. He dined with the College clergy every day till his failing health kept him a prisoner to his rooms; and they and every visitor that went to see him received always a kindly welcome, and came away from his presence the richer for his wide experience and varied knowledge, his fund of anecdote and genial humour, and his depth, originality and grandeur of thought.

It was in July, 1887, that his increasing infirmities compelled him to resign his episcopal see. As is well known, his Auxiliary, Bishop Ilsley, was appointed his successor, while he himself on April 27th, 1888, was nominated by the Holy Father titular Archbishop of Cabasa, in Egypt, as a mark of honour for his long and valued services to the Church.

At Oscott, a little celebration was arranged in honour of this event; and in responding to the congratulations and the recognition of the honour and privilege the College possessed in his residing there, he said: "I have been studying my new diocese geographically and historically. I began life as a Yorkshireman, then I was turned into an Australian, after that into a New Zealander, and now at last I find myself an Egyptian; though, strange to say, I don't feel very different from what I was before. I find Cabasa was famous of old for many things—amongst others for having had an heretical Bishop. The Canons of the Church do not oblige me to go there personally, though I can send a Vicar-General there, if I choose. However, let me tell you a secret: I don't think I shall go at all, for I am very happy and comfortable where I am."

The greater part of a year elapsed, and then early in the March of the present year (1889), his last illness began. He had been accustomed for some time to say Mass in his room; he said it for the last time on St. Chad's day, March 2nd. A week afterwards he was in serious danger; on Sunday, March 10th, he was anointed by the President of the College, Mgr. Souter, and after renewing his profession of faith with intense earnestness, received the Holy Viaticum from the hands of the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Ilsley, who had come over to visit him. Another week and more of pain and suffering borne without a murmur or sign of impatience; and then on the 20th of March, when he could no longer take nourishment, it was evident the end was near. About an hour after noon the next day, the feast of his patron, St. Benedict, he passed away to God. The bodily struggle was severe; for in spite of age and infirmities

his constitution was still a powerful one. But in his soul there was no struggle,—only perfect peace. He had had no fear of death. When it had become evident that he could not recover, he said with a smile to his doctor, with whom he had had many a philosophical chat: "Well, doctor, now that the old limbs are falling to pieces, I feel that I am beginning to live in the land of metaphysics." And afterwards more seriously: "You may think it presumptuous of me to say so, but my mind is completely tranquil." And again: "It is nearly time for *the man* to go." And, whether it was that, in the course of a long and difficult career he had acted ever on principle never from impulse or passion,—or that his last years were themselves a preparation for death,—or because his last days were blessed by the countless prayers of his devoted children,—or for all these reasons combined:—certain it is, there was no disturbance whatever: his soul was "completely tranquil" to the last. One could not but see in the "Pax" on his coffin a double fitness, when the thought came how perfectly it had been realised.

His funeral obsequies were conducted with all the solemnity of the Church's Ritual, and according to those traditions which he himself had inspired. There were three Requiems with the body present—first of all at Oscott, his last home on earth; then at his own Cathedral; where he had governed for over forty years, and where in the presence of twelve bishops and a vast representative concourse of clergy, religious and laity, fitting honour was paid to him as a bishop;—and lastly at St. Dominic's, Stone, which had been chosen as his last resting-place. And there, on Wednesday, March 27th, 1889, his body was laid beside that of his mother,—his "dear mother," as he always called her; to whom he considered that he owed so much; of whom, in spite of the striking uneffusiveness of his character, he never spoke but in terms of the utmost tenderness and respect.

The main outlines of his character will have been traced by the reader. It is not for us to criticise or discuss it. Who cannot see, by his writings and words

and deeds, that it was well summed up in the sermon preached at his funeral, when he was called "a spiritual man," and therefore one with a great soul, to whom littleness and meanness were unknown?

The rights and dignity of God's Church, the power of the Holy Spirit, the true wisdom, the real dignity of man, self-discipline, humility, the union of the soul with God—these were his themes. He lived and died in that nobler atmosphere which had become natural and habitual to him, but which is unknown to the world. "The sensual man perceiveth not these things that are of the Spirit of God; for it is foolishness to him and he cannot understand . . . . But the spiritual man judgeth all things . . . . For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God." (1 Cor. ii. 10, 14, 15.)

A Model Woman.

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW.

When the Wise Man asks the question, "Who shall find a valiant woman?"* he does not wish us to infer that such a woman is rarely met with. He means to say that the best women seek to escape observation when performing their good works, and shine rather in the privacy of their homes than in the market-place. For they are guided by the Gospel rule, "When thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth; that thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father Who seeth in secret will repay thee."† We have no word that will exactly convey the force of the 'mulierem fortem;' and in place of 'valiant woman' we would suggest 'model woman.'

We find a model woman in Dame Marion Boyd, first Countess of Abercorn, who died in Paisley in 1631.‡

The Boyds make their first appearance about 1205 with Sir Robert de Boyd. His son, also Robert, distinguished himself at the battle of Largs, and was rewarded by Alexander III. with lands in Cunningham. They figure on the national side in the wars of independence, and were rewarded by Bruce with further grants of land. From this time down to the reign of James III. they were prominent in the west country. In 1468, Robert, Lord Boyd, became Regent, and married his son Thomas to Margaret, the sister of King James. Thomas was created Earl of Arran. His mission to

* Prov. xxxi. 10. † St. Matt. vi. 3–4.

‡ Some of these notes are taken from "The Abbey of Paisley," in which book the Presbytery Records are printed.

Denmark, and the fall of the family is well known. In the old Castle of Kilmarnock, his wife, the king's sister, was kept "as in a free prison." The Earl of Arran died at Antwerp, but the estates were subsequently restored, and the title revived by James V. in favour of Robert Boyd, a descendant of the family. He distinguished himself at the Battle of the Butts.* His son took the side of Queen Mary, and so incurred the disfavour of Regent Murray, but was held in high esteem by James VI.

In the "Estimate of the Scottish Nobility" by Alexander Hay, drawn up at the instance and for the information of Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's minister, he reports of Lord Boyd in 1577 as follows:—"The Lord Boyd of the same surname, his predecessor being Lord, was in the days of James the Third of the Stewarts attainted more upon malice of court than for any lawful desert, as appeared by the sudden death of the Lord Grey, then Chief Justice, upon appellation of the said Lord at giving the sentence. This man's father, called Robert Boyd, was created Lord Boyd by James, Earl of Arran being governor, and got the chief house called the Castle of Kilmarnock and all the lands appertaining thereto, lying besides Kilmanse in Cunningham, and of old friendship with the Earls of Glencarne. This man is wise, honest, *and of very good religion*, and matched his son with the Sheriff of Ayr, and so of good

* During the minority of Queen Mary, James Hamilton, then Earl of Arran, heir presumptive to the throne and the ancestor of the ducal house of Hamilton, was appointed Regent of the kingdom. His appointment was so repugnant to the Earl of Lennox and the Queen dowager that both parties resorted to arms. In 1544 Lennox garrisoned the Bishop's palace in Glasgow, and retired to the stronghold of Dumbarton. The Regent, having gathered together a numerous army at Stirling, marched to Glasgow and besieged the palace or Castle. After a siege of ten days the garrison agreed to surrender on condition of receiving quarter; but as soon as they had laid down their arms all were massacred except two who escaped. Lennox resolved to revenge this treachery. A battle was fought at the "Butts," the site of the old Barracks in the Gallowgate, Glasgow. In the heat of the battle Robert Boyd suddenly arrived with a small party of horse and turned the scale in favour of Hamilton, the Regent.

force. A surname of right hardy men," p. 21. Again in 1583 he reported of him—"Robert, Lord Boyd, a man past 60 years: he is accounted wise, and of good wealth and power. His ancestors were great in the days of King James II. Himself hath put off many storms. He is a favourer of the Douglasses, and always hated of the house of Lennox," p. 38. Another note concerning the state of the nobility in Scotland in 1589 has the following:—"Boyd, Protestant in religion —of 46 years; his mother Collquhen; his wife, the sheriff of Ayr's daughter," p. 68. Again in 1602, "Robert, Lord Boyd, young, not married," p. 76; but a catalogue of the Scottish nobility, of the same date 1602, by John Colville, has the entry, "Lord Boyd, Catholic, no actor," p. 78.

During the troubles in the time of Charles I. the Boyds were staunch Royalists, and were rewarded in 1661 with the rank of Earls of Kilmarnock. In 1715 the representative of the family adhered to the Hanoverian cause: but in 1745 the fourth Earl, whose wife was a daughter of the Earl of Linlithgow, took the side of the Stewarts. Taken prisoner after Culloden, he was tried before the House of Lords, condemned to death as guilty of high treason, and executed at London on August 18th, 1746.

Abbot Robert Shaw, who had been Abbot of the Paisley Monastery from 1498 to 1525, was at the latter date appointed to the See of Moray. John Hamilton, natural son of the Earl of Arran, and a monk of Kilwinning, succeeded to the Abbacy. He was very young, but had the reputation of being a learned and a pious son of St. Benedict. Through the influence of King James V., of Henry VIII., and of Cardinal Wolsey, the difficulties of his youth and birth were got over. When the election of the Abbot was by the Chapter, all went on well: but the King took upon himself the power of appointment, and this was the beginning of evils. The clouds were now gathering, and portended a storm in the near future. The English Court was in every way endeavouring to promote in Scotland the Reformation opinions and principles. When the Abbot returned, in

1543, from a three years' sojourn in France, James V. was dead, and the Earl of Arran, the nearest heir to the Crown and brother of the Abbot, was Regent or Governor of the kingdom. Abbot Hamilton had now to bring all his energy to play in order to grapple with the difficulties of the times. He induced the Regent to withdraw his favour from the new opinions—to dismiss the two Protestant preachers he had kept in his house—and to be reconciled to Cardinal Beaton. The Bishopric of Dunkeld became vacant in 1543–4, and his brother, acting for the young Queen, appointed to it the Abbot, who at the same time retained his Abbey. On the 28th November, 1547, he was appointed Archbishop of St. Andrew's, with Paisley *in commendam*.

Six years after this, *i.e.*, in 1553, the Archbishop resigned the Abbacy of Paisley to his nephew, Claud Hamilton, a boy of ten years of age. Claud was born in 1543, and was the fourth son of James, Earl of Arran. The Archbishop was to administer the spiritual and temporal affairs of the abbey until his nephew reached his 23rd year. In making over the Abbey to his nephew *in commendam*, it was probably his intention that the youth on coming of age should take Holy Orders, and become Abbot in reality. Or it may have been that foreseeing the near advent of the evil day, the Archbishop may have thought that if the Abbey were in lay hands it might fare better when the storm burst. Claud Hamilton lived and died a layman, though styled Abbot of Paisley, and known as the Commendator! He took a leading part on the side of Queen Mary; and after the battle of Langside, his estates were forfeited, and he himself declared a traitor.

All the property of the Abbey was now given to Lord Semphill by Regent Murray, as Sempill had fought on his side. Lord Claud was again put in possession of the lands in 1573. After an interval of six years he settled down at Paisley, and on the 1st of August, 1574, married Margaret, daughter of George, 6th Lord Seton. A second time he was forfeited, but after fourteen years was again restored to his possessions. He was made Lord

Paisley in 1578, and his eldest son was created Earl of Abercorn in 1606. He died in 1621, aged 75, having survived his son, who died in 1617.

As is well known, on 17th August, 1560, Parliament adopted the Confession of Knox as the religion of the land, and on the 24th, the Pope's jurisdiction was declared at an end. To say or hear Mass was made a criminal offence—on the first occasion to be punished with confiscation of goods, on the second with banishment, and on the third with death. Lord Claud, the Commendator, never gave up his religion, but died in the faith in which he was born and brought up.

In a paper written by Sir Walter Lindsay of Balgawies, younger son of David, ninth earl of Crawford, and a convert to Catholicism, in which he gives the "Account of the present state of the Catholic religion in Scotland, in 1594," we read of Claud Hamilton as follows: "Lord Claud Hamilton, youngest son of the Duke of Chatellerault, signed the articles, aware that he was doing wrong, but yielding to the persuasion of the ministers and of his wife and her relations, being desirous moreover to gain favour with the king. Being seated one day at dinner, while the Gospel was being read, as is the custom in Scotland, when the reader repeated the words, 'Whosoever denieth Me before men, I will deny him before My Father,' Lord Claud rose from his seat and tried to cut his wife's throat, saying that it was in consequence of her and her brother's persuasions that he had renounced his faith and lost his soul. For many days afterwards he remained raving mad, so that it was necessary to bind him with cords, and even now he has to be watched, and has not entirely recovered his reason." *

He continues his narrative, saying: "The example of the house of Hamilton is an awful warning to men to look to themselves and to their families, bidding them fear the just judgments and chastisements of God, which, though they may delay, are sure to fall on the guilty. The Duke of Chatellerault, (James, 2nd Earl of Arran, the next in blood to the crown), head of the family, one of the noblest and bravest knights that

* "Narratives &c." by Forbes-Leith, p. 358.

Scotland has produced for many years, was esteemed, and prospered in Scotland and in France, as long as he served God and the Catholic faith. But when the Queen of England had deluded him into believing that she was willing to marry his son the Earl of Arran:—when the Duke and Earl came to Scotland with their adherents, and by the help of the English, dethroned the Queen Regent Dowager, widow of James V. sister of the Duke of Guise, and mother of Queen Mary, who about this time suffered martyrdom in England—and when the Duke of Chatellerault made himself Regent of Scotland, and turned out the French garrisons, laying hands, he and his accomplices, on the revenues and possessions of the Church, and demolishing churches and monasteries; in the midst of his seeming prosperity he began to feel the weight of God's judgments on himself and his family. Pierced with poignant grief and sorrow upon seeing how he had been deceived by the Queen, who had craftily induced him to offend God and ruin his native land, the Earl went out of his mind, and at the present time is living in a state of idiotcy. The Duke himself, being of the blood royal, thought by changing his religion, and by arranging the marriage which he desired, to make himself lord of Scotland and England. But he too saw himself deposed, all his family possessions confiscated, and his whole kindred proclaimed traitors by those very men who for his sake had turned heretics. To which punishments God our Lord added that he lived to see all his sons lose their reason,* with the exception of Lord Claud Hamilton, who has become insane since; and thus overwhelmed by anguish and affliction, he ended his wretched life in dishonour, after incurring, as is to be feared, the Divine displeasure, that he might be a warn-

* In the "Note of the present estate of the Nobility in Scotland in 1589," published by the Grampian Club, it is stated the Duke of Hamilton, who married a Douglas, daughter of the Earl Morton, had these 4 sons: 1st. James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, 57 years old: "himself lunaticke, and therefore his living disposed by his next brother, the Lord John Hamilton, Abbot of Arbroth," p. 56. 2nd. Lord John Hamilton, Abbot of Arbroth, 54 years old. 3rd. Lord Claud Hamilton, Abbot of Paisley, 46 years old. 4th. Davy, lunatique, like Lord John, p. 56. His daughter, "mother to E. Huntly, died in the like case," p. 56.

ing, not only to his own countrymen, but to powerful noblemen in other lands." *

That Lord Claud for worldly motives made some feint or some unworthy compromise cannot be doubted. How far he went in dissembling is not so clear. It is stated that he was reconciled to the Church by Fr. James Tyrie, in the year 1580. No sufficient ground seems to exist to show that he was induced by the influence of his wife to give up his religion. He was married only in 1574; and if he was reconciled by Fr. Tyrie in 1580, he must have fallen away during the first six years of his wedded life. But Sir W. Lindsay writes of him as if he was feigning to belong to the new religion in 1594.

Nor does there seem any reason to believe that his wife wished or sought to make him a Protestant. The Seatons are entered in "The present state of the Nobility in Scotland, July, '1592," as Catholics, pp. 71, 44. In "A brief opinion of the State, Faction, Religion and Power of the several noblemen in Scotland, in 1583," we read as follows: "George Seton, an ancient baron and of reasonable living, which lyeth all in Lothian, within 6 or 7 miles of Edinburgh. His power is not great, nor his friends or followers many. He hath been always French in affection, and is in heart a Papist, though he dare not avow it," pp. 39 and 20. The letter of Fr. Gordon to his general, in 1599, says, "I left Edinburgh and repaired to the Castle of a Baron not far off. I took this step by desire of the King and of the Earl of Huntly, to whose charge the King had committed me. I carried with me letters from the King, bearing not so much his commendation as his commands, and was very kindly and amicably received. The nobleman in question was Lord Seton, elder brother of Mr. Alex. Seton, who had formerly made his classical studies in the German College at Rome. His house is very splendid and very agreeable. . . . Here I was lodged in the best quarters in all Scotland, treated as a friend, and living among my kinsmen and connections, and the strongest adherents of my religion," p. 256. Nor should it be forgotten that Mary Seton, the daughter of Lord Seton, was one of the

* Pp. 359 and 10.

four Maries attached to Mary, Queen of Scots, who after sharing her mistress's captivity for more than fifteen years, went in 1584 to France, and died in the convent of St. Peter's at Rheims, over which the Queen's aunt, Renée of Lorraine, was superioress.

The son of Claud Hamilton, James, the first Earl of Abercorn, was married to Marion Boyd, the subject of this memoir, eldest daughter of Thomas, fifth Lord Boyd, and Margaret, daughter of Sir Matthew Campbell of Loudoun. Marion was a woman of singular tact and great power of character. She was like the mother of the Machabees "filled with wisdom, and joining a man's heart to a woman's thought."* The reformers had, in 1559, wrecked the Abbey church and scattered the monks. Still, the people of Paisley continued firm in their attachment to the old faith, and the monks lingered round their ruined convent. Mass was still said there in 1572, for Paisley continued hostile to Protestantism. The first Protestant minister of Paisley was introduced in 1572, the year after the Archbishop's death. Andrew Knox (1585–1607) was the fourth of these Protestant ministers. Lord Abercorn sat sometimes in the General Assembly as an elder; and Lord Claud held himself aloof. Many ladies of rank in Renfrewshire, *e.g.*, Lady Glencairne, Lady Duchal, and others, whose husbands had conformed, remained attached to the old faith. But old Lady Claud Hamilton, driven to despair by the persecution of Andrew Knox and his coadjutors, wrote a letter to King James, dated 1st Sept., 1610, imploring him to interfere in her behalf. "These four years past," she says, "I have been subject to a vehement pain, arising from distillations and humours in my head, with a continual tooth-ache giving me such torment as scarce I have half-an-hours release by night or day: and notwithstanding, to aggravate my pain, I am summoned by the church to confer and attend on the presbyteries and other diets, upon what suspects I know not, for I have never been proved repining nor disobedient to the least of his Majesty's laws. I hope his Majesty, who hath always had a gracious regard to me and mine, will not think me unworthy in my extreme

* II. Mach. vii. 21.

of sickness." Lord Abercorn, in 1605, and the bailies of Paisley, complained to the presbytery that the minister, Mr. Knox, was for months absent from his charge, and that the church was deprived of service. There is no doubt, however, that the Abercorn family had a warm side to the old faith. For a hundred years after the Reformation, and in spite of all the persecutions of the presbytery, Paisley was described as a "very nest of Papists." To the honour of the old Cluniac Abbey, of the former Abbots, and of the Diocese of Glasgow, Paisley continued Catholic long after the other parts of Scotland.

The family of Abercorn continued to live in the Abbey buildings, called "The place of Paisley." As Claud's son had died before his father,* the Commendator was succeeded by his grandson James, the second Earl of Abercorn. During his minority, and because the youthful earl resided principally in England and France, the affairs of the family were managed by his mother, Dame Marion Boyd. Members of the family had outwardly conformed to Protestantism, on account of the persecution against Catholics. Still they cherished their religious belief in secret, in the hope of better times and more favourable circumstances. A lull came in the persecution, and Catholics began to breathe more freely. "All this summer season, 1626 (says Wodrow), many persons, both men and women, south, west, east and north, kythed themselves, by proud speeches, yea, and sometimes by deeds, declared themselves Papists." Marion Boyd was one of these "many persons." She lived sometimes in Paisley, and sometimes at Blackston, the Grange of the Abbey, which, with the other possessions of the Abbey, had passed to her family. She and her household, and many in Paisley, now openly avowed themselves Catholics.

When Mr. Alexander Hamilton resigned his charge as Minister of Paisley, in 1625, Mr. Boyd of Trochrigg†

* He died at Monkston, 23rd March, and was buried 29th April, 1618, in the Abbey Church, Paisley, aged 43.

† By his father, James Boyd, he was related to the noble families of Boyd and Cassilis, and by his mother, Margaret Chalmers, daughter of Jas. Chalmers, Baron of Gadgirth, he was related to the families of Glencairn and Loudon.

was invited, by certain persons of Paisley, in the absence of the Earl of Abercorn, to become the minister. On account of his being a relation of the Countess, it was thought that this appointment would be acceptable to the Abercorn family. He was inducted in the Abbey Church on 1st January, 1626. Then he left Paisley for three months, waiting to see how the Abercorns would take the appointment. On his return, though kindly received by many persons, Lady Abercorn shewed him no favour. The opposition he encountered from the Earl, from the Master of Paisley, the Earl's brother, from a number of the women of Paisley and others, was so great that he left the town and would not be induced to return. He died at Edinburgh, 5th January, 1629.

The presbytery now took up the case of Lady Abercorn as a *suspected Papist*, and she and her household were persecuted in every way. One of her household, named Thomas Algeo, is supposed to have been a priest. Very full are the Records of the Presbytery of the way in which this model woman was done to death.

The way in which the Kirk proceeded against anyone who was suspected of being a Catholic, or who would not conform to the new opinions, was as follows: "The usual rule was for the Presbytery to instruct the minister of the parish to summon him for the first time; then, if contumacious, for the second; and if he still continued so, for the third time. The minister was then directed to proceed to the first admonition, then to the second, and afterwards to the third. If the offender still remained obstinate, he was to be prayed for for the first time, then the minister was afterwards to proceed to the second and third prayer. If the person continued still impenitent, excommunication followed," Paisley Abbey, p. 243. This so-called 'excommunication' would have been thought little of, or would not have been attempted, if civil penalties had not been attached, and imprisonment, banishment and other injuries been inflicted. Paisley Town Council Records, under date January 24, 1622, contain the following: "Enacted, that no houses be let to persons excommunicate, and that none entertain them in their houses, under the pain of ten pounds."

What the Presbytery would have required from Dame Marion Boyd can be seen from their action in the case of a Mr. John Maxwell, of Barefill, who had been excommunicated for his attachment to the old Faith, but whom they had bribed, cajoled or coerced to turn Protestant. Seven were the pledges or conditions required of him: 1st, He was publicly, in the Kirk of Kilmacolm, in presence of the congregation, to subscribe the Knox Confession of faith; 2nd, He was to swear, by holding up his hand in the presence of the people, that from his heart he renounced the Catholic religion; 3rd, He was to swear that he will henceforth walk according to the system now publicly preached in Scotland; 4th, He was at once to receive the Protestant communion, and find security of 500 merks that he would do so; 5th, He was to produce a testimonial from the minister of the Kirk, certifying that he had taken the sacrament; 6th, He was to promise to be a regular church-goer and maintainer of the Presbyterian religion; and 7th, He was to defend the same to the end of his life. The second of these requirements involved five recantations or abjurations, as seen in another entry in the Records of the Presbytery, in which an unfortunate man, whose Christian name only (Robert) is given, was called on to abjure, and consented to abjure—*a.* the doctrine of Transubstantiation—*b.* justification by works—*c.* the invocation of Saints—*d.* the use of the Latin language in the Liturgy—*e.* the Sacrament of the Eucharist, by receiving the Presbyterian communion.

On 4th May, 1626, three ministers appointed as commissioners by a synod held at Glasgow on 4th April, "did intimate to the Countess of Abercorn that because she neither resorted to the public preaching of God's word and participation of the Sacraments, thereby declaring that she was not of that religion and profession, grounded on God's sacred word publickly professed and authorised by his Majesty's laws, that therefore the presbyterie of Paslay would enter on a processe against her (according to the ordinance of the said synod) in case she gave not satisfaction to the said presbyterie of Paslay by swearing and subscribing the Confession of faith (embraced

publickly by the Kirk of Scotland), resort to the hearing of God's word preached, and to the participation of the holy sacraments."

"Notwithstanding this intimation Mr. Robert Boyd reported to the Presbyterie that the said Countess shews herself obstinate against all the points aforesaid. Therefore the said brethren ordained her to be summoned *literatorie* to appear before them in the Kirk of Paslay the next presbyterie day for the causes above written." This was the first summons—(pro primo).

The Countess was summoned, by a copy of the above being fixed on the gate of her dwelling at Blackston, to appear on May 18th. She took no notice of this summons, and was ordered to appear at the next meeting. This was the second summons. On the day fixed, June 1, she did not appear, and received a third summons. The date named in the third summons was June 15. Nothing was done on that day, and the Record states "June 15, 1626—Dame Marion Boyd, Countess of Abercorne's case continued till a minister be settled for the Kirk of Passlay." But on August 17th the brethren ordered Mr. Andrew Hamilton, minister at Kilbarchan, to proceed by public admonition against the Countess, as she was now dwelling in Blackston, within the said parish. The Countess appealed to the *tulchan* prelate who was called Archbishop of Glasgow, and who sent a letter to Mr. A. Hamilton desiring him not to make any public mention, by public admonition, of the Countess of Abercorn's name.

The Earl of Abercorn had now returned home; and following his mother's example, declared himself a Catholic. This brought matters to a head, so that the Archbishop felt he could not prevent the Presbytery taking its own course. Without following the action of the Presbytery against the Earl, as in minute of 19 April, 1627 &c. &c., our attention must be confined to the persecution of his mother. On May 3, 1627, the brethren ordered Mr. John Hay to proceed by public admonition against her in the Kirk of Paisley, her Ladyship having returned from Blackston. Fifteen days later Mr. J. Hay reported that he had not admonished the Countess

publicly, as he was not without hope that if one or two of the brethren were to have a conference with her they might attain their object. Accordingly Mr. J. Hay and Mr. John Maxwell were authorised to confer with her and to report. On the 14 June these two commissioners had conference with the Countess, and on the 24th reported "that they had profitted little by the same." On this account the Presbytery arranged that Mr. Daniel Cunningham and Mr. J. Hay were "to go to my Lady, and to intimate to her that, if she gives not obedience, the process will be prosecuted." Probably Mr. J. Maxwell thought that the brethren had already gone far enough in their treatment of the Countess, and was superseded to make way for a more ardent spirit in Daniel Cunningham. No progress was made, however, by Messrs. Cunningham and Hay: for on 2nd August "the commissioners reported that they had profitted nothing with the Countess." On this the brethren "ordain Mr. J. Hay and Mr. Andrew Hamilton to proceed by public admonitions against her." Mr. J. Hay reported on August 16th that he had proceeded against the Countess by the first public admonition; and he was ordered to proceed by the second admonition. On August 30th the order was "the Countess to be proceeded against by third public admonition *and first prayer*."

It will strike the reader as strange that prayer was only to be resorted to when all their other efforts had been unavailing. Had the brethren thought of praying for themselves that they might be led to act with justice and prudence and wisdom, they would have done well. When the Presbytery met on September 13th, Messrs. Hay and Hamilton reported that they had proceeded against her by the third public admonition. They deferred the proceeding by prayer at that date, but on September 28th, reported that they had proceeded to the first prayer. They were ordered to proceed to the second prayer, and the next minute is "Oct. 1627—The Countess to be proceeded against by the third prayer." However, on November 19th, Mr. J. Hay reported that he had not proceeded against her by the third prayer, still having some hope that she would yield. The same day the act

of the Synodal assembly was produced, "ordering the process against the Countess to be concluded, except her Ladyship promised by her writ, subscribed under her hand, and sent to the Presbyterie, that, upon her conscience and honour, she shall resort ordinarlie to the hearing of the Word when she may for her health, which act the brethren ordained Mr. J. Hay and Mr. A. Hamilton to intimate to her; and if she promised not to give obedience thereunto, the said brethren ordain them to proceed by the third prayer, and to conclude the process." Mr. Hay reported on November 29th, that the "Countess shewed she could not be resolved to give obedience to the act of the Synod, and therefore that he had proceeded by the third prayer." The Synod further resolved at that meeting that "The process against the Countess to be laid before the Archbishop that a warrant may be obtained for her excommunication." The warrant being obtained Mr. J. Hay was ordered, on 10 January, 1628, to excommunicate the Countess before the next meeting of the presbytery. The next meeting was on January 31st, when Mr. Hay reported that he had pronounced the sentence of excommunication against her on the 20th January, 1628. Mr. Andrew Hamilton, minister, of Kilbarchan, evidently had his misgivings as to the action of the brethren; for on May 8th, the minute records that "as he had refrained to excommunicate the Countess, he is ordained under pain of suspension, to come to the Kirk of Pasley on the 11th May, to preach there, and after sermon publickly to confess his oversight and negligence in not excommunicating the said Countess as he was ordained."

What a travesty of ecclesiastical procedure was this!

The Earl of Abercorn was at the same time summoned, proceeded against by three public admonitions and by three prayers. The sentence of excommunication was not pronounced against him when it was pronounced against his mother: for Mr. J. Hay "reported, on January 31st, that because the said noble Erle had taken journey to Court for his necessarie and lawful business, he had consulted the Archbishop, who advised him to

delay to pronounce the said sentence till his Lordship return; whereunto the brethren assented." The Earl left the country, and so escaped their further proceedings. They did their worst to him, but it became a blessing, as we read "Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for My sake."* He died about the year 1670.

The Countess after her excommunication, broken down in health, withdrew to Edinburgh. She was not safe there, but was apprehended and cast into the Tolbooth, a loathsome prison. Her imprisonment there affected her health so seriously that, as stated in the "Records of Privy Council," it produced "many heavy diseases, so as this whole winter she was almost tied to her bed, and she now found a daily decay and weakness in her person." Her miserable state was at last represented to the King (Charles I), as "being oppressed with sickness and disease of body, and requiring the benefit of a watering-place." The King, not wishing to slight the authority of the Presbytery, nor that the Countess should succumb for want of the ordinary remedies, ordered on July 9, 1629, that she should have a license to go to the baths of Bristol; but only on condition that she should not attempt to appear at Court, and should on her recovery return and put herself at the disposal of the Council. She did not go to the baths, most likely not having strength for the long journey from Edinburgh to Bristol. From the Tolbooth she was removed to the Cannongate jail—no doubt as comfortless and loathsome a prison as the Tolbooth. After six months' imprisonment there she was made a ticket of leave prisoner, and allowed to reside in the house of Duntarvie, but on the harsh condition that "she shall contain herself so warily and respectfully as she shall not fall under the break of any of His Majesty's laws; also, that she would while living there have conference with the ministry, but allow none to Jesuits or Mass priests." For three years she remained thus, a ticket of leave prisoner. In March, 1631, she obtained a license or pass to go to Paisley for some matter of importance, but only on condition that

* St. Matt. vi. ii.

she would not, while there "receive Thomas Algeo nor no Jesuits, and return by a certain day, under penalty of five thousand merks." Edinburgh and her jailer saw her no more. She reached Paisley with difficulty and in the last stage of her sickness. Shortly after her arrival she died there, meek and patient under her treatment, and solaced by the consolations of her holy faith; remembering that "Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel, shall save it."* She was buried in St. Mirin's Chapel, in the south transept of Paisley Abbey, and the only monument to her is a leaden tablet on the wall of the vault.

Such is the history of the life, persecution and death of Dame Marion Boyd, first Countess of Abercorn, who as daughter, wife, mother, and widow for fourteen years, was a model woman. Though physically weak, she was stronger than her persecutors: "She hath girded her loins with strength, and hath strengthened her arm."† She never wavered in her faith: "She hath tasted and seen that her traffic is good; her lamp shall not be put out in the night." Her chaplain, attendants and servants were cherished by her; "She hath looked well to the paths of her house." Her sons were kept by her from being misled by false doctrines; "Her children rose up and called her blessed—and her husband praised her." The jewel of faith and the white garment of innocence decked her soul, and she even gloried in persecution: "Strength and beauty are her clothing, and she shall laugh in the latter day." Two hundred and fifty years and more have passed since her death, but the men and especially the women of Paisley and the west of Scotland, love to hear of her, and they cherish her memory. All praise her for her fortitude and attachment to the truth: "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised." Dame Marion Boyd was no less a martyr because she died by a slow and lingering, and not by a violent death: and she can truly be named a valiant, heroic and a model woman.

* St. Mark viii. 35.
† Prov. xxxi. 17.

St. Philip Neri,

"*Apostle of Rome*,"

AND

FOUNDER OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE ORATORY.

(1515–1595.)

BY G. AMBROSE LEE.

"*The fear of the Lord shall delight the heart, and shall give joy and gladness and length of days.*" Ecclesiasticus i. 12.

PHILIP—or as his name is registered in the Church of St. John Baptist, "Filippo Romolo,"—the son of Francesco Neri and his wife Lucrezia Soldi, was born on the 21st of July, 1525 in the city of Florence. His parents were members of wealthy Tuscan families, and moreover were pious Catholics, whose care was, by example and good instructions to bring up their four children in the careful practice of their holy religion.

From five years of age Philip was remarkable for the implicit obedience which he paid to even the least commands or wishes of his parents; and this obedience was extended to his father's second wife, between whom and the subject of our sketch the tenderest attachment existed, his step-mother on her death bed constantly repeating Philip's name, saying that it refreshed her even to think of him. From his infancy, Philip showed an

unusual affection for prayer, mortification, and religious exercises; taking pleasure in such things, rather than in dressing altars and the like. Nor did this early piety, as is not unfrequently the case, render him distasteful to his companions, for it was accompanied by such good humour and gentle gaiety, as to gain for him amongst them the affectionate title of "Good Pippo." He had an ardent desire to share in the sufferings of our Lord, and bore with the greatest patience all his youthful illnesses, rejoicing when the pain was severe and protracted, inasmuch as it brought him nearer to Him Who had endured so much for his sake.

When Philip had successfully completed the ordinary course of studies of a youth of that period, his parents, anxious also for his worldly success, sent him to Naples, to the establishment of a relative, who was there the head of an extensive commercial establishment and had himself felt a great attraction towards "Good Pippo." Philip, however, had already secretly determined to devote his life to the service of Almighty God; and though in obedience to his father's wish he applied himself very diligently to the studies of his new position in his relative's establishment, he spent all his spare time, including often whole nights, in prayer, generally before a crucifix in a little lonely chapel among the mountains, at the foot of which St. Germano is situated. Thus two years passed, Philip becoming more and more detached from the world and worldly things, and his purpose of forsaking them becoming stronger and clearer; while his relative found the diligence in business and amiability of character of his young assistant both profitable and attractive.

At the end of this period, when he had reached his eighteenth year, Philip, in spite of his relatives affectionate entreaties and offers of the inheritance of his great wealth, bade farewell to St. Germano; and alone, with no provision for the way, no money, no plans, trusting all his future entirely to God, turned his steps towards Rome. In 1533 he entered the Holy City, and from that

time till the day of his death never left the neighbourhood of Rome. An accidental meeting with Galleotto Caccia, a Florentine gentleman, procured for him a home and the tutorship to Caccia's two sons, whom he educated in habits of great piety and virtue. Here Philip's life was one of great austerity. Ordinarily he ate only once a day, his meal consisting of a small loaf and some water, to which was occasionally added a few olives or some vegetables; and even this poor food was sometimes omitted for three days at a time. He slept on the floor only, his few clothes hung on a cord stretched across the room. His duties towards his pupils did not prevent Philip from making marked progress in his own studies, and becoming distinguished both in Philosophy and Divinity. It was impossible that so clear a light should be hidden, and the fame of his sanctity began to be spread about, and even reached Florence. From piety, curiosity, or want of excitement, numbers sought his acquaintance; but reserved and cautious, Philip formed but few intimacies, dreading the loss of time or the weakening of his hold on spiritual things consequent on useless or idle conversations; and he therefore gave up from prayers and studies, only that time which duty or charity demanded.

Philip's humility, piety, and love of virtue did not exempt him from some of the usual and most insidious temptations of youth. On one occasion he was addressed by some evil persons resolved to corrupt his morals and lead him to sin, but he spoke to them with such strength and fervour that they not only abandoned the attempt but were touched with true sorrow and repentance. On another occasion some persons had been hidden in his room, and these, when he entered, closed the door to prevent his escape; but the Saint betook himself to prayer, and in shame and confusion his tempters presently retired. Interior temptation also he suffered, until he was over fifty years of age; but although tried, God never permitted him to fall, humility and constant mortification of the senses, even in the smallest things, being his chief safeguards.

Having led a very solitary and austere life for about two more years, Philip determined to add to his former studies, that of Philosophy and Theology, and these he pursued most successfully under some of the first professors of his day; he also constantly read and meditated upon the Holy Scriptures, acquiring great readiness and accuracy of applying them, of which on occasion he would avail himself, to the great edification of his hearers. Having now made, as he considered, sufficient advancement in learning, both religious and secular, Philip laid aside his studies and gave up his life entirely to God. Long and frequent prayer, constant mortifications and penance, the nightly practice of the pilgrimage known as "The Seven Churches,"*—a distance of twelve miles—and frequent visits to the Catacombs of St. Sebastian outside the city, kept him separated almost entirely from the society of men, though often he would stop to instruct the groups of poor who congregate around the entrances of the principal churches and basilicas. At this period, as before, although favoured by Almighty God with many great sensible consolations, Philip was constantly exposed to grievous and distressing temptations. When he was twenty-nine years old, shortly before the feast of Whitsuntide, and while he was engaged in prayer to the Holy Ghost, to whom he had a most fervent devotion, Philip experienced so extraordinary a rapture, that, on recovering from it, he found by his side just over his heart, a swelling as large as a man's fist, which after his death was ascertained to be caused by the opening of two of his ribs, which was thrust forward, apparently to allow his heart or other vessels full play, for from this time till his death he was affected by an extraordinary palpitation of the heart, which came on when he was performing any spiritual action, and which was often so

* The Seven Churches are :—St Peter's ; St. John Lateran ; St. Mary Major ; The Holy Cross of Jerusalem, situated on different sides of the city ; St. Laurence's outside the walls, two miles out of the city on the Tiburtin road ; St. Paul's on the Ostian road, five miles from the old Forum, and St. Sebastian's on the Appian road.

vehement as to shake his chair or anything with which he came in contact. In addition to this marked manifestation of Divine favour, Philip sometimes felt in the region of his heart such an extraordinary heat that even in the middle of the winter he could scarcely bear his doublet fastened, and on the coldest nights his window was often open, and other measures taken to moderate the intense heat. No remedies however—and many were tried—affected these visitations, and though the Saint strove to hide them, their effects were too patent to all, and even the physicians who attended him in his illnesses had no doubt of their supernatural character. When he had lived thus a retired life for a considerable time, Philip feeling himself called by God to the conversion of souls quitted his solitude and began a sort of missionary life amongst the frequenters of the squares, shops, and other places of resort in the city. His success was marvellous. For by his natural sweetness of manner and power of attraction he gained a great and salutary influence over men, even over many of those who were leading the worst lives. Numbers of his converts left the world and either served God in religion or as secular priests; indeed so many were these, that St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, who was at that time in Rome, used to call him "the Bell" because while calling others into the Church, Philip himself remained in the world. Nor were the efforts of Ignatius to induce Philip to enter his Society successful, God having another sphere of work for his chosen servant. To his great zeal for souls, Philip joined the exercise of many corporal works of mercy, which at this time were not much used, at least by men in the world, such as visiting and serving the sick in the hospitals, attending them when dying, and helping and cheering them by his bright and refreshing conversation and presence. In these good works he was soon joined by many devout persons, both lay and ecclesiastic, and sometime afterwards, the Order of Ministers of the Sick was founded for the same object by St. Camillus of Lellis, one of Philip's spiritual children.

One of the results of Philip's labours for souls was, about the year 1548, the foundation of a sort of gild or confraternity, the members of which met together for the reception of the Sacraments, prayer in common and for other pious works. On the first Sunday in every month and at other holy seasons they took it in turns to watch before the Blessed Sacrament exposed for the Forty Hours Prayer, a devotion but recently introduced from Milan. Some two years later, on the occasion of the Jubilee of Pope Julius III., they added to the above good works, that of receiving and caring for the poor pilgrims who daily arrived in Rome to visit the holy places. For this purpose a small house was hired, and as the work increased, a larger one; and here Philip and his companions constantly laboured with the most perfect charity to assist and help all who came to them. This confraternity, which was known as that of the Most Holy Trinity, rapidly increased, and on the occasion of subsequent Papal Jubilees, received enormous numbers of pilgrims, who were attended to by pious people in the city; cardinals, prelates and princes being often among those who came out of devotion to assist in this good work.

Philip had long ago determined to devote his life to the service of Almighty God, but in his humility had intended to do this as a layman. His confessor, however—a holy priest named Persiano Rosa—seeing his great power with souls, persuaded Philip to submit to his direction and prepare for Holy Orders, and in consequence, he was ordained priest on the 23rd of May 1557, being then thirty-six years old.

Philip was about the middle height, with a fair complexion and cheerful countenance. In his youth he was very handsome; his forehead was high and broad; his nose aquiline; his eyes small and blue, rather sunk, but of a very lively expression; his beard was short and black, but in his old age became quite white.

After his ordination Philip went to live in community with Persiano Rosa and a small company of priests, at the

church of St. Jerome of Charity. No special rules were observed, nor was there any superior, all living together a very tranquil and holy life. Meals were not eaten in common, but by each one in his own room, though they all constantly united in prayer and the frequentation of the Sacraments. Her Philip began the practice, which he never afterwards interrupted, of saying Mass daily, unless hindered by some serious illness, and even then he always received Holy Communion. His Mass was always a wonderful act of devotion. Often during it he fell into raptures, in which his body would be seen raised from the earth; his hand trembled with joy at contact with the sacred elements, and so absorbed did he become in prayer and ecstacy that he had often to be roused to continue the Mass, which, on account of these raptures, was, towards the end of his life, always said, privately in a little chapel in the house. After the *Agnus Dei*, the server was accustomed to retire, lock the door, and leave the Saint for two hours alone. What passed then between God and His servant none can tell, but his server said he looked as one who had just breathed out his soul to God.

The times in which St. Philip lived were very troubled ones. Civil and other wars distracted the Continent, and while religion often formed the ostensible cause of long and sanguinary conflicts, men themselves lived, as a rule, very remissly, observing the rules of the Church rather in the letter than the spirit, even when they did not disregard them altogether. Philip with his holy companions looked on this state of affairs with great solicitude and anxiety, and made it their first aim to lead men back, through the Sacraments, to God. Frequent confession and communion were the remedies he employed for the fatal laxity of the age. He was always ready to hear confessions; early in the morning, in his own room; after daybreak in the church, where he often spent the whole morning in the confessional. To young men and boys he most especially devoted himself; he would invite them to his room, speak to them, in the most winning

way, of the things of God, and often take them about with him to different churches to Mass or office. The younger children when with him often made a great deal of noise, romping and playing as children always do. A Roman gentleman once, wondering at the uproar made by them, asked Philip how he could possibly bear it. Philip instantly replied, "They may chop fire-wood on my back, so long as they do not sin." He never allowed any of his children to be in low spirits, and directly he noticed a want of cheerfulness in any of them, he would ask him why he was in such a mood, perhaps accompanying his question with a playful box on the ear, and concluding it with an admonition to be merry.

As the number of those whom he attracted round him increased, Philip, finding his own little room too small to hold them all, obtained, in 1558, permission from the authorities of St. Jerome to fit up one side of the church above the nave, and here he furnished an oratory and transferred to it the spiritual exercises which had hitherto taken place in his room.

Here every day Philip used to assemble his disciples, and after a time began those familiar discourses—still given in the churches of the Congregation of the Oratory—which partake more of the character of spiritual conferences than of regular sermons. The lives of the Saints, ecclesiastical history, and spiritual subjects, illustrated from the Word of God or the writings of the Fathers, formed the staple of these discourses, or—as not unfrequntly they then were—dialogues. Prayer and the singing of psalms or hymns* concluded the exercises. Formed on the model of the ancient apostolical and primitive assemblies, and approved by the authority of the Holy See, these were, and have been since, the means of sanctification to myriad of souls.

* It is not generally known that "Oratorios" or performances of religious music, vocal and instrumental, derive their name from having been first introduced by St. Philip at the Oratory in Rome, in order to attract people to the Exercises. Thence they spread to other cities, and are now a popular recreation in Protestant England.

Philip also instituted the pilgrimage to the Seven Churches, to which allusion has been made above. Several times a year, generally at the seasons of public feasting or holiday-making, such as the Carnival and the days after Easter, the Saint, accompanied by his spiritual sons, would start from the Basilica of St. Peter, and in the course of the day accomplish this long and tedious pilgrimage. When this devotion was first instituted Philip had between twenty and thirty companions, but before his death this number swelled to upwards of two thousand persons.

Philip's great devotion to the Passion of our Divine Lord led him at one time to conceive a fervent desire to go to India, to which country the reports of the Jesuit missionaries were then first attracting attention, in order that he might if need be shed his blood for the love of Christ; but a holy monk, whom he consulted on this subject, told him that it was the will of God that *Rome should be his India.* Philip accepted his mission, and never after left the city.

In the year 1564 the Saint was desired by the inhabitants of Florence to become the head of a confraternity of ten priests established by papal authority at their church of St. John in Rome. Philip however declined, saying that he could not bring himself to leave St. Jerome's. The Florentines pressed their request, and when they had obtained the countenance of the Pope, Pius IV, Philip yielded, on condition that he should not be obliged to leave St. Jerome's.

Philp found in the small community at St. John's a fair field for the undertaking, towards which his attention had long been turned. He saw clearly the immense advantages that might be derived from a congregation of secular priests living together in community: and, to this end, drew up forthwith a few constitutions which all at St. John's began to observe with great satisfaction. Twice a day all went to St. Jerome's, either to confess to the Saint, or for the sermons and spiritual exercises, while at home each took in turn the various domestic offices, waiting on each other, cooking, and the like. During the

two meals that were eaten in common, some portion of the Holy Scriptures or a spiritual book in the vernacular was read, after which some case of conscience or moral doubt was proposed by one of the community, and each in turn answered according to his own opinion. On the last day of the week all assisted in sweeping and cleansing the Church, this being the origin of the custom, still observed in the churches of the Congregation, of always omitting on this day the usual discourses and exercises.

About ten years later, in 1574, the Florentines prevailed on Philip to transfer the exercises, which it will be remembered had hitherto been held at St. Jerome's, to a spacious church which they had built for this purpose at St. John's. The multitude that assembled here to take part in them increased very much, many bishops, prelates, and religious being amongst the number, and a great improvement in the manners and morals of the city was the result.

It must not however be supposed that Philip, during this period had met with no trials or crosses such as always beset those who work for the glory of God and the good of souls,—either from tepid brethren or malicious enemies. When in 1552 the exercises were first started at St. Jerome's, many illnatured persons did all in their power, both openly and secretly, to abuse and calumniate both the Saint and his work.

Amongst those who felt themselves most aggrieved by the success of Philip's spiritual labours were the two sacristans at St. Jerome's, who, for about two years, did all in their power, both by calumny, and even personal insults to drive Philip from the church. The Saint, however, did not allow himself to be in the slightest degree disturbed by these injuries and affronts, making light of them and laughing about them, but always behaving to their authors with the greatest kindness and humility, and never letting an opportunity slip of doing them a service. The eventual result of Philip's great and long-continued patience was that one after another his enemies were touched with remorse and compassion,

humbly asked his pardon, and went about publishing everywhere the sanctity of the holy Father.

But these were slight matters compared with the storm that arose in Rome in 1559, against the pilgrimage to the Seven Churches. On account of this, every base and selfish motive was imputed to the Saint,—pride, a desire for notoriety; and even the pilgrimage was by some described as a flimsy excuse for a mere pic-nic or merry-making. Philip bore all this ill-natured abuse with the greatest patience and tranquillity, making excuses for those who were his chief detractors and always speaking most kindly to them. The rumours against him increased however, and at last reached the ears of the Pope's Vicar, who, misled by their purport, sent for Philip, and admonished him with great severity, commanding him to discontinue the exercises till he obtained fresh leave: not to go about with any company of persons, and to abstain from hearing confessions for a fortnight, threatening him also with imprisonment if he disobeyed, and generally treating him with extreme and unnecessary harshness. The Saint very modestly explained, that, as he had begun the exercises for the glory of God, so for His glory would he leave them off; that he should always prefer the injunctions of his superiors to his own plans; and that his only object in introducing the pilgrimage to the Seven Churches had been to give his penitents recreation and to keep them out of the sins so general during Carnival time. The Vicar was not however to be pacified. "You are an ambitious man," he replied, with violence, "and what you do, you do not for the glory of God, but to make yourself head of a party." Philip, turning to a crucifix and saying "Lord, Thou knowest if what I do is to make myself head of a party, or for Thy service," went away. He was not however at all disconcerted at this undeserved opposition to his work, but excused the authors of it in the best manner he was able, and constantly said to his followers, "This persecution is not for you but for me; God wishes to make me humble and patient; and be sure

that as soon as I have gained from it the fruit which God intends and am thoroughly mortified, the persecution will cease." And indeed a short time afterwards, the Pope, Paul IV, hearing of the whole affair and of the Saint's patience and modesty, concluded that his actions were under God's guidance, and gave him full leave to resume both the exercises and the pilgrimage to the Seven Churches. Several other attacks on the Saint are recorded, but as they were very similar in outline and detail, to the above, and ended in like manner in the discomfiture of his traducers, a mere reference to them is sufficient.

It will be recollected that Philip had at the earnestly expressed wish of the Florentines and the special desire of the Pope undertaken the charge of the Florentine Church of St. John. The outcome of one of the malicious persecutions above alluded to was, that the removal of Philip and all whom he had placed at St. John's was discussed and advocated by certain of the Florentines, who had listened to some wretched calumny of his enemies. No resolution was however arrived at, but the Saint, considering the danger which menaced his people of finding themselves without either church or house, in which to meet and carry on the exercises, concluded that the community now needed a more secure foundation and a church of its own. Two churches were proposed for this purpose, and by the advice of the Pope, Gregory XIII, Philip chose that of St. Mary of Vallicella, which, being in a much frequented part of the city, was well suited for the exercises. Here, in 1575, Pope Gregory confirmed by Bull, dated July 15th, the constitutions of a Congregation of secular Priests, named "The Congregation of the Oratory."* St. Mary's was but a small

* Priests of the Congregation of the Oratory are, in Italy, called Filippini. The French Oratory, although formed upon a similar plan, differs in several material points from the Italian Oratory. It was founded by Cardinal Peter de Berulle in 1611. This Berulle accompanied Henrietta Maria to England, on her marriage with King Charles I.

church and in bad repair, and although they had no funds, Philip, having the greatest faith in the providence of God, ordered the church to be pulled down and plans prepared for a grand and spacious building to replace it. Although he refused to beg, money came in unexpectedly and in sufficient quantities to complete the handsome building near the Monte Giordano, which is still known as "La Chiesa Nuova."* On the third of February 1557, the first Mass was celebrated in it by the Archbishop of Florence, in the presence of an immense multitude; and in April of the same year, when Philip had given up all connection with St. John's, the community and the exercises were moved to St. Mary's; and, the former increasing to a hundred and thirty persons, some extra buildings had to be provided in which to lodge them.

Although the Oratory was thus securely established, so much did Philip shrink from being looked upon as its founder, that for six years, in spite of the entreaties of the Fathers, he continued to live at St. Jerome's where it will be remembered he had never ceased to reside, even during the time when the exercises were being held at the Florentine church of St. John. He excused himself from their entreaties in his usual playful manner, but the Fathers, feeling how essential for the Congregation was the presence of its head, at length petitioned the Pope to give Philip an obedience to live with them at the Vallicella. This petition the Pope considered reasonable, and ordered Philip by all means to take up his abode at the new church. The Saint, always a lover of obedience, especially to the Vicar of Christ, instantly obeyed, and on St. Cecilia's Day 1583, left St. Jerome's, where he had lived for three and thirty years, and went to St. Mary's. He could not avoid being chosen Superior for life; but stripped the office of every outward distinction, and would have no other title than that of "Father." He had no idea of introducing a new Order, saying that his children were to be

* "The New Church." It is one of the largest and most highly decorated churches in Rome.

bound by no tie but that of charity, and that though he wished them to imitate religious in their perfection, they were in all outward things to live as secular priests and clerics. Nor were they required to renounce such worldly possessions as they might have, the Saint wishing in fact, to make the community life a tempting refuge for those who could not join any of the religious orders on account of the severity of the rule, and yet who wished for a retirement where they could serve God more freely and more perfectly than in the world. The constitutions of the Congregation, which, with the advice of several persons of piety, learning, and prudence, the Saint drew up, were finally approved and confirmed in an Apostolic Brief dated February 24, 1612, by Pope Paul V, and were generally formed on the same idea as those which Philip had established at St. John's, which we have briefly sketched above.

Hitherto it has been endeavoured to give the reader a short and concise account of the rise and progress of the Congregation of the Oratory and the Saint's connection with it. We may now briefly consider some of his virtues, and the extraordinary favours and graces granted to him by Almighty God. He had the most tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, feeling the greatest sensible delight in Its presence, and at Communion he could scarcely restrain his raptures and ecstacy. His little silver-gilt chalice may still be seen at Rome, the gilding worn off, the silver even dented with the marks of his teeth, as if he could not separate himself even from the vessel which had contained the Blood of his Lord. Once when he was so ill that the doctors thought he was dying, the priest who was waiting on him, fearing the effect on Philip of his tears and devotion, gave directions that he should not be communicated. After a delay which seemed to the Saint endless, he sent for the priest and said, "I tell you I cannot sleep for the desire I have for the Blessed Sacrament; make them bring me Communion; I shall go to sleep as soon as I have received it." And indeed as soon as he had communicated he began to amend. Another time

when he was near his death, the priest who was giving him Communion, held the Host in his hand for some time and was slow in giving It to him. "Antonio, why do you hold my Lord in your hand, and not give Him to me?" said Philip, unable to endure the delay: and the priest was so touched by his devotion and simplicity as to burst into tears. Philip's devotion to the Mother of God was most childlike and touching. He spoke of and to her as if she were actually his mother, calling her "Mamma mia," and by other endearing titles. He had two ejaculations which he was constantly making in her honour. The first was "Virgin Mother of God, pray to Jesus for me a sinner;" the second, simply, "Virgin and Mother," for he said that in these words all the possible praises of Our Lady were briefly comprised. Of these two prayers he taught his penitents to make a chaplet or rosary, while he himself almost always carried beads in his hand in order to practice this devotion.

Philip's humility and self-mortification were remarkable and unusual, and clearly indicate the great height of sanctity to which he attained. One of his chief studies was to get himself looked upon as a mean and worthless person, and to do this he would mortify himself both in public and private with every variety of mortification. Indeed he constantly said and did things, which, if looked at externally, only seem frivolous and foolish; but beneath which those who knew Philip's estimate of the world's approbation were able to detect the spirit of a real saint. Distinguished foreigners and great people would sometimes go to see him whom Rome and elsewhere proclaimed so saintly, and would be astonished to find the old man apparently absorbed in listening to somebody reading aloud some silly jest or story book, of which he kept a supply near him for this purpose. Once he had half his beard shaved off, and enjoyed the ridicule thus brought upon him; indeed he seldom let a day pass without devising some mortification or means of making himself a laughing-stock.

Nor was he less solicitous of the spiritual advance-

ment of his penitents than of his own. To keep his children humble and make them regardless of their reputation and the esteem of men, was his constant care; and numberless were the inventions he hit upon to do this. One of the most influential men at court had a dog which he prized very much, and petted in the most extraordinary way. It happened that one morning a gentleman of his suite brought this dog with him to St. Jerome's, and directly Philip began to caress it, the dog took such a fancy to him that it would not leave his rooms, although the Saint sent it back to his master time after time. At first the owner of the dog was very much annoyed at this; he petted it more than ever to hinder it from running away, and even kept it tied up for some days. At last seeing that it always ran off to St. Jerome's as soon as it was let loose, although Philip had nothing to give it but a bit of bread, he said laughingly, in allusion to some of his gentlemen who at Philip's persuasion had left his service in order to serve God more perfectly, "Father Philip is not contented with taking men from me, but must needs take even my animals." The Saint made great use of this dog in mortifying his spiritual children. Although it was very large he would sometimes carry it himself, and often made one or other of his penitents carry it in their arms through the streets; sometimes he set them to wash and comb it; and sometimes he made them lead it, tied with a chain or cord, through Rome, when he himself went out walking, making use of it for his own mortification as well as theirs; for the dog, in dog-fashion, was always trying to run on, dragging his leaders after him—an undignified and trying position. The various mortifications in which this dog played a part lasted for fourteen years, and it became known as "the cruel scourge of human minds." It would never leave Philip, and died in his room.

When he went to live at St. Mary's, for a similar purpose Philip left a cat at St. Jerome's, and for six years daily sent some of his people to look after her, and to fetch meat from the butcher's for her. When they re-

turned, though they were often noblemen, in the presence of whoever happened to be there with him—cardinals or prelates—he always asked after the cat, how she was, whether they had made her comfortable, if she had eaten well, and other questions, as if it were a matter of the greatest and most pressing importance, to the intense astonishment, as we may well imagine, of his illustrious visitors. It is worthy of remark however that all the mortifications which Philip imposed on his penitents and others, were most carefully adapted to their dispositions and needs, and were almost invariably accepted cheerfully and willingly, thus producing in the penitent's souls the fruit at which the Saint was aiming. He often repeated the sentence of St. Bernard, "Despise the world, despise nothing, despise yourself, despise being despised," sometimes adding, "But these are the gifts of the Most High," or some expression showing the importance he attached to mortification, or his opinion of its difficulty.

It has been said by theologians that the virtue of patience is both the most difficult, and the last to attain to in the order of grace. Philip possessed this virtue in the highest degree. No one ever saw him angry or depressed. He was always cheerful and innocently gay, and his community used to say "You may say or do what you like to Father Philip and insult him as you please, but you cannot put him out of temper." Sometimes indeed, for the good of his spiritual children, or to correct them if needful, he would put on a severe look or pretend to be greatly displeased; but as soon as the desired effect had been attained he would laugh, and perhaps say, "Did not you think I was in a passion?" or, "Well, are you scandalized at me, eh?" Being of a delicate constitution, scarcely a year passed without Philip being attacked by fevers, which lasted a long time, and during which he suffered much and keenly. But he bore all without murmuring or showing the least impatience. "Lord, increase my suffering, but increase my patience too," he would pray, and he would tell any of his disciples who

grumbled at troubles or crosses, that there is no surer or clearer mark of God's love than adversity, and that they should never fly from a cross, for they would be sure to come upon a greater one instead. It was remarked too, that when he was ill, instead of receiving consolations from his visitors, he ministered consolation to them, entertaining them in his usual winning way. He did not however advise his penitents to ask for troubles from God, saying that it is no little thing, to bear patiently what God sends one day by day, these being sufficient for our sanctification.

Philip was so favoured by God with ecstacies and divine visions, that it may almost be said that half his life on earth was passed in the sensible presence of his God. He was often seen by many people with his whole body raised in the air; sometimes during his Mass, or often when he was praying in St. Peter's or other churches. Once a little girl who was at his Mass at St. Jerome's saw him raised nearly a foot from the ground, and turned to her mother with childish simplicity, saying, "Mother, I'm sure that Father must be possessed, see how he stays in the air!" but the mother replied immediately "Hold your tongue, it's a saint in an ecstacy." Others saw a bright light round his head during Mass, and relate how they rubbed their eyes with their pocket-handkerchiefs to, if possible, change the impression, which however remained as plain as before.

Philip had a great admiration for the founder of the Company of Jesus, St. Ignatius Loyola, whom he met in Rome. He used to say that the interior beauty of that holy man was so great that he could discern it in his countenance; and after his death, although he was not yet canonized, Philip used to go to his tomb to ask his prayers, and recommend himself to his protection. Philip was also known to bear a particular affection for the students of the English College in Rome, lately founded by the Pope to supply the oppressed and persecuted English Catholics with a missionary clergy. And whenever it happened that they met him in the streets

of Rome, he would most commonly return their salute with the words "Hail, flowers of martyrdom," for he knew that the noviciate commenced in Rome too often ended in the bloody profession of the gibbet and quartering-block in apostate England. Towards the end of his life, it also became customary with the students, as they left the Holy City to return to the dangers and honour of the English mission, to pay a visit to him, to ask his blessing and prayers.

Philip had a wonderful gift of reading the thoughts of his penitents and knowing the secrets of their hearts. Eventually this became well known among them, and if they chanced, when together, to begin any conversation not quite free from sin they would stop and say, "No, no, we must take care, for Father Philip will find us out." Many instances are related of him reminding his penitents of particular faults or sins which through carelessness, forgetfulness, or human respect, they had omitted to confess. Needless to say this knowledge was always for their spiritual good, and the penitents themselves were always the first to recognise this. Cardinal Frederick Borromeo (brother of the great St. Charles), speaking of Philip's power of detecting the secrets of men's hearts, says, "Philip possessed this power to such a degree that he perceived the changes from bad to good and from good to bad however brief the time in which they took place; so that when a certain person went into his presence on one occasion he said to him 'You have a bad look,' upon which the man retired and made some acts of contrition; and Philip, without in the least knowing that he had been praying, said to him when he saw him again shortly afterwards, 'Ah, since you went away, you have changed your look.'" And numbers of his penitents and disciples, at the process of his canonization, gave evidence to the same effect.

Cases of actual bodily possession by devils were at this period, as at other times, by no means uncommon, and God had bestowed upon our Saint the gift also of successfully exorcising possessed persons. Once, a young

woman was brought from a distant city to Philip, in order that she might be exorcised, as she was possessed by evil spirits. Being utterly uneducated, she spoke both Greek and Latin fluently, and was endued with such preternatural strength that several strong men were unable to hold her. Every time that Philip sent for her to perform the exorcisms, she had a knowledge of it, and used to say, "Now that priest is sending for me," and would then try to hide herself in various parts of the house. By the prayers of the Saint she was delivered from the power of the demons, and returned in peace to her own country, never afterwards being molested. Another time a woman, who said she was possessed, came to Philip, who laid his hands upon her head saying, "Go away; he will not molest you so much as before; let me see you again;" and some months passed without the evil one giving her any annoyance. After this however he returned upon her with such vehemence that five persons could not hold her, and a priest from St. Cecilia's church was sent hurriedly for. When he arrived he adjured the spirit to tell him where he had been during all this interval, and the devil replied that *that old man* had charged him not to harm the woman for that length of time.

Philip was the object of the most extraordinary esteem and reverence from his spiritual children and indeed of all who were brought into contact with him. Many looked upon him as a saint, and even before his death, used to preserve, and regard with great reverence any objects that he had touched or blessed. St. Charles, the great Archbishop of Milan, who knew him intimately, spoke of Philip to his own people as a saint, and recommended himself to his prayers with great earnestness; St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Catharine of Ricci, St. Camillus of Lellis, and many other holy servants of God reverenced him as a person of great and wonderful sanctity, and it is related that people came to visit him not only from all parts of Italy, but from France, Spain, Germany, and more distant parts of Christendom, even

infidels and Jews revering him as a good and holy man

In April of the year 1594 Philip was attacked by a tertian fever which lasted several days; and in the following month when he had scarcely recovered from this, he was seized by very violent pains in his loins, which in a few days utterly prostrated him, his pulse being scarcely perceptible, and his voice almost gone. He suffered indeed the most acute agonies, all of which he bore in great peace, with his accustomed patience. The doctors despaired of him, and his spiritual children and the community were overwhelmed with grief on hearing of the approaching end of their beloved Father. This however was not yet to be. For suddenly the watchers in his room heard the Saint begin to cry out with a loud voice, "He who desires aught else but God deceives himself shamefully; he who loves any other than God falls shamefully. Ah, my most holy Lady, my beautiful Lady, my blessed Lady." This was said most distinctly and with great earnestness, and on drawing the curtains of the bed which were closed round it, the aged Saint was seen with his hands held up, and his body raised about a foot in the air, while tears fell from his eyes. "I am not worthy," he continued, "my dear Lady, for who am I, that you should come to see me and take away my pain? and what shall I do if I get well, I who have never yet done any good?" All who were present felt a thrill of dread, wondering what would be the end of this mysterious change. Philip sank back on his bed, and the doctors then ventured to ask him what was the matter. He replied, "Did not you see the Blessed Virgin, who came to free me from my pain?" Then looking round as if to return to himself, and seeing so many persons present, he covered his face with the sheet and burst into tears. The doctors, fearing that this copious weeping would injure him seriously, entreated him to stop, saying, "No more, Father, no more." Philip answered openly, "I have no longer any need of your services, the Madonna has come and healed me;" and indeed the

fever was found to have quite left him, and the next morning he quitted his bed.

In the following year 1595, at the close of March, he was again seized with a fever, from which however he recovered sufficiently to say Mass and give Communion on SS. Philip and James' Day (May 1st) who were his special patrons, and this he continued to do daily up to the twelfth of May. On that day so violent an effusion of blood from his mouth occurred, that his life was immediately despaired of, and, as Viaticum could not be given an account of the hæmorrhage, Extreme Unction was administered, in the presence of Cardinal Frederick Borromeo. When Philip had received this Sacrament, he seemed to revive a little, and the Cardinal, seeing him better, left the room, to return with the Most Holy Sacrament, as he wished to give Philip Viaticum with his own hand. The instant he entered the chamber, the Saint opened his eyes, which till then had been closed, and joining with the most touching devotion in the customary prayers, received his Lord with the greatest ardour and devotion. Contrary to every expectation, Philip, although he had lost a great quantity of blood—a most serious thing to happen to a man of his age—to all appearance completely recovered, saying to the doctors who came to see him on the morning after this alarming seizure, "Be off with you; your services are not wanted; my remedies are a great deal more efficacious than yours; I sent the first thing this morning to give alms to several religious houses, to say Masses and pray to God for me, and from that time I have not lost any more blood, am free from pain, have no longer any difficulty in breathing, and feel so much better than I seem to have perfectly recovered." It was indeed true as the Saint said, for from that day until May 26th, Philip continued in perfect health, saying Mass and Office, hearing confessions and fulfilling all his priestly duties.

But the end was near. Long before, the Saint had foretold the time and all the circumstances of his death. The day before the Feast of Corpus Christi—which in this

year fell on May 25th—he sent for Fr. Peter Consolini and asked him, as if bidding him farewell, to say Mass for him. Fr. Consolini replied that he had done so that day, and that he always said Mass for the Father when he had no other obligation. "But," he added, "I hardly consider you are in want of it now, for you are quite recovered." Philip replied, "The Mass that I ask of you is not the Mass you speak of, but the Mass of the Dead."

On the morning of Corpus Christi he began hearing the confessions of his spiritual children very early; speaking to them with great earnestness, and embracing them with unusual tenderness and many marks of affection. He then said Mass two hours earlier than usual, and on coming to the *Gloria in excelsis*, he began to sing, a very unusual thing for him, and sang it through with great joy and devotion. After Mass he gave Communion to several persons, and again went to the confessional. During the day he was, as usual, visited by many people, among them his physician, who told him he had not been in better health for the last ten years. He heard the confessions of Cardinal Frederick Borromeo and some of the community, and conversed with all with his usual sweetness. Shortly after eleven he retired, laid down in bed, and dismissed all who were with him. At about two o' clock in the morning, Fr. Gallonio hearing him move, went to him and found him coughing violently and the blood flowing from his mouth. "Antonio," said the dying Saint, "I am going now." He then raised himself to a sitting position, whilst Fr. Gallonio hurriedly summoned the doctors and the members of the community. "Do not trouble yourselves to apply remedies," Philip said, "for I am dying," and it seemed as if he were only waiting for them all to be present, before he passed away. Amid the tears of the assembled community Fr. Baronius made the commendation of his soul to God, then, seeing that his last moments had come, said to him in a loud voice, "Father, are you going to leave us without saying a word to us? Give us, at least, your blessing." Philip slightly lifted his hand, and opening his eyes raised

them towards heaven, and kept them fixed there for some moments; then, turning them on his sons, he gently inclined his head towards the kneeling group, and closed them for ever in death.

His death was immediately followed by many striking miracles; and long before the Holy See had decreed to him the honours of the Blessed, he was generally regarded as a saint. The formal process of his canonization was, however, concluded by Pope Gregory XV in 1622, and since then his Congregation has spread through Italy to other countries, incurring a deep obligation of love and gratitude from all who have had experience of the happy and cheerful spirit of the good priest, who, in his lifetime, would accept no other name or title than "Father Philip."

It is perhaps impossible to overestimate the importance of the life-long work of this great servant of God. Like St. Charles in Milan, and Savonarola in Florence, his life was one long and successful battle against the influences of a licentious paganism, which under various disguises and often high-sounding titles, was then paralyzing so many limbs of once-Christian Europe. St. Philip, to meet and conquer the luxury and vice of his city and time, revived and made popular, amongst the most luxurious classes, the Christian simplicity of primitive ages; and showed thereby that it is quite possible to use and enjoy the good things of this life, without, on the one hand, seeking the solitude of the cloister, or, on the other, becoming besmirched and soiled by the world and the things of the world.

Blessed Clement Hofbauer.

(1751-1820.)

BY THE

REV. O. R. VASSALL, C.SS.R.

AMONGST the servants of God whose Beatification gladdened the Church in the spring of 1888 was a Redemptorist priest, whose name is still a household word in many parts of Germany, Austria, and Poland, although it is as yet but little known in England or America. The life of this heroic champion of the Faith is full of lessons for us all, since the evils against which, as we shall see, he strove so manfully in Warsaw and Vienna are by no means unheard of nearer home; while to those who have been brought in any way into contact with the sons of St. Alphonsus, the story of the Blessed Clement Hofbauer's hand to hand struggle with the spirit of evil derives a peculiar interest from the fact that it is to his courage and unfailing perseverance under every species of discouragement, that we owe the introduction of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer to the lands that lie north of the Alps.

Blessed Clement was sprung from a humble stock. His birth-place was a Moravian hamlet called Tasswitz, where his father was a butcher. His mother was an

excellent woman, albeit of rather a stern type. She was filled with the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, and entirely devoted to the care of her family. God gave her twelve children in all, of whom Clement was the youngest.

Our Saint came into the world in a very troublous epoch. He first saw the light on St. John's Eve, December 26th, 1751. He died on the 15th of March, 1820. The history of the times in which he lived is crowded with great events. To mention a few of the most momentous, is to recall some of the most stirring scenes that have ever been witnessed in the long drama of human action. The Blessed Clement beheld with deep sorrow the slow absorption of the Kingdom of Poland by its rapacious and insatiable neighbours; he heard from afar of the horrors of the French Revolution; he watched the rise and fall of the great Napoleon; news was brought to him of the Independence of America and the foundation of a great and free Republic the other side of the Atlantic; his loving heart was wrung again and again by the calamities that overtook the Church during his lifetime. Deism triumphant in England, the most blasphemous and blatant infidelity in France, Erastianism under one form or other swaying the House of Hapsburg in Austria and the Bourbon Courts in Spain and Italy, the Society of Jesus perforce suppressed, all the Religious Orders harassed, Catholic missions to the heathen insidiously undermined, the Vicar of Christ dragged from the Eternal City like the seventh Gregory to die in exile far from the tombs of the Apostles, because, like St. Gregory, he had loved justice and hated iniquity his whole life through. All this and much more than this has to be recorded by the historian of the last half of the eighteenth century—a sad and troublous time during which the Lord visited with a rod of iron the iniquities of His people.

Now Clement Hofbauer was a vessel of election chosen by God to do a great work for the glory of His Name in this wicked period of European history. His

early life, however, augured but little the future that was before him. He was a child not quite seven years of age, when he heard that he was fatherless. We are told that his widowed mother took him immediately before a crucifix, and pointing to the image of our dying Lord, said to her son words that he never forgot: "He is now your Father. See that you walk on the path which is pleasing to Him." From that moment the boy strove thus to walk. From that moment he ever looked to the Crucified alone for a father's help, a father's counsel in the hour of danger or of difficulty. And amply was his confidence repaid.

The idea of the priesthood seems to have come very early before Clement's mind as the state of life to which God was calling him. Circumstances however are, like facts, stubborn things. The circumstances in which the future Apostle of Vienna was placed in his youth seemed to rendered any hope of acquiring the education necessary for the sacerdotal vocation altogether illusory. Indeed it was not merely that he had no means of obtaining the requisite education. He found himself under the pressing necessity of working for his daily bread. In all that followed we can now, on looking back upon the past, easily trace the guidance of Divine Providence, and see how God would both prepare His servant for the work which it was appointed him to do, and also make it manifest that external circumstances have, as all things else, to bend before the purposes of Omnipotence. But it must have been a somewhat hard trial for Clement's faith and confidence in God, at a time when he was not looking back upon the past, but forward upon the vista of his future life, and found himself at the age of sixteen trudging along the road to the neighbouring town of Znaim, there to learn the monotonous business of a baker, while his heart was not in the bakehouse, but in the ecclesiastical studies and life to which he felt himself drawn by a mysterious yet most unmistakable attraction.

God's ways are not as our ways. In supernatural

matters it is God who shapes means to ends, and He is not wont to work according to human measurements. Thus Providence willed that the future Apostle of Vienna should begin life as a baker. As we have seen, he learned his trade at Znaim, and after three years' apprenticeship in that town he practised it at the great Norbertine Abbey of Bruck which was not far distant. Here he attended the monastery school, and doubtless acquired that elementary knowledge of Latin which enabled him in after life to pursue his philosophical and theological studies in preparation for the priesthood. The priesthood however was yet far distant. Until the year 1783 Clement Hofbauer supported himself as a baker, with the exception of two short intervals, when his attraction for the interior life of prayer and contemplation led him to serve God as a hermit.

However, it was not the will of God that Clement Hofbauer should be a hermit to the end of his days. The hermit's life was with him to be a preparation, not a permanent state. This truth was borne in upon him powerfully in the autumn of the year 1782. For some months past he had, in company with five other servants of God, been taking care of a famous shrine of our Blessed Lady at Tivoli, not many miles from Rome. Here, in the midst of an olive grove, surrounded by scenery the most exquisite, he had lived in the greatest peace and happiness, supporting himself like the great Apostle of of the Gentiles by the labour of his hands, and serving his Maker with all the fervour of a heart that was even then all aflame with the love of God. But directly he felt convinced that, despite of all appearance to the contrary, it was really the design of Heaven that he should win souls to Jesus Christ as a priest—directly he knew that God no longer wished him to be at Tivoli—he went back to Austria, and established himself at Vienna, where once again he plied his trade of baker, waiting until Providence should point out the path he was to follow in order to arrive at the appointed goal.

He had not long to wait. And now occurs an episode

in Clement's life so romantic as to remind us—though the principal actors could not have been more dissimilar—of a well-known scene in the drama of English History. We all remember how the young Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have won his way to the affections of England's famous Queen, and to have smoothed for himself the road to glory, by the gallantry with which he stepped forward and did not hesitate to spread his cloak in the very mud, that his sovereign's steps might be all unstained. A not unsimilar act of politeness was to gain for Clement Hofbauer the object of his lifelong ambition. One day he saw some ladies standing helplessly in the porch of St. Stephen's Church, looking out in despair at the rain which was coming down in torrents. To fetch them a carriage was only the work of a few minutes. This act of courtesy led to a conversation. The result of the conversation was that Clement was promised the means wherewith to pursue his ecclesiastical studies.

"God will reward you," he replied simply, "I have nothing with which to repay you, but you shall be repaid at the resurrection of the just." Doubtless the reward of these ladies—they were three sisters—will be great on the final day of account. Some reward, however, they received even in this life, and that by no means a small one. They lived to see him whom they had enabled to become a priest, hailed everywhere as the reformer of morals, the unwearied preacher of the Gospel, the faithful dispenser of the mysteries of God, the true-hearted apostle of their native city.

This, however, was to be in the future. When this welcome assistance was first proffered the Blessed Clement he had still to study theology, and was still to be ordained. He commenced his theological studies at the University of Vienna, but found the atmosphere so un-Catholic, so tainted with Jansenism and other novelties, which were all the fashion for the moment, that, shaking the dust of Germany from off his feet, he betook himself to the Eternal City. There at least he knew that he would find Peter still "confirming his

brethren" in the Faith that was once delivered to the saints.

The journey to Rome was made on foot. It was like a pilgrimage of the olden times—a veritable penance to human nature. However, even when Clement found himself at length in Rome, his difficulties were not yet at an end. To what body of priests, to what religious congregation or monastic order should he offer himself as a subject? Here Providence visibly came to his aid. He had determined with his dear friend Thaddeus Hübl, who had accompanied him over the mountains from Vienna, to go in the morning to the first church from which they should hear the bells summon the people to prayer. They were lodged on the Esquiline, and according to the arrangement made over night, the early morning found them in the church of St. Giuliano, which was at that time served by the Redemptorist Fathers.

On leaving the sacred edifice, Clement asked a child who were the religious that he saw in prayer before the altar. "They are priests of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and one day *you* will become one of them," was the unexpected reply which Clement received to his question. He was deeply moved on discovering that the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, of which he had heard first from the lips of a child, had been founded by Mgr. Alfonso de' Liguori, the saintly Bishop of St. Agatha of the Goths, and that its primary object was to labour for the most abandoned souls. He had long before learned to love him who is now known and venerated throughout the length and breadth of the Catholic world as St. Alphonsus, "the great Doctor of Prayer," for even in those dark days of the Church in Germany, the ascetical works of the gentle and zealous author of the *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament* had been propagated far and wide by Father Albert Diesbach, who had been a member of the Society of Jesus before its suppression. Now, as it happened, Father Diesbach was an intimate friend of the Blessed

Clement. Thus they had often spoken together of the holy Bishop, whose books seem to be specially blessed by God as a means of inflaming souls with the love of Jesus Christ.

But it was not merely his reverence for the founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer that moved Clement to seek admission amongst its members: it was also the thought of the end and purpose of the Institute—the salvation of the most abandoned souls. This was the great object to which he had so long coveted to consecrate his life.

Thus it was soon settled. Both Clement and his friend Thaddeus became novices of the Redemptorist Congregation. They were admitted to profession on St. Joseph's Day, 1785, and shortly afterwards ordained priests.

Now commences in good earnest the second and that which may be called "the active" portion of the Blessed Clement's life. When St. Alphonsus, who was still living in extreme old age, and did not go to his eternal reward until August 1, 1787, heard of the entry of these two new German subjects into the Congregation, he was filled with joy, and exclaimed, in the spirit of prophecy, that God would not fail to promote His glory by their means in the countries from which they came; countries nearly ruined by the suppression of the Jesuits. The Saint added, however, that the work of his children would be very different in the North from his own in Italy. "In the midst of the Lutherans and Calvinists, amongst whom these good priests will be placed, the catechism will be more necessary than preaching. They will do a great work, but they have need of greater light."

Such was the almost dying prediction of St. Alphonsus concerning the work that should be done by Father Clement and his companions in the Transalpine lands, over whose spiritual destitution he himself sighed so deeply.

Accordingly, no long delay was permitted to elapse before the two new priests were sent to the north of

Europe, with directions to establish, if possible, a house of the Congregation in Courland. However, they were detained by the Nuncio in Warsaw, and, on the matter being referred to the Holy See, permission was granted them to establish themselves permanently in that city, which at the time stood sorely in need of some zealous priests. The once great and Catholic kingdom of Poland was now in its death throes. The agony was both long and painful. Twice was the gallant nation, which had in the past done such good service against the Turks, violently dismembered, before the final partition was effected in 1795. During the one and twenty years of the Blessed Clement's residence in Warsaw, its inhabitants were daily expecting a fate which would either hand them over to the rule of the Lutheran House of Hohenzollern, or to the tender mercies of the Autocrat of all the Russias, while, after the first successes of Napoleon, it did not require the gift of prophecy to foresee that the march of events was sure sooner or later to bring the troops of revolutionary France, drunk with blood and thirsting for further spoil, within the walls of the ancient city. They actually arrived in 1806, and were received with marks of the most pusillanimous submission. All public spirit was dead in the unhappy country. All true public life had disappeared long before. The nobles were corrupt and licentious, the people were degraded. So early as May, 1793, the Blessed Clement felt himself obliged to write thus of the general demoralization: "Scandalous vices have nowhere come to such a pitch as in this city . . . All are corrupt, and I see no hope of amendment. I fear lest God should *remove their candlestick out of its place.* Let us pray that we may repent before it is too late."

When Father Hofbauer and Father Hübl arrived in Warsaw, in 1787, things could scarcely have been in a worse condition. It is hardly necessary to say that the corruption of morals, which was well-nigh universal, arose mainly from the decay of true Catholic principles. Where the Faith is vigorous, there we shall always find good

morals among the people; where the Faith is weak, there shall we see covetousness, greed of power, sensuality, and selfishness holding undisputed sway. This is the general law, which can hardly admit of exception. Its truth was certainly exemplified by the state of Warsaw at the close of the eighteenth century. That evil spirit of Jansenism was gnawing away the very vitals of religion. The denials of Voltaire and Rousseau were accepted by great numbers of the aristocracy instead of the positive beliefs in all that is high and bright, and pure and lovely, and of good report, which had nerved their fathers to do and die for God and country. All genuine Catholic spirit seemed to have disappeared, for one sad moment, from the land which had been once so famed in Christendom for its chivalrous devotion to the Holy See.

The great evil against which the Blessed Clement had to contend was Jansenism. We have seen some attempts made during these last few years to throw a halo of romance around the Jansenistic teaching, and thus to make it wear quite an attractive appearance. In sober truth it was one of the most forbidding and at the same time most disingenuous systems of religion that have imposed upon the credulity of mankind. Wherever it penetrated, there all frequent loving use of the holy Sacraments, all loyal tender-hearted service of the Blessed Mother of God, all childlike confidence in the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, disappeared before the blighting touch of these cold, false, innovating sectaries, who dried up the very wells of life with their hard sayings. According to a famous saying, the Jansenists were proud as devils, while they seemed to be pure as angels.

This morose appearance of virtue, together with the conspicuous ability of their leaders was their strength. It blinded multitudes to that utter want of humility and of the child-like spirit of the Gospel without which all austerity is as dross in the sight of God. If Jansenism was one of the most unlovely heresies that have ever cursed society, it was also one of the most learned, specious, and externally respectable. Jansenism, like

Pharisaism of old, walked abroad, and made great show in the world's highways. It never shocked the public conscience, as did every form of Protestantism, by the flagrant immoralities of its first apostles. Therefore was it necessary that learning should be met by learning, that the appearance of sanctity should be confronted with the reality, that the harshness of self-righteous teachers should melt away beneath the enchantment of true religion, even as the hoar frost vanishes before the morning sunshine.

The first brunt of the battle against Jansenism was borne, as was fitting, by the Society of Jesus. But after the suppression of the Society the most formidable opponent with whom the Jansenists had to count was the great St. Alphonsus Liguori. By the profound learning of his theological works, which soon spread far and wide through Christendom, this tender-hearted Saint both exposed Jansenistic sophistries, and tranquillized consciences that had been disturbed by their cruel principles; while by his Christ-like compassion for the tempted and fallen he set an example, the effect of which will never be lost upon the Church of God.

Before St. Alphonsus went to heaven, Jansenism was dying fast. However, the disastrous practical abuses which it had engendered in the days of its ascendancy were still rife. It was against these practical abuses that the Blessed Clement was to wage an undying warfare. Now, in carrying on this warfare it was no longer profound learning that was requisite so much as an unwearied zeal in all good works, an ardent trust in Catholic principles and an undaunted courage. But of all these latter qualities Father Hofbauer was abundantly possessed. He has often, and with good reason, been compared with St. Philip Neri, the great apostle of Rome. Certainly the methods by which he overcame the coldness and indifference, induced by the Jansenistic *régime* in Warsaw, were very similar to those which St. Philip chose wherewith to overcome worldliness and tepidity in the city of the Popes.

Both these great servants of God knew the power that flows from the simple preaching of the revealed Word of God; they both knew what magic there is in the name of Mary for the Christian heart; and above all they knew well how great are the treasures to be found in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. Accordingly, that which St. Philip carried out at St. Girolamo and in La Chiesa Nuova, that also did the Blessed Clement effect in St. Benno's little church in Warsaw.

St. Benno was a Saxon missionary who was canonized by Pope Adrian the Sixth, his fellow-countryman, in 1523. The last king of Poland, the ill-fated Stanislaus the Second, bestowed the little church dedicated to this Saint, together with the small adjacent house, upon the two Redemptorist priests.

Probably St. Benno's was chosen because it was much frequented by foreigners. Father Clement, however, felt that his mission was not merely to the foreigners in Warsaw, but also to the people of Warsaw themselves. He determined, therefore, to find his way to the Polish heart. At first he found this no easy task. The men who had not sufficient patriotism to shed their blood nobly in a generous struggle for hearths and homes against their country's foes, were not afraid to boycott a helpless priest, because forsooth! he was a German, not one of themselves. There was a time when no Pole would cross the threshold of St. Benno's. But soon Father Clement's large-hearted Catholic zeal triumphed over their narrow prejudices. They soon discovered that the new-comers held themselves scrupulously aloof from politics, and only desired their spiritual welfare.

Once the ice had been broken, things progressed apace. Polish novices poured in. Soon there was a large community established at St. Benno's. The church was enlarged and made warm and bright with festive decorations. As the enlightened authorities forbade all public missions to be given, the Blessed Clement determined that there should be one perpetual mission in St.

Benno's. The church was crowded from morning to night, the confessionals were besieged by eager multitudes, just as during mission-time amongst a sincerely Catholic population. Every morning three High Masses were sung in the church, and four sermons were preached, while the day's labours were closed with Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

Such was the Blessed Clement's method. Thus did he hope to re-invigorate Catholic life in the capital of unhappy Poland. He succeeded beyond all expectations. His appeal to the Christian instincts of the people of Warsaw proved that the spirit of faith was merely dormant, by no means dead in the breasts of the Poles. Soon the whole face of the city was changed. Once again it presented the appearance of a truly Catholic town. On the feast of Corpus Christi especially there was always a grand display of public homage to the Sacred Host, which once more was borne in triumph from St. Benno's church through the public streets, as in the days of old.

However we must not imagine that all this good work—besides other works such as schools and orphanages, in ordinary times foreign to the end of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, but under the special circumstances of the day directed by Father Clement with the full approval of the Holy See—was carried on without great difficulty. The man of God was during the whole course of his sojourn in Warsaw subjected to one long persecution from evil-doers and was continually harassed with the fear that his undertakings would be brought to nought. And so indeed it was to be. The Blessed Clement was destined in the designs of Providence to be known in the Church as the Apostle of Vienna, not as the apostle of Warsaw. Vienna, not Warsaw, was to be the centre from which houses of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, in many different lands and even continents, were to radiate in the future time. Therefore were the machinations of his enemies in Poland permitted by God to prevail against him.

During these years, whilst his headquarters were always at Warsaw, the Blessed Clement undertook several journeys to make foundations of his Congregation in Germany and Switzerland. None of these, however, survived the calamities of the time. It was at one of the new German foundations, that of Babenhausen, in the diocese of Augsberg, that Father Clement heard, in 1806, the sad news of the impending ruin of the good works at St. Benno's.

He hurried back immediately. For two years the blow was averted. It fell on June 20, 1808, when the Decree of Suppression, which had been signed a few days previously, was put into execution. The authorities did their impious task much in the same brutal and callous way as the same crime against God and His Church has been accomplished in almost every European country, within the recollection of living men. The Blessed Clement, however, on his side had a surprise in store for his enemies. Friendly warning had been conveyed to him of the coming catastrophe. Hence everything was in readiness for the police. None of the Fathers were taken by surprise, but they all permitted themselves to be apprehended and driven off quietly in closed carriages, escorted by a strong body of cavalry. To prevent the possibility of a rising people were locked in the crowded church, and its doors guarded by the soldiery, while all the corners of the principal streets were occupied with troops. Still, had not the Blessed Clement exhorted the Fathers previously to make no disturbance, there must have been bloodshed. He had, as we have said, full warning, but for the sake of peace he had allowed the Government to have all the credit of having effected the most complete surprise.

The Redemptorist community soon found themselves together (as prisoners of war!) in the Prussian Fortress of Cüstrin in Brandenburg. Here they were detained for some time, but soon separated, for fear that they should discover some mysterious means of converting the neighbouring Lutherans to the Catholic religion.

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It is certainly most noticeable and even somewhat ludicrous to observe how frightened Protestants always seem to be of the effect upon their co-religionists of intercourse with zealous Catholics. The sons of St. Alphonsus now received orders to go each to his own home. The Blessed Clement thought that under the circumstances he could not do better than proceed to Vienna, although at the time it was impossible to think of establishing a regular House in that city. But he hoped for the future. Accordingly for Vienna he set out with Brother Martin Stark, a young Redemptorist student, who was to be his companion until death. They made their journey on foot. It was subject to many vicissitudes. They were twice imprisoned for want of the proper passports, and when at length Father Clement was allowed to enter the Austrian capital he was by no means free from police supervision, which was extended to him for the whole year!

During the next twelve years, from his arrival in 1808 until his holy death in 1820, the Blessed Clement was in Vienna that which St. Philip was nearly a lifetime in Rome—its apostle, diffusing "light and leading" upon all around him. Absolutely unknown when he first entered the city, excepting to the Government officials as a dangerous person, he took up his residence near the Italian church. The Rector of this church was his old friend, Father Luigi Virginio, who like his fellow-Jesuit, Father Diesbach, had done much to spread the works of St. Alphonsus north of the Alps. Father Virginio died in 1810 a martyr of charity, and was virtually succeeded as Rector by Father Hofbauer. Then gradually did he become known. Indefatigable in visiting the sick, in the pulpit, in the confessional—a most zealous son of the most zealous Doctor—people began first to talk of him, and then to go to him as their spiritual Father. And Father Hofbauer was a priest whose influence over the souls that committed themselves to his spiritual care, grew steadily. He had a wonderful power of inspiring others with something of his own

unbounded enthusiasm for the cause of God in this world; he seemed able to raise all with whom he came in contact into a higher, and purer atmosphere than is generally breathed on this earth of ours. Therefore in the year 1813 the aged Archbishop, Count Sigismund Von Hohenwarth, a holy man who had belonged to the Society of Jesus before its suppression, determined to yet further enlarge the sphere of Father Clement's activity. He entrusted him with the direction of a convent of Ursuline nuns, and with the care of the public church attached to the convent.

Now at length the Blessed Clement's position was one authorized and public. Now he found himself in the full glare of notoriety. For soon it became known that things were said and done at the Ursuline church that were eminently distasteful to the civil power, as it then was. Soon it was whispered abroad in the city, and the news sped fast from mouth to mouth, that there was a saint at the Ursuline church,—a saint who cared very little for the laws of Joseph the Second, but who was supremely devoted to the interests, and altogether pledged to the service of the Vicar of Christ, and of the souls for whom Christ had died—a saint who did not fear to teach publicly that neither Joseph the Second of Austria, nor any other earthly monarch had aught to say in matters that pertained to the Kingdom of God—a saint, who while he was ever ready cheerfully to render to the Kaiser the things that were truly his, was absolutely determined that, so far as in him lay, the Kaiser should have nothing of the things which belonged to the Kaiser's Lord and Master.

It was the lifelong ambition of Joseph the Second to reduce the Church of God in his dominions to the condition of a department of the Civil Service. It was his intention that the clergy should be as entirely subservient to the imperial designs and as obsequious to the imperial will, as any footman in the imperial palace. It was his resolve to use the Church as an engine of state policy, and to convert the priests of God into a sort of moral

police force, destined merely to preserve good order, and secure deference to the civil magistrate. Now the more thoroughly to effect this degradation of religion, the Emperor astutely bent his energies principally to the attainment of two objects. He strove in the firs place, to minimize as far as possible the influence of the Holy See upon the Church in Austria, and then, secondly, to check all that could inspire religious enthusiasm among the people. With this end in view he forbade on his own authority anything like magnificence in public worship, and rendered illegal everything which could rouse or stir the piety of the faithful. He desired to eliminate the spiritual from the very temples of God, and decreed that all which spoke to eye or ear of the supernatural Kingdom of our Lord should be removed out of sight and hearing, in order that men might think only of the earthly kingdom of the House of Hapsburg. It was in this that Joseph the Second was thwarted by the Blessed Clement. From the beginning of his ministry in the Ursuline church, the Saint treated the Josephite laws as a dead letter, until gradually without any formal abrogation they fell into desuetude throughout the city. From the beginning, so far as was practicable, the ceremonies of the Church were carried out with all the same pomp and magnificence that had moved Warsaw to its depths in St. Benno's church of old. From the beginning the Blessed Clement preached frequently just as he had done at St. Benno's and in the same popular way. He resumed his old habit of giving catechetical instructions, asked questions from the pulpit which grown men were not ashamed to answer, and in a word did his utmost to make the practice of the Faith so interesting and attractive that people threw themselves into it heart and soul.

Admirably did he succeed. Soon without any conscious effort he found himself surrounded by a body of enthusiastic disciples. They included men of the highest rank in literature and science. Not only was

his confessional always surrounded by persons of all ranks and conditions of life, but even out of the confessional he was always accessible to all that would seek his advice or friendship. He permitted himself to call no time his own, but at all hours of the day was ready to bestow his best attention upon any person who might desire to speak with him. Never has a saint accomplished more perfectly than did the Blessed Clement the apostolic exhortation to become all things to all men that he might save all.

Thus he came soon to wield a mighty influence for good. At the famous Congress of Vienna, he was the soul of the Catholic cause. A well considered plot had long been brewing to seize the opportunity afforded by the assemblage of so many monarchs and diplomatists in the Austrian capital to form a brand-new German National Church in defiance of the Holy See. This schismatical scheme was brought to nought and utterly discomfited by the activity of our Saint, and of the influential personages whose efforts for the good cause he skilfully directed to a successful issue. If Austria is to-day Catholic to the core, her priests and people do not forget under what a debt of gratitude they lie to the Blessed Clement Hofbauer for the preservation of the priceless treasure of their fathers' faith and worship.

But one who was always consistently a *Religious* through and through could not find his chief happiness in the society of nuncios, statesmen, and great people. He had a threefold attraction, which was very marked in him, to children, to the sick and dying, and above all to young men.

No doubt the Blessed Clement remembered the difficulties and loneliness of his own youth. He therefore determined to do all in his power to render the lives of all the university students, or other young men of Vienna who would let him call them his friends, brighter, sunnier, and at the same time purer, and more God-fearing than they would otherwise have been. He had always a welcome for them in his little house. They knew

that they could go in and out as they pleased without being asked, and numbers availed themselves of the privilege thus granted them. Tired as he was on coming home in the evening after a hard day's work he always showed that he was glad to see his numerous visitors. Every night he had quite a large party at supper. In fact he kept open house for his friends; or rather, if the expression be permitted, with all reverence it may be said that God kept open house for him. He had no resources of his own, but it was proved in the process of Fr. Clement's Beatification, by a mass of evidence given on oath, that food was multiplied miraculously, so that all the Saint's hungry guests were more than satisfied. The same Almighty Power which in the ancient dispensation replenished the widow's oil and fed more than a hundred men with twenty barley loaves by the instrumentality of the Prophet Eliseus, set the stamp of Divine approval in these latter days upon the charity and zeal of Blessed Clement. Of a truth God is not as man, that He should change. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

But it was not only by the gift of miracles that our Lord blessed His servant Clement. He endowed him also with the far higher grace of a wondrous power of sympathy, which seemed silently to draw souls to his side by the force of some mysterious attraction. This personal charm seems to have been felt especially by children, who flocked around him as if by instinct. Father Clement on his part loved to have them with him, and was never so happy as in their company. It is indeed most remarkable how, from the days of Christ our Lord, His little ones seem to possess a natural attraction for most good men who have partaken of the spirit of their Divine Master. The children used to follow Blessed Clement in the street, and like our Lord Jesus Christ of old he would not forbid them, but used to amuse them by narrating little stories, which were remembered through life as the words of a saint.

Several instances of the holy man's influence over young hearts and minds have been preserved. Let us quote one of them. We are told that one day he spoke as follows to a little friend of his, the scion of a noble family in Vienna. "My dear little Charles, listen to me," said the holy man; "you are now old enough to obey the laws of the Church, and you know that we are not allowed to eat meat on Fridays. We must offer up this little sacrifice to our Lord Jesus Christ, who on that day offered Himself upon the Cross for love of us." The Saint spoke thus because he knew well that days of fasting and abstinence were not observed as they should be in the boy's home. Accordingly, when the next Friday came, the child seeing meat as usual on the table said bravely. "No, thank you, I cannot eat meat to-day." "Why not, pray?" asked his father angrily. "Because to-day is Friday," was the prompt reply, "when the Church commands us to abstain, because our Lord died on the Cross on that day." "Who told you that?" questioned the father growing more and more surprised and angry every minute. The boy said simply, "Father Clement." Then his father told him to eat the meat without more ado. The child still respectfully refused, until at last he was sent out of the room in disgrace, and told that he should have nothing else that day. Charles naturally went to his mother in his trouble. She comforted him and promised to get him some fish. "No, thank you, mother," was the boy's quiet answer, "my father said that I was not to have anything excepting meat, and Father Clement told me always to obey him unless he ordered me to do anything contrary to the laws of God and the Church. I can do very well without anything to eat to-day." His mother was much touched at the answer. She went to her husband and acquainted him with what had taken place. He could resist no longer, but told his son that he might eat anything which his mother had prepared for him, and that in future he should never be asked to eat meat on Fridays. From this day forth the laws of the

Church were carefully obeyed in that household, and thus did Father Clement reach the parents through their child.

Children, and the sick and dying—what a strange transition from the young lives for whom the sun is just rising in the early morn of life, to those for whom it is slowly sinking behind the western hills! But if our Saint was ever anxious to sow seeds in the hearts of little children, which might hereafter spring up and bring forth fruit in due season, he was still more solicitous to reap whatever little harvest a lifetime might have produced in the past, and to store it up in the everlasting garner.

His charity for his fellow men shone forth most brightly at the last dread moment. This was his supreme, his characteristic devotion to his neighbour. It has been computed that he attended over two thousand death beds. In the most desperate cases when everything else failed, people sent for Father Clement, since they knew well that his presence was the harbinger of the grace of God, and that those who resisted all other inducements, could not resist the unction and heavenly meekness of our Saint. He himself always attached the secret of his wonderful success to his custom of saying the Rosary all the way when proceeding to a sick call, and of getting all the prayers he could before he started.

One day Fr. Clement was told that John Madlener, a well-known Professor at the university was dangerously ill. Madlener was what is called a Pantheist. He believed that the world was God, and that God was the world. An extraordinary profession of faith assuredly it sounds when put in plain words, but none the less one not unknown nowadays, and that among men of so-called culture and wide erudition. The Blessed Clement did not argue, but he quietly wrote on the footboard of the bed these words "A portion of the Divinity is ill." When Professor Madlener rose once more from his bed of pain, now restored to health and strength, he was a Pantheist no longer. He had been quietly laughed

out of his infidelity. But we must always remember that in the Blessed Clement's laugh there was not one particle of unkindness. After his conversion Madlener was one of our Saint's most intimate friends and disciples. He soon became a priest, was subdeacon of the last Mass offered by his venerable Father, watched over him with unremitting care and affection during his last illness, and was one of the first to join the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer upon its authorization after the Saint's death.

Previously to his own ordination Madlener had the happiness of introducing the Blessed Clement to one of his pupils called Adolphus Rieger, shortly before his early death. This poor boy had been brought up as a Calvinist. On hearing from Madlener that Fr. Clement Hofbauer would like to come and see him, the dying lad, who had no idea how ill he was replied: "Please thank him kindly for me, and say that on my recovery I will pay him a visit in return." Madlener now had the courage to tell the boy that he would never be able to go and see anyone again in this world. "Will you then pray for me," was all that Adolphus answered, on hearing that he stood on the very threshold of eternity. Much moved, Madlener hastened to Fr. Clement and begged him to come, and to come at once, as soon it would be too late. The Saint set out immediately, saying the Rosary, according to his wont, all the way. On his arrival he asked to be left alone with the young Calvinist, and spoke to him so tenderly and convincingly that before long all was happily effected. When at length Blessed Clement left the room, it was shortly to return. "The boy," he said to the astonished nurse, "is now a Catholic. I am going to get the Most Holy Viaticum. Do you, Madlener, go to him and assist him to receive our Lord with good dispositions." Adolphus Rieger, when the man of God came back with the Blessed Sacrament, was ready to make his first and last Communion with the greatest fervour, and shortly after died the death of the just in perfect peace of soul and

with the most entire resignation to the Holy Will of God.

All the saints have had some characteristic virtue, some precious gem of sanctity which shines with a special lustre among the jewels which compose their heavenly crown. Now it is the wonderful faith of the Blessed Clement Hofbauer which is singled out by the Church in the prayer granted for his Mass and Office, as his most signal gift from God. Indeed Faith was the pole-star which guided his life, from the early days when his childish mind first drank in the great truths of our holy religion at his mother's knee, until the hour when in ripe old age, his battle won, he laid him down to die, and went to receive his reward at the hands of that dear Lord whom not having seen he had ever loved and served with a most true and loyal service.

One outcome of the Blessed Clement's spirit of faith is to be seen in his zeal for the spread of God's kingdom on earth, and for the conversion of Protestants and unbelievers. Many of his greatest friends had been brought up in Protestantisn. Most of these were his own converts, and had been first moved by the winning persuasiveness of his gentleness, and holiness of life, to abjure their heresies and enter the Ark of Salvation.

We will give one striking example of the conversion of a family from Lutheranism effected by God through the instrumentality of our Saint.

In the process of Fr. Clement's Beatification, Fr. Von Pilat deposed on oath that he had himself been told the following anecdote by his friend and relation Frederick von Klinkowström. We must premise that Klinkowström was a Swedish gentleman of good famliy, who had served first in the army and in later life had abandoned the career of arms to devote himself to painting. This then is his statement:

"I was once as a young man present at an evening party. We had eaten and drunk freely, and revelry was on the point of passing into dissipation, when suddenly I saw a venerable old man, clothed in sacer-

dotal vestments, and threatening me with upraised hand. Astonished at this sight, I immediately left the room. Several years afterwards I was at Vienna and went to a Catholic church, where I saw a priest, whom I at once recognized as the same who had appeared to me at the supper party of old. I had been so deeply impressed by this apparition, that I still preserved a distinct recollection of the vestments in which the priest had been attired. They were the same in which I now saw Father Hofbauer standing at the altar. Touched by Divine grace, that moment I determined to profess the Catholic Faith, for I ought to state that up to this time I had been a Protestant."

However, Von Klinkowström, like many another both before and since, was not very prompt in putting his good resolutions into execution. He was held back principally by the fear of causing annoyance to his wife. Let us listen to him while once again he tells his own story, and we shall see how his conversion was finally effected. We will continue to quote his own words. "My wife, wondering that I never went to the Lutheran place of worship, said to me one day, 'My dear Frederick, can it be that you are thinking of becoming a Catholic? You always go nowadays to the Catholic churches, never to ours as you used to do.' I was very sorry to see that she was so much pained by what I was doing, so to spare her feelings I replied, 'I become a Catholic! of course not! You know very well my passion for music, you also know what excellent music there is at the Servites', that is the reason why I go to their church.' And so the matter ended for the time.

We are afraid that it cannot be denied that our Frederick was still somewhat of a Nicodemus, but let us hear him out.

"Shortly after this," he continues, "military duties took me to Cologne. My brother-in-law, Von Pilat, was at Paris with Prince Metternich. My wife and her sister, Von Pilat's, wife, were living together in Vienna. Father Hofbauer knew both families, and used often to

go to the house. At last Holy Week arrived. It was the Thursday, and both sisters looked forward with joy to partaking of the Lord's Supper in the Protestant church. However, after the ceremony was over neither of them experienced any consolation, and they went home without speaking a word to one another. As soon as they got out their work-baskets, they began to talk and one of them said, 'Oh how wearisome everything was to-day. Did you notice the irreverence of the communicants?' Her sister chimed in, in a similar strain, when suddenly there was a ring at the front door bell, and Father Hofbauer was shown into the room. As he at once noticed that there was something wrong, he asked the cause and added: 'To-day you were at your Communion service. You ought surely to be full of joy.' They then opened their hearts to him and he rejoined: 'Have I not often told you so? Off with your black stockings!' that is to say, give up Protestantism. And on one of the ladies saying that her great difficulty was her dread of confession, Father Hofbauer encouraged her with the words: 'Leave that to me.' Shortly afterwards both sisters made open profession of the Catholic Faith. With what joy I heard the news at Cologne may well be imagined. There now remained nothing to prevent me from openly acknowledging the belief that was in me."

How often is it the case that we find women are more quick to act than men! After their conversion the Blessed Clement was always on terms of the most intimate friendship with the families of Von Klinkowström and Von Pilat. Frederick Von Klinkowström, if he was somewhat slow in manifesting his faith, became a most fervent and excellent Catholic after his conversion. We are told that he went to confession every week and to Holy Communion almost every day. Before dying his one request was that he might be buried at the feet of his beloved Father, the Blessed Clement, to whom he owed all his happiness in this life, all his hopes for the life to come.

We have said enough to show how widespread and how deep was the Blessed Clement's influence upon all classes of society in Vienna during the years of his apostolate in that great city. But, numerous and devoted as were his friends, his enemies were not lacking either in power or determination to compass his ruin. Personal enemies indeed he had none, but all the foes of God's Church were his enemies and bent on ridding themselves of one whom they rightly regarded as a pillar of strength to the cause of religion. At length they thought their hour of triumph had arrived. And had it not been for the good sense and feeling of the Emperor Francis I. who had now succeeded his uncle the ill-starred Joseph, Father Clement would have been exiled on the ground that he belonged to an "unauthorized Congregation."

In the event of his exile, the Saint had quite made up his mind to go to America. He knew that there at least he would be permitted to serve God in peace, unharassed by the petty persecutions of effete despotisms. But though ere many years had passed, his name should be borne across the wide Atlantic with love and veneration, by those who under God owed their religious vocation to his zeal and courage—though his spirit should look down with loving kindness upon the sons and daughters of free America, yet it was not America but Vienna, the city with which his memory must ever be most closely intertwined, that was to possess him in death as in life, and was destined to guard his holy relics.

Francis I. was not like Joseph II. He had some generous instincts even where it was a question of Priests and Religious, On his going to Rome in the autumn of 1819, he learned from the Sovereign Pontiff himself, that the Blessed Clement was known in the Eternal City not only as "a true apostle and as an honour to the clergy,"* but as a patriotic German to boot. Therefore on his return the Emperor, not content with extending

* Words of the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VII.

his protection to Father Hofbauer personally, spoke also of establishing the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer on a recognized legal basis in his dominions.

Thus did the dream of the Blessed Clement's life appear to be on the eve of its realization. But it was not to be his to linger on earth, that he might feast his eyes on the accomplishment of his heart's desire. He had lived through the dark night of weary waiting, and now that the golden dawn was breaking he was to pass away. His work was done, and he heard his Master's voice calling him to put aside a fleeting reward on his labours, that he might receive one that should be eternal. Besides he shrank from the thought of the high position in the eyes of all that now seemed to be awaiting him in the near future. Thus on one occasion he said to his dear friend, Father Madlener, "Up to this time I have met with nothing but contradictions, contempt, and persecution. Now a great honour is in store for me, I would fain die before it arrives." The Blessed Clement both knew himself, and would thus teach us, that, if less pleasant, it is far safer to live with our Blessed Lord here below in all the obscurity of Nazareth, and even, if such be His will, to keep Him company on Calvary's Hill, than enjoy all the sweets of Thabor before the time appointed.

Throughout the winter of 1819 and the spring of 1820 our Saint was suffering much from a complication of disorders. But he would abate nothing of his wonted activity. When the Lord of the vineyard came he should find the servant working to the end. Accordingly on his faithful companion Father Stark falling very ill, the Blessed Clement insisted on nursing him himself, although he knew well, and told the Ursulines, that Father Stark would recover and that he would die, as was actually the case.

The Saint preached his last sermon on the 5th of March, and spoke on the abuse of Divine Grace, and of the strict account which he would soon have to give to our Lord of his whole life. He said his last Mass for

the Ursulines on the 8th of March. After his thanksgiving he went as usual into the confessional, but after some little time had to come out from excessive pain. Before leaving the convent he admitted to a nun that he felt exceedingly ill. He never set foot again within its walls. The next day he made a supreme effort to testify his gratitude to a Polish lady who had placed him under a debt of gratitude when he was in Warsaw. He now heard that she had just died in Rome and therefore insisted on going through the snow to sing a Requiem Mass at a distant church for the repose of her soul This proved to be too much for his failing strength. On returning he had to go at once to his bed, from which he was to rise no more. Before a week was past he was with our Lord.

The Saint's death was singularly beautiful. He had taught his spiritual children how to live: now he was to teach them how to die. He was tenderly cared for during his short illness by his disciples especially by Father Madlener who never left his side.

A very old friend one day expressed his sorrow at seeing him in such pain, but father Clement answered simply: "I will what God wills, as He wills it, because He wills it, and when He wills it." During these last few days of his life it was but in short sentences that he spoke at all. Otherwise he kept silence, and seemed as one who had already said "farewell" to this world and all its concerns, and was altogether given up to the contemplation of Divine things. His patience was admirable. At first he used sometimes to ask to change his position. But when Father Madlener said to him: "My father, for the love of Jesus try to be quiet," he answered at once: "Yes, yes." From that moment he hardly moved until he died. He received the last Sacraments with the greatest devotion on the 13th of March. The next morning his agony began and lasted for more than four and twenty hours. The prayers for the agonizing were commenced at about 10 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 15th, but Father Clement lived on.

Suddenly the bell rang out the mid-day Angelus. Our Lady's servant, found faithful unto death, whispered aloud: "Say the Angelus, do you not hear the bell?" These were his last words. His pure soul was borne to heaven on the wings of the Angelical Salutation. When his friends rose from their knees, they found he had turned his head on the other side, and could no longer recognize them even by a smile.

He was buried with every demonstration of affection and respect in the cemetery about three miles outside the city, after a solemn Requiem had been sung in the Cathedral for the repose of his soul. In the year 1862 the Redemptorist Fathers in Vienna obtained leave to receive his holy relics into their keeping. His mortal remains were now welcomed back with great pomp in the city of his apostolate by many high ecclesiastical dignitaries and placed in a magnificent marble mausoleum that was erected at the gospel side of the High Altar. This beyond a doubt is the spot which of all others he would have chosen. There may he rest in honour, until the day when the sign of the Son of Man shall appear, and he shall rise all glorious to meet his Master in the clouds of heaven!

If we have considered this little life with any care, we shall have learned from it lessons of great worth—lessons of Faith unquenchable, of confidence in Divine Providence never failing, of burning zeal for souls, and unswerving loyalty through good and through ill report to the Vicar of Jesus Christ our Lord.

St. Francis of Assisi.*

BY THE REV. JARLATH PRENDERGAST, O.S.F.

ST. FRANCIS, the Seraphic, was born at Assisi, towards the end of the twelfth century, of a rich merchant family. His father's name was Peter Bernardine, and his mother, who was descended from the illustrious family of Bourlemont, was called Pica. A miraculous event accompanied his birth: his mother suffered such pain at the time that all believed her to be dying. At this critical moment, a pilgrim of grave and stately appearance came to the door, and after receiving an alms said, "If you take her to the stable and lay her down on a little straw she will be safely delivered; for it is there God wishes her son to be born." These words of the pilgrim seemed a message from heaven, for as soon as she was placed in a stable close to the house, she gave birth to her first-born child, the subject of this memoir. "Thus, like Jesus Christ," says our Holy Father Leo XIII., "it happened that St. Francis was born in a stable: little child as he was, his couch was of straw and on the ground. And it is also related that, at that moment, the presence of angelic choirs and melodies wafted through the air, completed this resemblance." A short time after, when the child was carried to the baptismal font, the pilgrim appeared again, and became

* Taken mainly from the Life of the Saint written by St. Bonaventure.

his sponsor. The child then received the name of John, which was afterwards changed by his father into Francis.

During his infancy, another pilgrim who visited his father's house embraced him very affectionately, and said to his mother, "This child is sent by God into the world to do great things for His glory."

Francis, whilst employed by his father in the pursuit of worldly gain, gave himself to the amusements and gaieties of his age. He, however, amongst all the follies of youth, preserved his heart from the stain of mortal sin. "For," says St. Bonaventure, "though of a gay and joyous spirit, and dwelling among covetous merchants, never did his pleasures lead him into the vicious courses of his wicked companions, or make him to set his heart on worldly treasures. For in his soul there ever dwelt a natural love for the poor of Christ. This instinctive charity grew with his growth, and filled his heart with tender sentiments of compassion for God's poor." One day, being very much occupied with his father's business, contrary to his wonted charity, he passed without assisting, a poor man, who asked alms of him. But speedily recollecting himself, he ran after the beggar, and when he had overtaken him, he gave him a large sum of money. At the same time he made a solemn promise that he would never refuse an alms to any one who would ask it of him for love of God. This promise he faithfully kept during the rest of his life. He was accustomed to say that after this charitable act to the poor man, he could never hear the love of God spoken of without his heart being deeply moved. His natural gaiety of heart with the sweetness and unselfish generosity of his nature made him a universal favourite of his town-fellows and companions. "A man of very great piety and evangelical simplicity who then lived at Assisi, whenever he met Francis in the streets, would take off his cloak and spread it on the ground before him, declaring that this young man would one day do great things for God, and was worthy of every honour."*

But Francis did not as yet know the great purposes

* St. Bonaventure.

of God regarding him, being entirely taken up with his worldly affairs. About this time, he was one day walking alone outside his native town, when he met a gentleman, once rich, but now clad in rags and reduced to the greatest distress. Being moved with compassion at the sad state of this poor man, he took off his clothes and gave them to him. The following night, God, as a reward for his act of charity, showed him a magnificent and spacious palace filled with rich armour, all marked with a sign of redemption. Astonished at this sight, Francis asked for whom was all this rich armour prepared. God answered him, "For you, Francis, and your soldiers." When he awoke, he thought the vision foreboded some great earthly prosperity which he could obtain by the profession of arms. For this purpose he furnished himself with arms, servants and horses, and then set out for Apulia, where he intended joining Gauthier De Brienne, who was at war with the Emperor of Germany. On the first night of this journey, God spoke to him again, and, addressing him as a friend would a friend, said, "Francis, who can do more for you, the Lord or the servant? the rich man or the poor?" "Surely the master and the rich man," answered Francis. "Why then," said the divine voice, "do you leave the Lord for the servant, and the God of infinite riches for the poor and frail mortal?" Francis immediately cried out, like St. Paul, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do." "Return to your own country," continued the divine voice; "for the vision with which you were favoured signified a spiritual work, which you will accomplish, not by human counsel, but by the intervention of heaven." As soon as the day dawned, Francis returned in haste to Assisi, there waiting in joy and confidence the divine command. From this time he gave himself up to a more perfect union with God in prayer. If at rare intervals he joined in the noisy revels of his old companions, he clearly showed that his heart was not with them.

He now spent his days in deeds of charity, and in

the spiritual exercises of mortification and retreat. One day, whilst riding over the plain of Assisi, he met a poor leper. The sudden appearance of this revolting object filled him with disgust and horror: but remembering his resolution of becoming a soldier of Jesus Christ, he alighted from his horse, embraced the poor man, and gave him an abundant alms. Having remounted his horse, he looked around the plain, but could not see the leper. He then understood that an angel had appeared to him under the form of a leper.

A short time afterwards, as he was praying in a solitary place, and with sighs and tears earnestly imploring our Lord to grant him grace to know the divine will, Jesus Christ appeared to him, nailed to the cross. At this sight, Francis felt his heart melt within him and the remembrance of the Passion was so indelibly imprinted upon his soul, that he could never afterwards think of the cross without sighs and tears. Jesus then spoke to him from the cross and said, "He that will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." Hitherto Francis had held the sight of lepers in horror: now for the love of Christ, who had become a leper in His Passion, he sought out, and served those afflicted creatures with the greatest humility and love. About this time, when on a pilgrimage to St. Peter's at Rome, he exchanged his clothes with a poor man clad in rags, and remained all day among the crowd of beggars, who surrounded the church door.

Such was the life Francis led, when our Lord showed Himself to him in a new way. One day, about the year 1206, Francis entered the poor chapel of St. Peter Damian, and poured out his soul before the crucifix, saying, "O God, great and glorious, Jesus Christ my Lord, enlighten, I pray Thee, the darkness of my soul. Give me true faith, a certain hope, and perfect charity; grant that I may know Thee, O Lord, in order that I may always, and in all things, act according to Thy most holy and perfect will." He gazed with tearful eyes upon the cross, whilst saying these words, and he heard a

voice from the crucifix answering him: "Go, Francis, and restore my house which is falling." The Saint was filled with fear at the sound of the voice. He dreaded that he was the victim of an illusion. But the same voice from the crucifix repeated, "Go, Francis, and repair my house which is falling into ruins." Then his fear redoubled. He asked himself whence came this mysterious voice, and a third time the crucifix answered, "Go, Francis, restore my house which is falling into ruins as you see." He now clearly understood that it was God who spoke to him from the crucifix, and his soul was filled with an ineffable consolation at the sound of the divine voice. Thinking that our Lord wished him to repair the church of St. Damian, he hastened to his father's house, took some pieces of cloth, which he sold at Foligno, and offered the price to the priest of this little oratory. The good priest refused the gift; but Francis, full of contempt for earthly things, threw the money on the window-sill of the church, and so left it, as if it had been so much dust.

Now commenced for Francis a series of persecutions and humiliations to prepare him for the great work he was destined by God to perform. When he had lived some days with the priest of St. Damian's, his father, hearing of his intention, and thinking that he would disgrace his family if he were not at once prevented from carrying it out, came in great fury to the church of St. Damian. Francis, in the meantime, foreseeing his father's anger, hid himself in a cave during an entire month. There he unceasingly asked the Lord for strength to bear the persecutions of his father and friends, and to deliver him out of their hands, that he might be able to fulfil the pious purpose with which He had inspired him. Filled with strength from heaven through his holy retreat, he left his hiding-place and boldly proceeded to Assisi. When his companions saw his emaciated appearance, and his change of mind and memory, they thought he had lost his senses; they ran after him, cast mud and stones at him, and treated him as a fool and madman. His father, attracted by the noise, rushed out upon

him, and in a rage dragged him to the house, heaped reproaches upon him for the disgrace he had brought on his family; and then he cruelly scourged him and cast him into a dark recess under an old staircase. Francis bore all this without a murmur. The words of his beloved Master: "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake," brought consolation and joy to his heart in the midst of these persecutions and sufferings.

His pious mother, who grieved at his sufferings, and who saw how useless they were to change his resolution, delivered him from his place of confinement, during the absence of his father. Bernardine, on his return, hearing that Francis was set at liberty, flew into a rage with his wife, and rushed to St. Damian's, where he was certain he would find the fugitive. Francis, who had gone to this little church to thank God for his liberty, now went forth to meet his father's wrath. He declared that he was ready to suffer everything for the love of Jesus Christ. Bernardine, seeing that neither threats nor punishments could shake the resolution of his son, sought for the price of the cloth. Francis showed it to him, still lying on the sill of the window, where he had thrown it. This however did not satisfy the angry father; he required his son to make a juridical renunciation of his inheritance before the Bishop of Assisi. Francis gratified his father's wishes beyond his most sanguine expectations. He not only renounced all right to his father's possessions, but stripping himself of his garments, he gave them to his father, saying: "Hitherto I have called you my father on earth, now I can say in truth, Our Father who art in heaven." The Bishop, admiring the fervour of the young man, embraced him tenderly, and shed tears as he covered him with his mantle. A poor labourer in the Bishop's service gave Francis a coarse outer garment. This he accepted with gratitude, and tracing the sign of salvation on it, he wore it joyfully, as it typified the life of a poor man crucified to the world. "Thus," says St. Bonaventure, whose words we have followed in this narrative, "did this servant of the great King of heaven and earth strip himself of all things, that

so he might follow the Lord whom he truly loved, and who died naked on the cross: and thus did he arm himself with the sign of redemption, committing his soul to that sacred wood of our salvation, and so to escape by it from the shipwreck of the world."

Francis now began a new life. He went forth from the city to a solitary place, where he awaited the manifestation of the divine will. Here in a lonely forest he made the woods resound with the praises of the Most High. Some robbers attacked him, and asked him who he was; he answered, "I am the herald of the Great King." They beat him unmercifully, and then cast him into a ditch full of snow, saying in mockery, "Go and rest in that hole, you herald of nothing, who call yourself herald of God." When the robbers had gone he went again through the forest rejoicing that he had been counted worthy to be reputed a fool for Christ's sake. He continued his journey through the forest, singing aloud his holy canticles, until he came to a monastery, where he received an alms, and remained some days serving the Religious. But not finding what his soul desired here, he went to Gubbio, where an old friend gave him a poor habit like that worn by the hermits of his day.

Having now put on the habit of penance, he redoubled his zeal and works of perfection. He attended the lepers, consoled them in their pains, washed their loathsome sores, and aided them in their necessities. Though, at first, he had the greatest rupugnance to perform this work of charity, he afterwards found the greatest delight in it, and "its bitterness now changed into sweetness of soul and body."* God rewarded his charity towards one of these poor outcasts who cast himself at his feet. Francis, tenderly embracing him, kissed his hideous sores and immediately the sick man was healed. "I know not," says St. Bonaventure, "which of these two things is most worthy of admiration, the profound humility of such a kiss, or the marvellous power which wrought such a miracle." In his after life he became the father and

* Testament of St. Francis.

apostle of the leprous, and when mightier cares withdrew him from that charge, his heart still turned towards them with a father's yearning.

After practising these holy works of charity for some time, Francis returned to Assisi, and begged an alms from door to door to repair the church of St. Damian, as thus he interpreted the commands he had received, "to repair the house of God which was falling into ruins." He himself worked without intermission, carrying heavy stones on his shoulders, mixing the mortar, and assisting the masons and workmen.

The priest of St. Damian, seeing the zeal of the holy man, prepared food for him: but Francis said to himself, "This is not the life of poverty you ought to choose. You must go yourself from door to door, to receive the scraps which the faithful may give you. This is how you must live for love of Him who was born poor, who lived in poverty, and who was buried in a sepulchre which did not belong to Him." The next day he went about the town begging his sustenance like a poor man. When he began to eat this nauseous mixture of different food, he experienced a loathing and disgust which he could not overcome. But having made the sign of the cross over the bowl, he ate these scraps with an exquisite relish that exceeded all the pleasure he had tasted in the most deliciously-prepared viands while in the world. "Henceforth," says our Holy Father, Leo XIII., "amidst the effeminacy and fastidiousness of the time, he is seen to go about careless and roughly clad, begging his food from door to door, not only enduring what is generally deemed most hard to bear—the senseless ridicule of the crowd—but even to welcome it with a wondrous readiness of joy. And this because he had embraced the folly of the Cross of Jesus Christ, because he deemed it the highest wisdom. Having penetrated and understood its awful mysteries, he plainly saw that nowhere else could his glory be better placed."

This work of St. Damian's church being finished, he restored another church, outside the city of Assisi, dedicated to St. Peter. He then commenced the restoration

of a third church, named St. Mary of the Angels. This holy sanctuary was a mile from the city, and belonged to the Benedictines. His love for the Mother of God, and the favours he received here through her intercession, made him to regard this church as the most endearing place on earth. "It was here he began his career humbly, pursued it courageously, and consummated it gloriously," says St. Bonaventure. St. Francis in his last moments earnestly recommended the holy sanctuary to all his brothers, as peculiarly dear to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God. It is now one of the most frequented shrines of the Church of God. The children of St. Francis revere it as the cradle and first home of the Order: here it was commenced, here it was nurtured, and thence it has spread through the entire world.

One day, in the church of St. Mary of the Angels, Francis heard in the Gospel of the Mass, "Do not possess gold nor silver, nor money in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, nor two coats, nor shoes, nor a staff." He was overjoyed when he heard these words, for he felt they were addressed to himself. As soon as the Mass was finished, he asked the priest to explain the words of the Gospel. When the minister of God had given their meaning, Francis cried out: "That is what I want, that is what I want, that is the object of all my ambition." He took his shoes from his feet, laid by his staff, cast away his money, and replaced his girdle with a rough cord. He now clothed himself in a poorer and coarser garb than the hermit's cloak, which he had hitherto worn. He put on the habit of poverty, which his true children have worn in every clime, to our own day.

Clothed with this religious habit, Francis went forth to draw men to repentance. His burning words, in simple and unadorned language, went straight to the hearts of his hearers. The Holy Ghost seemed to inspire him with that "two-edged sword" of the Word "that pierces to the very marrow of the bones and joints." The world flocked to him, and in a short time he found himself surrounded by twelve disciples.

His first follower was Bernard of Quintavilla, a native of Assisi. He was struck by the strange life of Francis, and invited him to dine and sleep at his house. They both slept in the same room. Francis, believing that Bernard was asleep, arose from bed, cast himself on his knees, and with eyes raised towards heaven, he cried out, "My God and my all, Thou art all to me. Thou art all my good, Thou art my hope, my strength, my riches, my life, my joy, my happiness. Thou art all that I could desire." The whole night he unceasingly sent forth from his heart those flames of divine love. Bernard on the morrow resolved to become the disciple of Francis. He, however, told Bernard that they should first consult God on the matter.

They went to the church forthwith, and on the way were met by Peter of Cataneo, a learned Canon of Assisi. He also offered himself to become a disciple of Francis. They heard Mass, and invoked the light of the Most High. The Saint then desired the priest to open the book of the Gospel three times in honour of the Most Holy Trinity. The first time he came upon the words, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell all thou hast and give it to the poor." The second time, he found, "Take nothing for your journey." The third time he lit upon, "If any one will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." "Here," said the holy man, "is our life and our rule; the life and rule of all those who shall come and join us. Go then, and if you wish to attain to perfection, fulfil what you have heard." Bernard immediately sold all his goods, for he was rich, and gave them to the poor. Peter acted in like manner, and resigned his canonry. Both became the disciples of Francis.

Egidius (Giles), a friend of Peter and Bernard, was absent when they renounced their possessions and followed Francis: seven days after, he also gave up all his worldly goods to the poor and enrolled himself under the banner of holy poverty.

The first disciples of Francis were, for the most part, unlettered and without any human aid, and yet they went forth like the Apostles of old to evangelize the world.

They had neither bread to eat, nor whereon to lay their head. Poverty, however, was their joy and their strength. Their confidence in Divine Providence was unbounded, their peace of soul unchangeable: Jesus Christ alone was their love and the ignominy of the Cross was their strength and glory, In many places, their extreme poverty, their coarse habit, and their contempt for all earthly things, made them to be suspected as heretics. or treated as fools and madmen. Whilst, on the contrary, their perfect detachment from the world, and their spirit of penance made them to be received, in other places, as the friends and true servants of God. As for themselves, they blessed God when they were humbled and despised, more than when they were treated with honour and veneration. Brother Egidius used to say to St. Francis: "All this respect robs us of our reward."

Francis, at the beginning of the year 1210, called his disciples around him and said, "Our good and merciful Lord wishes, my dearly beloved brethren, to extend our little family: we must now submit our way of life to the most holy Pontiff of Rome. For without his consent and approval, it seems to me that nothing can be stable or good in matters of faith, or in the religious life. Let us go, then, to our Mother, the holy Roman Church. Let us make known to the Pope what our Lord has begun to do for us. We will then continue our work according to his will, and his commands." Thus the Seraphic Father would have the approval of the Apostolic See before he would commence the great work of founding his Order. His disciples also, who were imbued with the same spirit of humility and docility as their holy Founder, saw no safety except in perfect obedience to the Head of the Church. In the meantime they all betook themselves to prayer, whilst Francis composed the admirable Rule of his Order. This Rule is founded on the strictest poverty, prayer, humility and self-denial. It contains the quintessence of the Gospel, and the Evangelical perfection, in all its excellence.

After the Rule was written, Francis with his disciples set out for Rome. He found Guy, Bishop of Assisi, in

the Eternal City. Francis and his disciples were well received by this good prelate. He introduced Francis to Cardinal John of St. Paul, Bishop of Sabina, a holy and learned prince of the Church. A few days later Francis presented himself before the Pope. The time was very unfavourable. Innocent III., who then sat on the throne of St. Peter, was absorbed in most important business of the Church when Francis appeared before him. Hence he dismissed Francis abruptly, and would not allow him to make any explanations. The Saint retired very humbly, and it was for him a source of joy that his work was begun with the cross and humiliation.

The following night the Pope seemed to see, in his sleep, a palm tree come out of the earth, grow little by little, rise up, produce many branches, and become at last a magnificent tree. The Pope was astonished, and asked what this vision could mean; then a divine light shone on him, and he understood that the palm tree was the poor man whom he had treated so badly the day before. He sent next day for Francis. The Papal messenger found him in the hospital of St. Antony, near the Lateran, and conducted him immediately to the Vatican. The Pope now not only willingly heard his petition, but tenderly embraced him as a special friend of God. He, however, delayed to give his approbation to the Rule, as some of the Cardinals deemed it a novelty and above human strength. The strict poverty which required renunciation of all property, both personal and in common, seemed to them impossible to be observed. Cardinal John of St. Paul, at a consistory held a few days afterwards, answered these Cardinals thus: If we refuse this poor man's petition as a novelty, and as too hard to be observed, let us take care lest we offend the Gospel of Christ; for he only asks for a way of life conformable to the evangelical counsels. If anyone shall say that the observance of the counsels contains anything irrational or impossible to be observed, he commits blasphemy against Jesus Christ, the Author of the Gospel." Then the Pope said to St. Francis: "Pray to Christ our Lord that He would make

known His will to us." A short time after this another vision was vouchsafed to the Pope. He saw the great church of St. John of Lateran sustained by St. Francis, whose strength alone prevented the tottering walls of that great church from falling. "Truly," said the Pope, "this is the poor man, who by his works and words will sustain the Church of Christ." He then approved the Rule, bestowed many spiritual favours on St. Francis and his followers, and bade them go and preach penance throughout the world.

St. Francis after this returned to Assisi, and gathered his companions around him in a little hut. In a short time, the number of his diciples increased so much, that he was obliged to find a house sufficiently large to receive them all. He applied to the Benedictines, who willingly gave up to him the chapel of St. Mary of the Angels. The Benedictines, however, obliged St. Francis to promise that this house should be held as the principal and mother-house of the Order in all future time. But as the Saint wished to receive it as a loan, he guaranteed to give the Benedictines a basket of fish every year to acknowledge their right to this house.

St. Francis, when taking possession of this little sanctuary, had hardly knelt in prayer, when he saw our beloved Lord on a throne over the altar. The Blessed Virgin and a host of angels were in His company. Dazzled by this vision, and trembling at the sight of our Lord, he fell prostrate on the ground. While thus in lowly adoration he heard our Divine Lord say, "We are come, My Mother and I, to betroth you and yours to this place of our predilection, to this house which is dear to us in a special manner." Filled with joy, St. Francis cried out, "Yes, this place is truly holy! It is more worthy to be the abode of angels than of men."

In the beginning of 1211 he called his disciples and said to them, "Jesus Christ has chosen you His preachers, men of low degree, men altogether insignificant, so that man may not glorify himself in His presence. Few of you are wise according to the world; few are of high birth; few have many talents;

and yet He has chosen you for this great work, that you may glorify Him by your deeds and words through the entire universe." He sent them two and two to the different provinces of Italy. He kept Silvester, who was a priest, to accompany himself. In 1212, he returned to Assisi, the clergy and people of the city came out to meet him singing hymns and canticles. But he referred all this glory to God. He preached that year (1212), the Lent at Assisi, and a great number of his fellow townspeople placed themselves under his spiritual guidance; among others St. Clare, the glorious foundress of the Order of Poor Clares.

"It is impossible," says our Holy Father, Leo XIII., "to express the enthusiasm with which the multitudes flocked to St. Francis. . . In the largest cities, as in the smallest towns, it was a common occurrence for men of every state of life to come and beg of him to be admitted to his Rule. Such were the reasons for which the Saint determined to institute the brotherhood of the Third Order, which was to admit all ranks, all ages, both sexes, and yet in no way necessitate the rupture of family or social ties. For its rules consist only in obedience to God and His Church, to avoid factions and quarrels, and in no way to defraud our neighbour; to take up arms only for the defence of religion and of one's country; to be moderate in food and clothing; to shun luxury; and to abstain from the dangerous seductions of dances and plays.

"It is easy to understand what immense advantages must have flowed from an institution of this kind, as salutary in itself, as it was adapted to the times. . . . The associates of the Third Order displayed always as much courage as piety in the defence of the Catholic religion;*

* His Holines entered the Third Order, May 16th, 1872, at Mount Alvernia. The Third Order now, in Italy, has of the Order of Bishops, Cardinals Monaco and Oreglia; of the Order of Priests Cardinals Simeoni, Parrochi and eleven other Cardinals; of the Order of Deacons, Cardinal Pecci and four others. It has also in Italy four Archbishops and fifty-two bishops; besides the Patriarch of Alexandria.

and if their virtues were objects of hatred to the wicked, they never lacked the approbation of the good and wise, which is the greatest and only desirable honour. . . . Our predecessor, Gregory IX., publicly praised their faith and courage; nor did he hesitate to shelter them with his authority, and to call them, as a mark of honour, *Soldiers of Christ, new Machabees*. . . . Domestic peace, incorrupt morality, gentleness of behaviour, the legitimate use and preservation of private wealth, civilization, and social stability, spring, as from a root, from the Franciscan Order: and it is in a great measure to St. Francis Europe owes these advantages. . . . Amid so many and so mighty troubles (at the present day), Venerable Brethren, you see clearly that no slight hope of relief may be fairly grounded on the restitution of the Franciscan institutions to their primitive condition. For were they to flourish, faith and piety and all Christian virtue would easily flourish. . . . Wherefore as we have in former times ever had a special interest in the Third Order of Franciscans, so now, being called by God's great goodness to the Supreme Pontificate, as a most fitting opportunity has occurred, we exhort all Christians, not to hesitate to enlist in this sacred army of Jesus Christ. . . . Do your best therefore, that the people may know and really esteem the Third Order. So that all those that have the care of souls, carefully teach what it is, how easily open to all, how abounding in great privileges for eternal salvation, how great utility, public and private, it gives promise of. . . . Then at the end of seven centuries, Italy and the entire Christian world would see itself led back from disorder to peace, from ruin to safety by the favour of the Saint of Assisi." *

Again, on the 5th of May, this year, he addressed the following memorable words to the Tertiaries of Italy.

"I will that the Third Order be widely spread; let us increase, let us increase the ranks of the Third Order; let us labour unceasingly to that end. . . . I will that all

* Encyclical Letter of our most Holy Father, Leo XIII., "To all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic World," 17th Sept. 1882.

may become Tertiaries; but above all I desire the Franciscan spirit."

One night, as the Saint was praying for sinners, an angel appeared to him and bade him hasten to the church of St. Mary of the Angels, where our Lord Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother awaited his coming. He immediately went to the church, and there he saw our Saviour in the midst of His angels, with His beloved Mother on His right hand. Francis fell down in lowly adoration, and poured out his heartfelt thanks for this great favour. Then he heard the voice of our Divine Lord, who said: "Francis, you and your children have a great zeal for the salvation of souls: you have been placed as a light to the world, and as a support to the Church. Ask, then, whatever you will for the benefit and consolation of mankind and for My glory." The Saint humbly replied: "My Lord Jesus Christ, though I am but a miserable sinner, I beseech you grant that all who visit this church may receive a plenary indulgence for all their sins, after they have confessed to a priest. And I beseech the Blessed Virgin, your Mother, and the advocate of the human race, to intercede for me that I may obtain this grace." Then our Lady inclined towards her Divine Son to ask the favour. Our Blessed Lord replied, "Francis, you ask great things; but you shall receive still greater. I grant what you demand; but go to My Vicar, to whom I have given power to bind and loose on earth, and ask him to ratify what I now declare."

St. Francis repaired the next morning to Perugia to see Pope Honorius III. When admitted to an audience he addressed the Sovereign Pontiff in all simplicity thus: "Holy Father, some years since I repaired a small church in your dominions. I beseech your holiness to grant that those who visit it may obtain an indulgence without making any offering." The Pope replied: "Francis, you ask a great favour, and one contrary to the usual custom." "Holy Father," answered the Saint, "I do not ask this in my own name but in the name of Jesus Christ." Then the Pope,

uttered these words, three times: "It is my will to grant what you desire." But he added, "I grant this indulgence in perpetuity, but only on one day during the year." At these words Francis, having received the Pope's blessing, prepared to depart. "Simple man," cried out Honorius, "where are you going, and what proof have you of what has been granted to you?" "Holy Father," replied the Saint, "your word is sufficient for me. If this indulgence is the work of God He will make it manifest. Jesus Christ will be the notary, His Blessed Mother the parchment, and the Angels the witnesses."

Two years afterwards, in the month of January, St. Francis, assailed by the tempter, rolled himself on a bush of long and sharp thorns till the blood poured out from every vein. He then beheld the thorny bush covered with red and white roses. Angels also appeared to him and said, "Francis, hasten to the church, where you will find Jesus and His Blessed Mother." The Saint arose; gathering twelve roses of each colour, he went to the church, and there, prostrate before Jesus and Mary, he asked our Divine Lord to fix the day for the indulgence. Our Lord then told him that it should be from the Vespers of the day on which St. Peter was delivered from his chains, until the Vespers of the next day.

This indulgence of Portiuncula has been repeatedly attacked by Protestants, but what injury have they done to this favour? Year after year during the last six centuries, the Sovereign Pontiffs, Alexander IV., Martin IV., Boniface VIII., Clement V., John XXII., Benedict XI., Sixtus IV., Leo X., Paul V., and Urban VIII., have recognized and authorized it by their Bulls. Men eminent for piety, learning and eloquence as St. Antonine, St. Bernardine, Bellarmine, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and a host of others, have undertaken its defence. The Christian people flock in crowds every year not only to this sanctuary, but to every Franciscan church in the world—to which this great favour has been extended since 1622, by Gregory XI.—protesting by their faith

in this indulgence, in spite of the scoffs of men who are as ignorant of the merciful designs of God, as they are of the wants of the human heart.

Love, as the Saint himself tells us, so transformed the heart of Francis that he saw all God's creatures as so many steps to raise his mind and soul to God. He gives to the sun, to the stars, to animals, the sweet name of brother or sister; he invites them all to praise the goodness of their common master and to testify their gratitude to Him. "When the servant of God came to a place where a number of birds of all kinds had perched, he ran towards them with joy and saluted them as if they were rational creatures. They all listened and turned towards him; then he preached to them, and as he spoke the birds testified their joy, stretched forward their necks, clapped their wings, opened their beaks, steadfastly looking at the servant of God. After he had given them his blessing, the whole flock flew away" (St. Bonaventure). He was particularly fond of sheep; he kept for years one which used to attend church, and show its respect for the sacred mysteries. One day, when walking on one of the lagunes of Venice, with another brother, the Saint heard a number of birds singing amongst the rushes. He immediately said to his companion, "Our brothers, the birds, have begun to praise their Creator, come let us also praise God by chanting the Divine Office." But the birds sang so loud that Francis and his companion could not hear each other. Then the Saint said, "My brothers, the birds, cease your songs till we have finished our Office," and at once they ceased singing, and remained silent whilst Francis and his companion recited the Office.

Birds, hares, and even wolves found a friend and protector in Him. We here give the charming legend of the wolf of Gubbio. A savage wolf was the terror of the inhabitants in the suburbs of Gubbio. The dreadful havoc and loss of life caused by this creature excited the compassion of Francis. He resolved to go, accompanied by some of his brothers, to meet the wolf.

He soon saw that his companions were filled with fear, so he left them behind, and went alone along the path which lead to the brute's lair. The wolf, seeing Francis, sprang towards him, with his jaws wide open ready to devour him. The saint stepped forward to meet it, making the sign of the cross saying, "Come here, brother wolf, come in the name of Christ, I order you to do no harm to me or to others." The wolf at once came, meek as a lamb, and lay down at the feet of Francis. He continued, "Brother wolf, you have caused terrible ruin in this country, not content with devouring animals, you have had the audacity to kill men created to the image and likeness of God. You deserve, brother wolf, as a murderer to be put to death for your many crimes. Now I know it is hunger that makes you to do this, and I require you to promise that if the people give you enough to eat for the future, you will not do them any more harm." The wolf bowed his head as a sign of consent. "Give me proof that you will keep your promise," said the Saint, stretching out his hand. The wolf in answer, lifted up his paw and placed it in the hand of St. Francis, and followed him to the public square of Gubbio. For the two years it lived afterwards, it came every day to Gubbio for food, which was joyfully given it by the inhabitants.

St. Francis' zeal for souls inspired him with the thought of going to the East to join the Crusaders. He desired to convert the Mahometans, or to die the death of a martyr at their hands. He arrived at Damietta, then besieged by the Crusaders. No one could pass from one camp to the other except in peril of their life, as the Sultan had promised a reward to any one bringing him the head of a Christian. Francis and his companion undaunted by these threats went boldly towards the town, saying: "For though I should walk in the shadow of death, I will fear no evils, for Thou art with me." They were taken prisoners by the Mahometan sentries, and having been loaded with chains they were led before the Sultan. He asked them in a fury why they had entered into his kingdom. The Saint answered:

"I come on the part of the Most High God to preach the way of Salvation to you and your people, and to announce to them the Gospel of truth." Then Francis spoke of the great truths of our holy religion with such divine eloquence and conviction that the Sultan listened to him with pleasure and wished him to remain in his dominions. Francis replied: "If you and your people will be converted, I willingly will remain with you. But if you hesitate to give up the law of Mahomet for that of Jesus Christ, order a great fire to be made and I will walk through it with your priests; you can then judge which is the true faith." The Sultan answered that he did not think that any of the priests of Mahomet would accept such a proposal. "Well then," said the Saint, "if you will promise me for yourself and for your subjects to embrace the faith of Jesus Christ when you see the flames do not touch me, I will go alone into the flames."

The Sultan would not agree to this proposal, and St. Francis, seeing that his preaching was useless, and that his desire for martyrdom could not be satisfied, returned to the Christian camp. The Sultan, however, in private begged of Francis to pray that our Lord would give him light to know the true faith: and many years after, the Saint appeared to two of his brethren in Syria, and ordered them to go to the Sultan to administer baptism to him. This journey of Francis to the Holy Land was the cause of the many conquests made by his Order for the Faith in the Holy Places during the last six hundred years. What all the power of Europe was not able to effect, the humble children of the Saint have achieved in the preservation of the Holy Places since that memorable visit of the Seraphic Patriarch to the Holy Land.

St. Francis had a great love for the Church. "The Mother of all the Churches," said the Saint, "is the Holy Roman Church. I shall go and commend my brothers to her: under her protection nothing bad can happen to our Order. Holy Church will be a jealous upholder of the glory of our poverty She will preserve

the bonds of charity and peace unimpaired among us." Having asked for a Papal Protector of his Order, he said to the Pope: "We fear and we blush to come knocking at the door of the Supreme Head of the Church. I therefore pray your Holiness to give us the Lord of Ostia in your place, that we may have recourse to him in our needs, not, however, interfering in anything with the pre-eminence of your Holiness, from whom all the strength of the mystical body emanates, and all power is derived." In the Rule he enjoins, that being always "subject and submissive at the feet of the same holy Church, and steadfast in the Catholic faith we may observe the poverty and humility of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the holy Gospel, as we have firmly promised." We have already seen how he went to Rome to get his Rule approved of by the Pope, and how he got the famous indulgence of the Portiuncula, given by Jesus Christ Himself, ratified by the same infallible authority. "For," said the Saint, "without his consent and approval, nothing can be stable or good in matters of faith, or in religious life."

"The burning love of St. Francis for the Most Holy Sacrament," says St. Bonaventure, "seemed to consume the very marrow of his bones." In his letters and instructions, he beseeches the entire world, with words of fire, to show every possible reverence to this mystery of Divine Love. "I conjure my brethren," he says, "embracing your feet with all the love of which I am capable; I implore you to show all respect and honour to the Body and Blood of Christ, by whom we have been reconciled with God the Father Almighty, and peace has been established in heaven and on earth. And yet how unworthily the Sacred Body of our Lord is treated; how It is left in unbecoming places, irreverently carried, disrespectfully received, and carelessly administered. Shall we not grieve over these outrages? Remembering how lovingly He gives Himself to us, how He leaves Himself with us, and how we touch Him and receive Him every day in Holy Communion." He then cries out in an ecstasy of love and gratitude, "In-

comprehensible Greatness! O inconceivable Goodness! O excess of humility! that the Sovereign of the universe, God, and the Son of God, should descend so low as to hide Himself under the species of bread. Reflect, my brethren, on the abasement of God, pour forth your hearts in His presence, humble yourself before Him, that He who gives Himself to you without reserve may take full possession of you." We can truly say, Francis practised and taught all the devotions of our day for this most holy mystery—frequent communion (at least for that age), aid to poor churches, visits, spiritual communion, love of the Most Holy Sacrifice, and the like, St. Francis communicated often "and so devoutly," says St. Bonaventure, "as to move others to devotion." "Wherever he found a deserted church," says the same Seraphic Doctor, "especially in the country, he used to sweep and clean it and adorn it by every means in his power. Fearing that hosts might be wanting for the celebration of the Most Holy Sacrifice, or that they might not be carefully prepared, he used to make great numbers himself, and would take them to churches that required them. This care he extended to everything that concerned the Sacred Mysteries."

He earnestly exhorted his brethren to meditate unceasingly on the Sacred Passion. "Have always before your eyes," he used to say, "the way of humility, poverty, and the Holy Cross, by which our Saviour Jesus Christ redeemed us." Like the great Apostle, he saw nothing on earth but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. "My soul," he cried out, "is so fully occupied with the consideration of the Passion of my Lord, that, were I to live until the end of time, I should require no other subject for my thoughts." When reproached for the tears he continually shed whilst meditating on this subject, he answered, "I weep for the sufferings of my Lord Jesus Christ, and I ought not to be ashamed to weep for them before the whole world." This love of Jesus crucified obtained for him the signal honour of bearing on his body the Stigmata of his Saviour. St. Bonaventure thus describes this wonderful

prodigy: "On the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, whilst praying in the morning on the side of Mount Alvernia, St. Francis beheld a Seraph, having six wings inflamed with the most resplendent fire, descending to him from the height of heaven. And, as he flew with great swiftness towards the man of God, there appeared between the wings the form of one crucified, having his hands and feet stretched out and fixed to the cross. When he beheld this vision he marvelled greatly, and his heart was filled with mingled joy and sorrow; he at once clearly understood that he was to be transformed into Christ crucified, not by the martyrdom of the flesh, but by the fire of love. The vision disappearing left behind it a marvellous fervour in his heart, and a no less wonderful impression on his flesh; for nails began to appear in his hands and in his feet, and on his right side a red wound as though it had been pierced with a lance; and from this wound blood often flowed."

St. Bonaventure adds, "the Sacred Stigmata were seen by more than fifty of the brethren, and also by St. Clare. The Supreme Pontiff Alexander, when preaching to the people in the presence of many of the Friars, of whom I was one, affirmed that, in the lifetime of the Saint, he had seen the Sacred Stigmata with his own eyes." * The Church commemorates this great favour on the 17th September, by a special festival in honour of the Stigmata of St. Francis.

In order that the name of the Lord, not only in thought, but in speech or writing, should be honoured with due respect, St. Francis obliged his brethren, whenever they found any writings with His Holy Name, to lay them up carefully in some fitting place, lest perchance the Sacred Name thereon might be trodden under foot. In his last Testament he says: "Whenever I find His most Holy Name or written words in unseemly

* His Holiness Leo XIII., speaking of this wonderful prodigy, says: "As a last mark of resemblance (to Jesus Christ), St. Francis received on his Calvary, Mount Alvernia, by a miracle till then unheard of, the Sacred Stigmata, and was thus so to speak crucified."

places, I will collect them, and I wish that they may be gathered up and honourably kept." He recited the canonical hours with the greatest reverence and devotion. When travelling, he always stopped to say them, standing erect and bareheaded: he never omitted this holy practice, however inclement the weather or abundant the rain. For he said: "If we endeavour to be at rest when we take the food of the body, which will soon be the food of worms, with what peace and tranquillity should not the soul take the food of life, which is the Word of God."

St. Bonaventure tells us that St. Francis had an extraordinary devotion and love for the Blessed Virgin. He calls her, "his Lady and his Queen, in whom is all fulness of grace and every sort of good: The palace, the temple, the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is as sweet as she is amiable." "When I say Hail Mary," said he, "Heaven smiles, the angels rejoice, the world exults, hell trembles, and the devil takes to flight."

He made her Patron of the whole Order: and he fasted every year from the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, in her honour. The little church of Portiuncula was especially dear to him as being dedicated to her Immaculate Heart—here he received untold favours through her intercession; here she interceded for him and his Order with her Divine Son. Here also she appeared to him in the midst of the Angelic Choirs, and obtained for him the great indulgence of Portiuncula. As early as the first General Chapter St. Francis ordained that a Solemn Mass should be sung every Saturday, in her honour, in all the Convents of the Order.

St. Francis enjoined on all his religious of the First and Second Orders, and on all the brothers and sisters of the Third Order, the great duty of charity towards the Holy Souls. In the first Rule, he says, "The Clerics shall perform the Divine Office for the living and the dead .... and for the departed brethren recite the *De Profundis* with *Pater Noster*. The lay-brothers shall say for the dead, seven *Paters*, *&c.*" In the Rule of St. Clare he

prescribed that "the sisters who can read are bound to recite the office of the dead." In the Rule of the Third Order, he enjoined: "Within a week after the death of any member, the brothers, who are priests, shall say one Mass for the repose of the soul. Those who know the Psalter shall each say fifty psalms, and those who cannot read shall say as many *Pater Nosters*, adding at the end of each, *Requiem æternam.* Besides this they will have three Masses celebrated every year for the brothers and sisters, living and dead; those who know the Psalter will say it, and others will not fail to recite one hundred *Pater Nosters*, adding at the end of each, *Requiem æternam.*"

"We ought," says St. Francis, "to confess all our sins to the priest, that we may receive the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, because whoever does not eat His flesh and drink His Blood cannot enter the kingdom of God." In the first Rule he strictly commands his children to "confess their sins to priests of the Order," and, "if they cannot do this, let them confess to any other discreet and Catholic priests; believing firmly that from whatever priest they receive penance and absolution their sins will be undoubtedly pardoned; for to priests alone is given the power of binding and loosing."

When he felt his end drawing nigh, Francis sent for Brother Benedict of Piratro, to whom he said, "Priest of God, write down the blessing I now give to all my Brothers in the Order, and all those who shall ever belong to it, until the end of the world. As my weakness hinders me from speaking, I will declare, in a few words, my will and intentions with regard to my Brothers, present and future, as my blessing and testament which they must never forget. Let my Brothers love one another, as I have loved, and do love them. Let them always cherish the Lady Poverty, and never swerve from her laws; let them be ever faithful and submissive to the Prelates and Priests of the Holy Roman Church, and may the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost always bless and protect them." He was

then at Siena, under the care of a distinguished oculist, as his eyesight was nearly lost from incessant weeping for the sufferings of his Saviour.

St. Francis now requested his brethren to carry him to Assisi, that he might have the consolation of breathing his last sigh where he received the grace of spiritual life. He was accordingly carried to our Lady of the Angels by a strong guard from Assisi. His patience in his sufferings was most admirable; he called his pains his dear sisters. Once a brother said to him, when suffering more than usual, "Brother, pray to God that he would deal more gently with thee, for it seems to me that His hand is heavy on thee." The holy man cried out: "Brother, if I did not know thy simplicity, I would never more allow thee near me," and casting himself on the ground, he cried out, "I thank thee, O Lord my God, for these my pains, and I beseech Thee to increase them a hundred-fold, for the fulfilment of Thy will is my greatest consolation in this world."

He asked his brethren to read the history of the passion, saying: "Nothing can give me greater pleasure than to hear again and again what my beloved Master suffered for me."

When dying, the Father Guardian, who knew his love of holy poverty, offered him an old habit, and cord, and said: "Brother, I bring you these as an alms for the love of God; receive them with the Spirit of holy obedience." This the Saint did most joyfully, showing to the end his great love for his spouse, holy poverty. He then cast himself on the ground, and he commanded his brethren to leave him thus, after his death, for the time that would take a man to walk a mile.

The hour of his departure having come, he spoke to his children at length on patience, poverty, and faithful obedience to the Holy Roman Church. And extending his hands in the form of a cross over all the brethren who were around him, he blessed all his children present and absent in the name of Jesus crucified. Then he added: "Farewell, my children, abide in the

fear of the Lord, and ever persevere therein. And when temptation or trouble assails you say; Blessed are they that do persevere unto the end. And now, I go to God to whose grace I commend you all." When he had said these words he asked his brethren to read a chapter of St. John's Gospel; after which he recited the hundred and forty-first psalm, till he came to the verse: "The just wait for me, until Thou reward me." All these mysteries being now fulfilled in him, his most holy soul being set free was absorbed in the abyss of the Divine Glory. "Many of his brothers," says, St. Bonaventure, a contemporary, "saw his soul like a brilliant star borne to heaven on a white cloud." Such was the death of the great servant of God, St. Francis the Seraphic, on the 4th of October, 1226, in the forty-fifth year of his age, the twentieth from his conversion, and the eighteenth from the foundation of the Order. At the moment of his death Brother Augustine, Provincial of Lavaro, being in his agony, cried out aloud, "Wait for me Father, wait for me, I am going with you." When those present asked him to whom he thus spoke, he answered, "Do you not see Father Francis going to heaven?" At the same time the Saint appeared to the Bishop of Assisi, and said: "Behold, I leave the world to go to heaven."

Now were seen the nails which had been wondrously formed out of his flesh. On his side also appeared the wound like to the wound on our Lord's side. The nails were as black as iron. The wound on his side was red and rounded, resembling a beautiful rose. All the rest of the body, which had been dark by nature, and also by reason of his continual infirmities, was now of a dazzling whiteness, and his limbs were as soft and flexible as those of a child.

As soon as the Saint's death was known, the people of Assisi hastened in crowds to our Lady of the Angels to examine the wounds of the Stigmata, and to satisfy their devotion by touching the holy body. Next morning, a vast multitude with lighted torches and branches in their hands accompanied the sacred remains to Assisi, singing

hymns and canticles of joy. As the procession passed the church of St. Damian, where St. Clare lived, the body was exposed to the veneration of the holy Virgin and her sisters. St. Clare tried in vain to detach one of the miraculous nails: she then steeped a linen cloth in the blood oozing from the bleeding wound of his side. The body was carried with all reverence to St. George's church, where St. Francis had been baptized; where he had first preached, and where he now finds his first resting place after death. He had expressed a wish to be buried in the Colle d'Inferno, or hill where criminals were executed. But this humble desire could not be fulfilled until the people of Assisi had erected a suitable monument over this place of ignominy. Many miracles having been wrought through his intercession, he was canonized on the 16th June, 1228, by the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory IX.

We close this life of St. Francis with the words of the Vicar of Christ, His Holiness Leo XIII.: "Such miracles worthy rather of the songs of Angels than of the lips of men, show us sufficiently how great was this man, and how worthy that God should choose him to bring back his contemporaries to Christian ways. . . . It is manifest that from this one man a host of benefits has accrued to the civil commonwealth. But inasmuch as his spirit, so throughly and so pre-eminently Christian, is wondrously suited to all times and all places, no one can doubt that the Franciscan institutions will be of the greatest benefit in this our age."

Ven. Margaret Clitheroe.

BY THE REV. A. B. GURDON.

THE story of the first female martyr in the cause of God's truth, in any country or at any time, must always be interesting; for God chooses the weak things of this world to confound the strong, and our faith in His over-ruling presence and grace is brightened by reading about it.

But when the scene is laid in our own country, and in times when the names of persons and places sound very much as they do now, the effect is increased. The question occurs to all of us. If we were called to undergo the same ordeal, should we be faithful as she was?

Just three hundred years ago, there lived in York a little girl called Margaret Middleton. Her lot was cast in terrible times, for wicked people ruled England then.

For nine hundred years every man, woman, and child in England had been Catholics. They were all united to the Pope, and united to one another. Many of them were very good Catholics. They devoted their money and their time to advance God's kingdom in every way. They built and adorned most beautiful cathedrals and churches all over the country, and went in crowds to worship there. York Minster and other glorious churches, all built and decorated by pious Roman Catholics, remain to this day.

But just about the time when Margaret was born, a great change came over the land. Queen Elizabeth,

for her own purposes, had set up an entirely new religion. She banished, or imprisoned, all the Catholic bishops, and about two thousand priests and had new bishops of her own, without proper orders, jurisdiction, or mission: and these she intruded into Catholic sees, and gave them ministers instead of priests to assist them in the new worship. This was the beginning of what is called "the Church of England."

Not content with doing away with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and the beautiful offices and ceremonies which for centuries all Englishmen had revered and been accustomed to, Elizabeth caused a new Prayer Book of her own to be adopted in the churches, and passed a number of cruel laws, by which it was made death, fine, or imprisonment, to worship in the old way, or indeed, not to worship in the new way.

Thus the poor English Catholics were cheated out of their religion. They could not pay the fines; they dared not face the dreadful tortures which the law inflicted upon those who would not submit to the Queen's church; and they did not know what to do.

But God never leaves his faithful children without consolation. He raised up holy and zealous priests, who came over from abroad, and hid about in various houses all over the country, ministering as well as they could to the dying Catholics, and encouraging the living. It was death if they were discovered, and so generally they went about disguised as labourers or mechanics; and, as we shall shortly see, it was death for any Catholic to harbour them or give them shelter.

Such were the circumstances under which Margaret Middleton passed her childhood. Her father and mother, who were wealthy people in the city of York, had conformed to the new religion, and Margaret was brought up a Protestant. We know very little of her girlhood; but in the year 1571 she was married to a rich butcher of the city of York, of the name of Clitheroe, so Margaret Clitheroe we will henceforth call her.

I told you that when Queen Elizabeth, for her own purposes, determined to put down the old religion and invent a new one of her own, she fixed upon ministers of

her new religion who would best forward her impious designs, as bishops of her Church.

Accordingly, Dr. Grindal was intruded into the see of York. His great object seemed to be to destroy, if possible, all traces of the old religion. Many beautiful churches in York were levelled to the ground, and the holiest objects were purposely chosen as suitable instruments for his spirit of sacrilege.

In order to root out, as far as he could, all remembrances of that Holy Faith which had been the support and consolation of thousands for so many centuries, he ordered the altar stones, which, as you know, are solemnly consecrated, to be placed in the pavement of the churches on the floors, so that all who passed might walk upon them. To this day some of these sacred stones may be seen, with their five crosses, in the floors of the York churches.

All idea of the Sacrifice of the Mass was thus to be extinguished; and the very words 'priest,' 'altar,' 'vestments,' were used in terms of mockery and hatred.

We see from this the great hatred that the enemy of Jesus Christ and His Church has always shown to the central act of Christian worship, namely, the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. Once get rid of that, and you get rid of all. This mystery is the fountain of all spiritual life in the Church. Here Jesus is offered up to His Eternal Father, as Victim of propitiation for sin, as the Great Intercessor for our necessities, as the great expression of the worship due from the creature to the Creator. Here too is consecrated that which is the very life of our souls; the only means by which we can persevere in following Christ to heaven, and the only means by which we can secure a blessed resurrection for our bodies after death.

Without the Mass, there is no witness to the claims of God on earth; and this is why the devil hates it so much, and why we should love it, and assist at it as often as we can with the greatest devotion and thanksgiving.

It is no wonder, then, that Margaret Clitheroe found no peace in the new religion in which she had been reared. She was not a learned woman, but she knew

enough to be quite certain that the religion she saw around her could not be the religion of Jesus Christ.

Besides that, there were many more Catholics in York at that time than there are now. Persecution and false teaching had not had time to do its evil work when she lived. Above all there was the tradition, still fresh, of the holy religion, the mother of saints and the mother of martyrs, to point to the old paths, and to claim her obedience.

The more she looked, and thought and prayed, the more she saw there was but one thing to be done—to be received into God's One, Holy, Catholic Church, and that at once; for time is short, and eternity is long. Accordingly she applied to one of the priests who was hiding about in the neighbourhood, and by the grace of God was admitted by him into the One Fold of the One Shepherd.

And now began her grand life. She did not, as some converts do after their reception, go back to her old ways, friends, and acquaintances, and so risk losing the grace of her conversion; but she gave herself to forming the acquaintance of all the good Catholics she could see, and above all, of those holy priests who were endangering their lives to keep up the Faith amid their scattered flocks in England.

Her husband seems to have been a good-humoured, kind-hearted, well-to-do man, such as we often meet with among Protestants now. He let her do pretty much as she liked. He even allowed her to talk to her children of the doctrines of the Faith, and to teach them their Catechism; and when she could find a suitable room in her house she fitted it up as a chapel, and supplied vessels and vestments for the celebration of Mass whenever a priest came by.

And many there were, whose names, we know now, are written in God's Book of Life, who frequented that house, and said Mass in the humble chapel in the Shambles. There was the Blessed Fr. James Thompson, and the Blessed Fr. William Hart, and Blessed Fr. Richard Thirkill, who all died martyrs at the gallows erected at the York Tyburn, about half a mile outside the walls of the city.

Often and often would Margaret go to that sacred spot. It was dangerous to be seen going there in the daylight, for Micklegate Bar, the gate of the city which led to it, was carefully guarded by a porter who watched every one passing in and out; and there were spies, besides, all over the town, who knew that the place of martyrdom was dear to Catholics, and were on the look out for any one they saw going there.

And so Margaret generally went at night. She would set out with other Catholic women when all was quiet, sometimes barefoot, and saying her beads the while. Can we not almost follow the very steps of her blessed feet? Down the narrow street of the Shambles, and across the pavement to Ousebridge, she would pass by St. William's chapel which was then standing on the bridge, and the Tolbooth, where she was to suffer her cruel martyrdom, and along Micklegate, and under the Bar, having bribed the porter to let her pass, and along Blossom Street, by the very doors of the new Catholic Church, to the grassy mound which stood in the middle of the present road, just past the White House, opposite Hob Moor Gate.

There she passed hours in prayer, and learned the science of the Saints; there she obtained those graces which were to support her in the hour of need and make her a martyr in her turn. Then she would go back to her home, fortified for her life of danger and charity.

What Masses must she have heard in that little chapel in the Shambles! What Communions she must have made!

Priests would come for a night; and she would receive and entertain them, and with joy make use of their ministrations, and prepare the necessaries for their Mass in the morning, and send them on their way in secrecy.

Let us never forget Margaret was no foreigner—she was an Englishwoman, and spoke our language, and practised our ways and manners; and this is what *she* thought of the Sacraments, and the Priesthood, and the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. She risked her life that she might see a priest and assist at his Mass, and receive her Lord in the Holy Communion.

You will see Catholics now who have priests and Mass and Sacraments quite close to them; and they have no persecution, and no risk, and no danger; yet they will get out of the way of the priest, and never go near either Mass or Sacrament.

And so her quiet home life went on. There were times when a priest would come and take up his abode in her house for some little time, going out from his hiding place every now and then to hear the confessions of the poor dying Catholics in the neighbourhood, or, disguised as a servant man, visiting the faithful who had been imprisoned by Elizabeth in York Castle.

At such times Margaret would be overjoyed. She made the most of her opportunities. We hear of her going to confession twice a week, and she heard Mass with the greatest devotion every morning, kneeling by the door of the little room behind her servants and all the others, who were huddled together while the Sacrifice was going on.

When no priest was in the house she did not give up her pious exercises. She could not hear Mass, it is true; but she made up for it by praying in the room, and reciting the Office of Our Lady, which she had learned by heart, and waiting for the next priest who should visit her.

Venerable Margaret Clitheroe valued the Mass. It was this love of the Mass which led to her harbouring of priests: and it was the harbouring of priests which kept up the offering of the Holy Sacrifice uninterruptedly, in our land, up to our own days.

Her confessor, Father Mush, who wrote her life, tells us how she would assist at Mass "with her eyes fixed on the sacred altar, intent on what was being enacted there," and when (as we shall presently see) she hired a room a distance from her home, for greater security, where the faithful could more easily assemble for Mass, but whither she herself could less often come, owing to spies upon her steps, she thus answered one commiserating her loss; "My heart is with you—I trust you remember me toiling in the world—though I cannot come as I desire, yet it doth me good, and much com-

forteth me, that I know I have priests here, and that God is any way served by my means." It was by assisting at Mass that she learned to sacrifice herself daily with the Divine Victim on the altar, and therefore she led daily a life of self sacrifice in her home duties. There she learned the dignity of the priesthood, upon whose valid consecration the Sacrifice, the centre of religion, itself depends.

This state of things did not last very long. The Catholics in the north were so numerous, and the labours of the hiding priests had done so much to keep up the faith of the people, that Queen Elizabeth became alarmed.

Dr. Grindal had told her of the numbers at York alone, who still belonged to the real Church of England, and refused to join the new religion which he had done his best to enforce.

Accordingly, the Queen established a tribunal at York, presided over by a fierce Protestant; and armed it with laws of extra severity against all priests, whenever they could be hunted up, and against all who received priests into their houses, especially if they presumed to have Mass said in them, or to assist at it.

Margaret was not daunted by this cruel law. She had lately seen a great deal of her own confessor, Father Mush, and his companion Father Ingleby, and knew well of what consequence they were to the Catholics of York; and she was determined to keep up the chapel, and at the same time to provide for the safety of all. So she hired another room in a distant part of the city, where Mass could be said as well as in her own chapel in the Shambles.

Thus, she baffled the persecutors. While they were lying in wait to see who went in and out of her house, the faithful were gathered together in the other room far off, and were able to worship in peace and security.

This went on for a little time, but at last a thing happened which brought the whole to a crisis.

I told you that Mr. Clitheroe was a kind-hearted Protestant, who loved and respected his wife, and did everything she wished. I need not tell you that the great thing she wished, and for which she cared most,

was, that her children, Henry and Anne, should be brought up as Catholics. Accordingly her son was sent abroad to a Catholic school. This was against the law, and came to the ears of the Council of the North. Mr. Clitheroe was sent for and asked about it. Everyone knew he was a Protestant; so after a little more inquiry the whole of Margaret's life and way of going on was known to the Council.

They took care not to ask the husband any questions; but they got hold of a foreign boy whom Margaret had taken into the house and been kind to, and from him they got all the evidence required.

The searchers came to the house in the Shambles, with Sheriff Fawcet at their head, and frightened the boy into telling them where the chapel was, and where the church plate and vestments were kept. These they seized; and having examined the various hiding places which Margaret had contrived in case of a sudden visit of this kind, they carried everything off—books, plate, vestments, and altar ornaments—and bid Margaret follow them in close custody.

The servants and the little Anne were all taken up and lodged in various prisons in the city, but Margaret was taken alone; and about seven in the evening was sent to the Castle, which was then, as now, the principal gaol in York.

There she sat in her gloomy cell. Gaols were not then as they are now. Of course prison cannot be made a very pleasant place but modern prisoners have clean cells, and wholesome food; and this was not the case in Margaret's time, especially in the places where the Catholic prisoners were confined.

Many of them died from the filth and squalor of their dungeons. A miserable bed, swarming with vermin, a broken stool, a pitcher of water, and a loaf of bread, which could hardly be seen in the darkness—that is the gloomy picture which the young wife of thirty years found around her on this spring evening.

And was Margaret unhappy? Did she sit down and cry, and rock to and fro, because she found herself alone in this horrible place?

No: when the gaolor came in to see her he found her singing. She only asked after husband and children, and when she found that nothing serious was likely to happen to them, and that no fear or compulsion had caused them to tell lies, or commit sin she was merrier than ever. Shortly after, her friend Mrs. Tesh came in. She also, it appears, had been committed to the Castle for refusing to go to the new services, and the two friends had a happy night of it together in the cell.

"They laughed pleasantly," we are told, "over their supper, because of the various shifts they had to make so as to manage without plates or cups, for they had neither."

Only, before she retired to rest Margaret threw herself on her knees, and thanked God that no priests had been apprehended, and that those who were dear to her had not been led into sin. So full of joy was she that she said to Mrs. Tesh, "Sister, we are so merry together that, unless we part, I fear we shall come to lose the merit of our imprisonment."

So happy was she, that a little time before she was called to the judges, she said "'Yet before I go, I will make all my brothers and sisters on the other side of the hall merry:' and looking out of the window towards them—(they were five and thirty, and might easily behold her from thence,)—she made a pair of gallows on her fingers, and pleasantly laughed at them."

The parting, however, was soon to come. Next day she was ordered to appear before the Council.

The place where Margaret was tried has little altered since then. It was a beautiful building called the Gildhall. The massive pillars were each separate trees brought from a forest far off, and the windows, though they have other subjects in them now, were filled with stained glass, probably illustrating the lives of St. Christopher and St. George, the Patron Saints of the Gild. That open timber roof was the same that Margaret looked at, when first she entered the hall to be put on trial.

Judge Clinch was on the bench. The hall was crowded with people to hear the trial, and Margaret was placed at the bar. The charges were read.

They accused her of harbouring priests, assisting at Mass, and sending her boy to a Popish college.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" said the Judge.

She answered, "I know of no offence of which I could confess myself guilty."

"But you must plead," said the Judge.

Margaret still refused. At this moment a number of men came into the hall bearing in their hands, chalices, books, and vestments of every kind and colour. These they put upon the table before the Judge, and then proceeded to put them on themselves, dancing, and marching about amid the laughter of the crowd. We can see the whole thing now in imagination. The ruffians with the albs and chasubles on, some of them inside out; and the ignorant coarse faces of the mocking bystanders, while the holy Margaret, though indignant at their shocking profanity, quietly prayed for them.

"Now," said Judge Clinch, "these things were found in your house; are you going to plead guilty or not guilty, that a jury of your country may try you?"

But Margaret still refused to plead. She knew perfectly well that they would bring her in guilty, and that the sentence in store for her was a fearful one. It was nothing less than to be taken to Tyburn, and then hung on the gallows till she was half dead, then cut down, and laid on the scaffold, while the executioner ripped her up with a sharp knife, pulled out her heart, and burnt it on a cauldron of coals which was ready for the purpose. This was bad enough, but if she did not plead there was a worse punishment before her. It was this—she was to be taken to the Tolbooth, and tied down on the ground, and a heavy door placed upon her, on which immense weights would be put which would crush her to pieces.

This refusal of Margaret to plead has led to much comment. Many Protestants who have been much impressed by her life and death, have condemned her for thus throwing away her life: and are inclined to rebel against the word 'Martyr' being used of one who refused even to be tried, knowing that certain death was before her.

The true reason was, that her children, servants, and other weak people, would be brought up as witnesses against her, and she would not run the risk of the scandal to them, which their enforced testimony might occasion.

As she said herself, either they would tell the truth, and then her blood would be shed on account of their accusation—a life-long sorrow to them; or they would tell lies, and so offend God.

Therefore she would not plead, and preferred the extra torment her conduct involved, to being the occasion of one soul being saddened or stained.

This is the way the Saints looked on the sin of scandal. I need not say, that when we too often make others sin from pride or pleasure, we regard things differently from the Saints.

At last Judge Clinch sentenced her to death, and it was to be the death of those who would not plead. She was to be crushed to death.

The Judge was not a cruel man. He spent the next few days, while Margaret was taken back to her condemned cell, in Mr. Trewe's house, in doing his best to get the sentence changed, but the other Lords of the Council would not consent. No, the sentence must stand. Margaret must die.

And now, dear readers, I want to show you a wonderful coincidence.

You know that those whom Jesus loves best He makes most like Himself, and this faithful copy of His own Passion and mockery, and bitter death, He would bestow on Margaret. He also had an unjust Judge, who tried to release Him, but found he could not do so without displeasing the world. That was Pontius Pilate.

Whenever you say the, "I believe," you say that our Lord "suffered under Pontius Pilate." His name is branded with infamy for ever! So with Judge Clinch. Wherever the story of Margaret is told, there the name of that bad weak man will be published. "He that is not with Me is against Me," says our Lord.

We have seen that all this was happening in the spring-time of the year, when we keep Lent. It is very difficult to fix the exact date in the Church Calendar of

her martyrdom, owing to the confusion between the old and new style of computation. It certainly happened on Friday, March 25th of that year.

It was, therefore, Lady Day, but whether it was the last Friday in Lent, Good Friday, or the Friday before, when we keep the Feast of the Seven Dolours, we cannot quite determine. At any rate, whether her passion was to be brought into union with that of her Blessed Lord Himself, or with His Mother's sorrows, it was God's will that the circumstances of her pain should resemble His.

It was on the last evening of His life, that our Blessed Lord went into the Garden of Olives with His chosen Apostles, and underwent His fearful agony. He "began to fear and to be heavy," and "His soul was sorrowful unto death." And Margaret must have her agony too, and like her Master, "tread the winepress alone."

There in the little room of John Trewe's house she passed that fearful night. A kind-hearted Protestant woman, Mrs. Yoward, who could not in the least understand Margaret, stayed a short time with her, and then went to her bed. Margaret fell on her knees and prayed in agony for strength. "The flesh is weak," she said, as Jesus had said before her. But what could Mrs. Yoward say? She begged her to eat something; but Margaret knew that at such an hour bread alone could not cheer the trembling heart, and on her knees on the chill stones only, could she find comfort. Look at her for a moment: no priest, no Sacraments—none of those consolations we hope to have when we are dying—no, alone seems us pray—but God was very near her. He is never so near, as when we are most alone

Mrs. Yoward woke in the early morning, and there was Margaret still kneeling on the cold floor; but there was a look of unearthly happiness in her face—the Angel of consolation had come!

"And will you not come to bed," said the kindly woman, "and warm your chilled limbs?" Margaret did as she was desired, and waited for the dawn of her last

Good Friday. At eight o'clock the sheriff and his officers were to come.

Once more Mrs. Yoward tried to throw some comfort on the scene. "I will get some friends of mine to heap greater weights on you, so that your death may be more speedy." "No," answered the martyr, "God forbid that I should procure any to be guilty of my death and blood." Even at such a moment Margaret thought of scandal.

And now the last moments had arrived. They told her of her husband's distracted state of grief ever since her condemnation; and she sent him her hat, with a message that it came from "his loving wife, as a sign of her duty and obedience." To her daughter, little Anne she sent her worsted hose, and her shoes.

We do not hear much more of Mr. Clitheroe. He was dreadfully affected when he heard of his wife's condemnation, and had been sent out of the city a few days before her martyrdom, so as not to be actually present while the deed was being accomplished. I regret, however, to say that what we do hear is not much to his credit.

Although he had his blessed wife's example and that of a brother of his own, a priest into the bargain, we hear of his being "a man of good behaviour, and a dutiful subject, obedient to her majesty's laws, and one who dutifully and orderly hitherto had repaired to the church to hear divine service and sermons." And this shortly after Margaret's death.

He had married again, and "was of the best sort of the citizens, and well liked of this court" (the corporation of York), and he was chosen, as one of the best inhabitants of the city to have "a decent and comely gown made after the citizen's fashion of a sad colour," to receive King James, as he passed through York on his way from Scotland, on his accession. I am afraid it looks as if he had an eye for "comely gowns" and this world's prizes.

Ah! it is not enough to be kind-hearted and mean well. When we come near the martyrs, we must either share their cross, or miss their crown.

But Margaret's prayers were heard for her children. Her two boys both remained firm, and became priests abroad.

I think we might almost make a meditation on Margaret's joy in heaven, as the Mass-loving Martyr assisting in spirit at the first Masses of her only sons!

Of little Anne there is more to be said. When Margaret was arrested, she was "at the first committed to ward because she would not betray her mother, and there extremely used for that she would not go to the church." What this "extreme using" was we do not quite know. Some say that she was cruelly whipped but of this we cannot be certain. After her mother's martyrdom, "the heretics came up to her and said, that unless she would go to the church and hear a sermon, her mother should be put to death." This lie had its effect. "The child, thereby thinking to save her mother's life, went to a sermon, and thus they deceived her."

Anne was about twelve years old at the time of her mother's death, and it may be that when her father married again, her home was not a happy one. At any rate, we are told that "without his consent or knowledge she left York, and soon afterwards, for 'causes ecclesiastical' was imprisoned in Lancaster gaol."

We gather from this that little Anne's faith grew stronger by sorrow and suffering. Her stepmother was almost certainly a Protestant, and her whole life was sadly altered from what it had been in her blessed mother's time. She had evidently also done something to excite persecution; probably by refusing to attend the Protestant services and sermons.

When she was about eighteen years old, a petition was sent to the Privy Council, that she might be released from gaol, on condition of her returning to her father, and conferring with "learned and godly preachers for such reasonable time as to their honours should seem convenient." Accordingly, she went back to York, but her mother's hose and shoes were more fruitful sermons than any the preachers could offer, and she refused bravely to 'conform.'

Three years afterwards, she contrived, either by banishment or escape, to get across the seas, and in 1596, just ten years after her mother's death, she became a nun in St. Ursula's Convent, Louvain, and was one of the four English sisters who remained there, when the others established St. Monica's Convent. So that was the end of little Anne—and that was the way she wore her mother's hose and shoes.

Anne Tesh, Margaret's great friend, became a valiant woman indeed.

In the year 1596, ten years after the martyrdom, she was condemned for treason, and sentenced to be burnt alive, for "persuading a minister to be a Catholic." She was reprieved, and remained in York Castle as long as Queen Elizabeth lived.

When first apprehended with Margaret, she was put down in the list as one "who cometh not to the church, because her conscience will not serve her, for there is neither priest, altar, nor sacraments."

It is rather interesting to think what Anne Tesh would have thought of some people who come to us now-a-days and say they are "Catholics, but not Roman Catholics." The minister whom Anne Tesh persuaded to become a Catholic, was a brother minister of the ministers of the "Church of England" now. If he were a Catholic all the time, why did he not say so, and why did he allow himself to become one? and, above all, why was Anne comdemned to be burnt alive, for persuading him to be what he always was?

There were no "Catholics" who were not "Roman Catholics" then. It is a new phrase, like a great many other new things that we see now; and there is nothing like the lives of the Martyrs to answer emphatically all these attempts to confuse the history of the Catholic Church in England. The word "martyr" means "witness." They were witnesses not only to God's Truth, but to man's truth as well.

At eight o'clock, the Sheriff Fawcet and his men arrived, and the sad procession set out from Mr. Trewe's house, across the road, for the Tolbooth on Ouse Bridge.

The people were crowded on the bridge to see the Martyr pass. Do you not think that many must have looked up at the Minister towers, and the beautiful belfries of the churches, and thought, "What is all this for? She is only practising the religion of the good men who built these churches!" Whatever they thought, they were very respectful, and full of pity for the fair young woman, who was going to her death so calmly and modestly.

She walked barefoot, carrying the linen garment she had made for her martyrdom on her arm, from her prison to the Tolbooth, across the road.

The old Tolbooth is taken down now, and the bridge itself has been much altered, but the Catholic children of York know well where the spot is—a little wide of the pavement, on the west side of the bridge, jutting out into the road a few feet before you come to the first arch.

It was probably a vaulted chamber of stone, of no great size. When Margaret entered it, she saw at once the preparations for her awful martyrdom. The heavy oaken door, the sharp stone about the size of a man's fist, which was to be placed underneath her back; and the great stone weights which were to be put on the door.

The minister Frost came forward and offered to pray with her.

"No, Sir," said Margaret, "I will not pray with you, and you shall not pray with me; neither will I say Amen to your prayers, nor shall you to mine."

What did Margaret mean? She was very near God now. She was either very right or very wrong. Some people would say she was very wrong. If the prayers are good surely it is good to join in them.

As I said before, Margaret was not a learned woman, but she knew her religion. She knew that over and over again God has told us by His Church, that He will not have us join with heretics in prayer, and for this reason. It is not the question as to what prayers are said. It may be God's own prayer, the "Our Father," which is said; but the Holy Scripture tells us that no one can say "Abba, Father," to God rightly, unless the Holy Spirit guide him; and heretics are opposing the Holy

Spirit of Truth, and therefore, to pray under the guidance of the Holy Spirit with those who are opposing the same Spirit, is a sin.

What Margaret said, St. Augustine, in the Council of Carthage, twelve hundred years before, had said; and Pope Paul IV. had reiterated to the persecuted Catholics in Margaret's time.

We can quite understand, now, what Margaret would have thought of Catholics going to Protestant prayers.

This was her last Act of Faith. The Martyr knelt on the ground, and the women put the linen garment on her.

When all was ready, the Sheriff ordered the door to be put upon her. Her hands were tied to posts, one on each side. Under her back was put the sharp stone.

She was very like Jesus, with His arms extended on the Cross. Then four men came in bearing the heavy stone weights, and laid them on the door.

"Bring more weight," said the Sheriff, and as, with frightful violence, they hurled them on the door, the Martyr's bones gave way.

She gasped out piteously—

"Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, help me, Blessed Jesu, I suffer this for Thy sake."

The blood poured from under the door. The face of the Martyr, convulsed with agony, still pleaded for dispatch.

"Bring more stones," said the Sheriff in a husky voice.

They piled more stones upon her, and still the eyes moved. The women, shrieking, ran to the gates of the prison, and entreated the men to be quick.

She was a quarter of an hour dying—at last—"Jesu Jesu, Jesu, have mercy upon me," and all was still.

By that door she entered into the presence of her Jesu, and though, amidst pools of blood, her mangled body lay under the heavy weights, are we not reminded of St. Paul's beautiful words: "For that which is at present momentary, and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly, an eternal *weight* of glory."—2 Cor. ii. 17.

The body lay as it was, till three o'clock in the afternoon, at the hour when the body of Jesus was taken down from the Cross, on the first Good Friday.

They buried it in a foul dunghill, near the city walls. But six weeks afterwards the Catholics secretly recovered it. They took it a long way off and buried it in honour. But the days were dangerous, and the secret of the tomb was observed so well, that to this day we do not know where the body is.

It may be that, if we pray very hard, God may see fit to reveal this resting-place of His servant, and we may have her blessed relics again.

One very good thing they did. They cut off one of her hands; and by an unbroken tradition of two hundred years, this hand has been preserved in the Convent of St. Mary's just outside Micklegate Bar, at York, where it is shown in a beautiful reliquary.

We are the countrymen and countrywomen of Margaret—what can we do for her?

Margaret is alive—and Queen Elizabeth, and Judge Clinch, and Sheriff Fawcet—they are all alive somewhere: for our Heavenly Father is not "the God of the dead, but of the living."

Margaret is alive, and the Church has told us she is a "Venerable Servant of God," and you know that by the blessed Communion of Saints, the servants of God are not strangers. We can do things for them, and they can do things for us. Her intercessory power is indeed required in these days.

Seventy thousand mortal sins, at the lowest calculation, well up to God's throne every year from London alone. Seventy thousand Catholics refuse to make their Easter Communion—and this in the land where Margaret died for the Faith!

It may be, that when we are dead and gone, the Holy Church will give her a higher title than she has got.

It may be that 'all generations shall call her Blessed,' and her name may be enrolled among the Saints.

It may be that through the glorious aisles of York Minster, a Catholic procession once more may pass,

with thuribles, and banners, and lights, and bishops in their mitres, up to the blazing shrine where Margaret is honoured.

But far better than joining in a beautiful procession, we can do something *now* to advance Margaret's honour.

When the evil world is putting its baits before us to seduce us from our Faith—let us remember Margaret.

When pleasure and sense would suggest "going with the swim," and living as those around us do, and not as Catholic children of the Saints—let us remember Margaret.

When the breath of the tempter is on us, and we quail in the battle, and are ashamed of our religion, and flinch from ridicule—let us remember Margaret.

The word Margaret, in Latin, signifies a Pearl, and that is why the people of the North have called her the "Pearl of York" the Pearl of great price in the treasury of Heaven.

When the King makes up His jewels, and we next see Margaret, it will be no light reward to be told that though we were poor, and obscure, and not Martyrs, we had done some little thing to increase the lustre of "The Pearl of York."

Hymn to Ven. Margaret Clitheroe.

1.

Holy Martyr bending o'er us
With thy fair young English face,
Faithful heart and valiant spirit,
Glory of our land and race;
We, in days of peace and softness
Look to thee lest we forget
We are children of the Martyrs,
Brave and holy Margaret!

2.

Was it for thy simple virtues,
For thy pure and blameless life,—
Prudent mother, kindly mistress,
Loving friend and faithful wife—
That our Lord in mercy crowned thee
With Faith's blessèd coronet,
And that Faith, by thine allegiance,
Crowned thee martyr—Margaret?

3.

Ah! *we* have not waited for it,
That dear Faith was ours at birth!
Teach us then, like thee, to prize it
As the dearest thing on earth:—
If, like thee, we may not seal it
With our blood,—Oh may we yet
To our Faith live ever loyal
Faithful martyr, Margaret!

4.

By thy brave and secret service
To the hunted priests of God,
By the Masses heard so often
At the peril of thy blood,
Win us grace a higher value
On Christ's Sacrifice to set
Whose divinely fruitful virtue
Made thee martyr, Margaret!

5.

Barefoot through the silent city
Thou wouldst make thy way by night
To the tree where hung the martyrs
Who had won the bloody fight.
Kneeling on the grassy hillock
With the victors' life-blood wet
Thou didst win a martyr's graces,
Brave and blessèd Margaret!

6.

When the King of Martyrs called thee
In thy turn to die for Him,
For thy very joy they found thee
Singing in thy prison dim.
Teach our earth-bound hearts the lesson
We so easily forget
That we have no lasting city
Till we join thee, Margaret!

7.

By thine own heroic silence
When they urged on thee to plead,
Lest the word that saves thee torment
Were to others sinful deed,
Let no word or act of ours
Wrong in other souls beget—
From the lightest sin of scandal
Shield us, saintly Margaret!

8.

By thy soul's terrific anguish
Thro' that last most lonely night,
By the patient prayer which brought thee
From the darkness to the light,
By thy likeness to thy Master
In His prayer and bloody sweat,
Pray for us that in our sorrows
We may pray too, Margaret!

9.

Lying with thine arms extended
Like thy Master Crucified,
Dying for the love of Jesus
On the day when Jesus died;
If the stones pressed heavy on thee
Other weight pressed stronger yet,—
Love of Margaret for Jesus,
Jesus' love for Margaret.

10.

As thy mangled body lieth
Crushed beneath the oaken door,
Thro' that door thy soul is passing
To the bright and distant shore.
In Christ's diadem of glory
As a jewel thou art set,
Pearl of England, pearl of Jesus,
Blessèd martyr Margaret!

Mary Stuart.

(1542-87.)

BY THE HON. MRS. MAXWELL SCOTT.

Mary Stuart, whose charms and whose misfortunes render her one of the most interesting figures in history, was born at Linlithgow Palace on Dec. 8th, 1542, at a moment of deepest gloom in the history of her country. Her royal father, James V., lay dying at Falkland, of a fever, as men said, but more truly of a broken heart, caused by the evils of the times and the fatal issue of the Battle of Solway Moss. The state of the kingdom, exposed both to the domestic treachery of the nobles and the rapacity of Henry VIII. of England, seemed well nigh desperate; and it is not surprising that the birth of a female heir to the throne, instead of the longed-for prince, should have appeared a fresh misfortune, not only to the nation at large, but to her father himself. When the news was brought to the dying monarch, he roused himself from the lethargy in which he lay, to exclaim in mournful allusion to the Crown of Scotland, "It came wi' a lass and it will gae wi' ane." These were James's last words. Soon afterwards he passed away, and the infant Mary was proclaimed Queen of Scotland, a dignity

which brought her unceasing strife and sorrow for forty-five long years.

Tradition tells us that Mary was baptized in the Church of St. Michael, Linlithgow, and nine months later, the baby-Queen was solemnly crowned at Stirling. It was about this time that the first coin bearing Mary's effigy was issued. On it she appears as a round-faced baby wearing a cap of the period, and we cling to the tradition which asserts that with this coin of the baby-Queen originates the Scotch name for a penny, a *bawbee*. If our space permitted, it would be pleasant to linger over the description of Mary's infancy and the quaint etiquette which surrounded her in the mourning chambers of her mother; for Mary of Guise was too true a mother to suffer any separation from her child, and accordingly the royal nurseries were established under her own eye. There exists a charming description of a visit paid to the two Queens by Henry VIII.'s ambassador, Sir Ralph Sadler. This astute gentleman, having paid his respects to the Queen Dowager, begged for a sight of her daughter, and Mary of Guise conducting him herself to the nursery, Sir Ralph paid his homage to the infant Majesty of Scotland, whom he describes to Henry as being "as goodly a child as I have seen of her age, and as like to live with the grace of God." This report was no doubt highly pleasing to the King, whose present policy it was to obtain Mary's hand for his son Prince Edward; a project warmly opposed by all true Scots, who saw in it only a new plan for the subjugation of their country. Henry had, however, supporters among the Scottish noblemen. Among the prisoners taken at Solway Moss and conveyed to England, he had found the tools he sought. Having convinced these gentlemen of the advantages of the proposed marriage (especially to themselves), Henry despatched them to Scotland, where they were received with much contempt, and were styled in derision the "English lords." The Regent Arran, however, favoured them; and with this powerful ally the Queen's union with Prince Edward might have become a reality had not Henry's own arrogance defeated his plan. He demanded that Mary should be delivered up

to him to be educated in England, that all treaties with France should be cancelled, and that Dumbarton and five other principal strongholds of Scotland should be given over to him!

We cannot wonder that such proposals roused the national spirit to the utmost, so that Sadler reports that the people would rather "suffer extremity than come to the obedience and subjection of England." Nay, that "if there be any motion to bring the government of this realm to the king of England, there is not so little a boy but he will hurl stones against it, and the wives will handle their distaffs, and the commons universally will rather die than submit to it." Warned by the feeling throughout the country, Arran deserted Henry's side, and consenting that Cardinal Beaton should resume the reigns of government, consigned the charge of the Queen to that able prelate and the staunch national party.

For the next few years, however, the question of the English alliance continued to trouble the kingdom, while the young Queen grew and prospered, in happy unconsciousness of the grave issues at stake. At length, after the disastrous Battle of Pinkie (10 Sept., 1547), even Stirling Castle, where the two Queens now resided, seemed no longer a safe refuge for the royal child from the power of Henry and the treachery of her own subjects; she was consequently removed to the Priory of Inchmaholme on Lake Menteith. Here—in company with her mother, her faithful nurse Janet Sinclair, and her young namesakes and playmates, the four Maries—the young Queen spent some of the most peaceful hours of her life.

Although Mary was only in her fifth year she had already made good progress in her education, and at Inchmaholme pursued her studies under the care of the Prior and another learned priest. French was literally her mother-tongue, and she likewise learnt Latin, history and geography, while her governess, the Lady Fleming, instructed her in the womanly arts of tapestry-work and embroidery, accomplishments which often served to cheer her weary imprisonments in after years. Mary already possessed that charm of manner, the

result of a pure and warm heart, which was to gain for her so many devoted friends, while it fascinated even her bitterest enemies; and at Inchmaholme as elsewhere she won all hearts. Happy would it have been for Mary, exclaims one of her biographers, if she had inherited no wider kingdom than that small and peaceful island!

Meantime the state of the kingdom continued so unsettled, and the danger to Mary so imminent, that her mother and faithful councillors resolved to send her to France, where she could remain in safety until she was of an age to be married to the Dauphin, a union which Mary's connection with France and the alliance which had so long existed between the two countries rendered peculiarly appropriate. It was however no easy matter to arrange for the Queen's safe journey. Henry of England's cruisers were on the alert to prevent the escape of so valuable a prize, and the French admiral had to resort to a subterfuge to throw them off the scent.

Admiral de Villegaignon, with four galleys belonging to the French navy, lay off Leith ready to set sail for France. This all the world knew, and everyone was also aware that when he sailed, according to arrangement, the Queen was not on board his vessel. But happily Mary's enemies were not aware that the gallant admiral, as soon as he was out of sight of land, changed his course, and skirting the coast of Sutherland and Caithness, the small French fleet passed through the Pentland Firth and made its way in safety up the Clyde to Dumbarton. Here the two Queens were awaiting it, and Mary was consigned to the care of Monsieur de Brézé, who had been charged with the honour of conveying her to France, whither she was also attended by her Maries and my Lords Erskine and Livingstone, besides other faithful followers. The poor little Queen, separated at six years of age from her mother and country, was seen to weep; but, early trained in those habits of self-control rendered necessary by her sad circumstances, she offered no resistance, and allowed herself to be carried to the galley which the King of France had had sumptuously prepared for her voyage. An eye-witness of Mary's

departure says that "the young Queen was at that time one of the most perfect creatures the God of Nature ever formed, for her equal was nowhere to be found, nor had the world another child of her fortune or hopes."

The voyage, in spite of the dangers to be apprehended both from English ships, and winds and waves, was safely accomplished, and on Aug. 13th, 1548, Mary landed at Roscoff, on the coast of Brittany, where she afterwards erected a small chapel dedicated to St. Ninian in thanksgiving for her safety.

Mary's arrival in France marks a new and happy epoch in her existence, in place of the strife and danger which had surrounded her in her own country. A life of freedom and sunshine now opened before her, and the little maiden who had been Queen of the few faithful hearts at Inchmaholme, became at once, by her innocence and charm, sovereign of all hearts in her adopted country.

In Brittany, Mary was welcomed with the honours due to her rank, and she made a right royal progress to St. Germains, where, the King and Queen being absent, she was received by the royal children of France. Besides the Dauphin, Mary was now greeted by Prince Charles, Prince Henry, and the three Princesses, Elizabeth, Claude, and Margaret, all eager to welcome her as a sister. From the first moment of their meeting the Dauphin was taught to look upon Mary as his future wife, and she received with innocent satisfaction the little attentions he paid her. All these royal children were younger than Mary, and for this reason as well as because of her superior dignity as a crowned Queen, she, by special desire of the King, took precedence of all.

The projected union of the crowns of France and Scotland was very pleasing to the King, and from the first he took an affectionate and fatherly interest in Mary, calling her his "Reinette," or little Queen, and occupying himself with arrangements for her comfort and pleasure. Far different were the sentiments of his consort, Catherine de Medicis, who appears always to have disliked Mary, and in later years this antipathy proved fatal to the interests of the young Queen.

Fortunately for Mary, she did not depend on the Queen for her education or guidance during these early years, for although she, together with the French Princesses, appeared on state occasions at Court and shared in the brilliant gaieties of the period, her time was chiefly spent under the affectionate care of her maternal grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchesse de Guise.

This lady, whose prudence and piety won for her the admiration of all, took charge of Mary's education, and to her influence we may trace those strong sentiments of faith and of loyalty to the Holy See which always characterized Mary, as well as the tender consideration for others which the Duchess's example was well calculated to encourage. In Mary these sterling qualities were united with the undaunted personal courage which she inherited both from her Guise and Stuart ancestors. This gift of courage was especially appreciated by Mary's uncles, and the great Duke of Guise once said to her: "My niece, there is one trait in which above all others I recognise my own blood in you. You are as brave as my bravest men at arms. If women went into battle now, as they did in ancient times, I think you would know how to die well." Little could the Duke foresee how truly his words would be fulfilled. Yet perhaps even in her bright girlhood, Mary's countenance was not free from the tinge of melancholy which seemed to overshadow her race; for it is said that when Mary of Guise showed her to the famous Nostradamus, he gazed long at the fair child, and in answer to her mother's questions as to what he could predict as to her future career, he is said to have replied that he saw blood upon her brow. This anecdote is connected with a visit made to France by Mary of Guise in 1550, a visit full of happiness to both mother and daughter, which mercifully they could not foresee to be their last meeting on earth.

After the Queen Dowager's return to Scotland, she showed her appreciation of her daughter's progress by consulting her on private matters concerning the government, thus early initiating her in her future duties. An affectionate correspondence took place between them, while Mary's uncles also kept her mother well informed

as to the state of her health and the progress of her education. In addition to her knowledge of Latin and French, Mary spoke Italian fluently, and wrote verses admired by such critics as Ronsard and Brantôme. She was well read in ancient and modern literature, and above all, she was a careful student of Holy Scripture. No womanly accomplishment was disregarded by the young Queen, for, remarkable as were her literary powers, she showed equal proficiency in lighter studies. Music and dancing were favourite diversions, and throughout her life, she delighted in riding, and was a fearless horse-woman.

As we now approach the moment of Mary's marriage and her entry into public life, it may be well to give some description of her person, and for this purpose we will endeavour to describe her as she is represented in a picture painted at this time, and given by herself to one of her faithful subjects.*

In this beautiful portrait, Mary wears a dress of rich crimson damask, embroidered with gold and jewels, her only ornament is a string of pearls with an amythyst cross. On her head she bears a little round cap ornamented with precious stones which are raised in front, thus giving a regal character to the headdress. The Queen's complexion is that of a delicate brunette, the hair of a rich chestnut colour, which well accords with the darkness of her eyes and majestic eyebrows; the hair is parted in wide bands across her forehead, and rolled back above the small delicately formed ear. It is not difficult to believe that Mary was considered one of the most beautiful women of her time.

The spring of 1558 witnessed Mary's marriage with the Dauphin. She was then in her 17th year, and the youthful bridegroom was two years younger. In view of an event of such deep importance to both nations, the King of France invited the Estates of Scotland to send deputies to Paris, to witness the ceremony. The proposal met with a cordial acceptance, and the Scottish envoys were received in Paris with every mark of esteem

*The Earl of Cassillis—this portrait is now in the possession of the Marquis of Ailsa.

and distinction. In the midst of these pleasing preparations, and when the union of the two kingdoms seemed complete, a transaction occurred which, deplorable in itself also laid the seeds of future misfortunes. Three days before her marriage, the young Queen was induced to sign three secret documents, the legal significance of which was probably unknown to her. By these thrice-fatal deeds Mary made over the realm of Scotland to the King of France, in the event of her own death without heirs. She assigned to him possession of Scotland until he should have repaid himself the monies advanced by him for her personal expenses or education, and thirdly, she declared that, although in the future she might sign a declaration concerning the lineal succession to her crown, her real wishes were contained in the two previous declarations. It is difficult to excuse those who advised the young Queen in the execution of these extraordinary documents; and if, as is probable, they were signed by her out of deference to the wishes of her relations, it is an instance of one of the weak points in Mary's character. Loyal and straightforward herself, she was easily deceived, and placed implicit confidence in those connected with her by blood or friendship—a trust which, alas! was often fatally abused.

The Queen's declaration, however, remained a secret for the present, and no cloud appeared to obscure the radiance of the wedding day. The young royal pair were united by the bride's uncle, the Archbishop of Rouen, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Mary's dress is declared by a contemporary chronicler to have been beautiful beyond description, and seems to have consisted of a pure white robe with a royal mantle and train of cut-velvet embroidered with pearls. The train was carried by the Queen's maidens, presumably the Scottish Maries. The Estates of Scotland had utterly declined to send over the Regalia for the occasion, but Mary wore a magnificent crown, the gift probably of her uncles or the King, and round her neck hung the famous jewel known as the "Great Harry," a present from Henry VIII. to her grandmother, Margaret Tudor.

In this gorgeous apparel Mary's beauty was dazzling,

and it is said that one poor woman exclaimed that she must be an angel! The wedding festivities were endless, and the whole country rejoiced in sympathy with the Dauphin and his wife. Adored by her young husband and surrounded by the affection of her relations and of her people, Mary's destiny seemed a brilliant one indeed; and who could foresee the dark days which were to come?

A few months after the marriage an event took place of grave importance to Mary. Her cousin, Mary Tudor, died, and the question of the Dauphiness's succession to the throne of England began to agitate men's minds. Elizabeth's claims to the throne were denied by many, and failing her, Mary was undoubtedly next in the succession. Her claims were warmly supported by the King of France and by nearly all the Catholics of England and Scotland. By the mere force of circumstances Mary was thus placed in an attitude of hostility to Elizabeth. She was—probably against her own wishes—proclaimed Queen of England by her French relations, who also caused the arms of that country to be engraven on her plate and emblazoned on her armorial bearings. Elizabeth's fear and jealousy were aroused by these demonstrations of rivalry, and the question of the succession proved for ever a barrier between the two Queens and was, together with Mary's faith, the true cause of Elizabeth's incessant persecution of her rival, as she considered her.

Other changes were at hand. In the course of 1559, Henry of France lost his life at a tournament, and Mary and her young husband ascended the throne. Their reign was brief and uneventful; barely two years from the time of their marriage Francis also died, and Mary was left a childless widow, to commence alone the life of duty and self-sacrifice which the interests of her own country now imposed upon her.

Within a few months of Francis's death, the Queen returned to Scotland, but before following her thither, we must cast a glance at the position of affairs in that country.

The death of Mary of Guise, which had occurred

two years previously, had been a severe blow to the cause of the Church. The government of the country now lay in the hands of the Lords most devoted to the doctrines of the so-called Reformers, among whom Mary's illegitimate brother, Lord James Stuart, stood pre-eminent. The after history of this nobleman is well known, but here it will be well to remember that even at this early date Lord James had traced for himself a policy of antagonism to his sister's interests. For some time previously he had been engaged in secret dealings with Elizabeth, nor did he shrink from sharing that Queen's endeavours to intercept Mary on her homeward voyage. It would have been highly satisfactory to him, no doubt, had Mary been safely consigned to Elizabeth's keeping, and himself, in reward for his good services, appointed Regent of Scotland. The day of Lord James's triumph was however still distant.

In the month of August, 1561, Mary set saïl for Scotland. The voyage was, she well knew, a hazardous one, for Elizabeth's vessels were on the look out for her, as her father's had been thirteen years before, when Mary set out for France. On the present occasion a thick fog favoured the Scottish Queen, under cover of which she made her way safely home. The historian Brantôme, one of the gallant train of Frenchmen who accompanied her, tells us of her grief on leaving France. She passed the night on deck, watching the receding shores of the country in which she had been so happy, and which a sad presentiment told her, she should see no more.

The friendly mist, which had facilitated the Queen's safe voyage, unfortunately also shrouded the shores of Scotland, and threw additional gloom over the melancholy reception prepared for her by her people. On reaching Leith, the royal party were obliged to remain on board their vessels until such time as the Queen's lieges were ready to receive their mistress: and then, mounted on horseback, Mary, attended by her suite, made her entry into Edinburgh, dismounting at Holyrood. The influence of Knox and his followers had effectually prevented the usual manifestations of loyal rejoicing, suitable to the return of a sovereign to her kingdom; and

the only sign of welcome shown by the citizens of Edinburgh consisted in a concert of no very inviting kind. As night closed in, the Queen was serenaded by five or six hundred of her subjects, who sang psalm-tunes under her windows to the accompaniment of a few violins and fiddles. Mary, with her usual sweet courtesy, thanked the musicians; but her night's rest was not improved by the inharmonious sounds.

Mary might well feel saddened by the gloomy and hostile attitude of her subjects, and the future must have looked very dark; but she was a brave woman, and set herself undauntedly to the task before her. In so slight a sketch, it is of course impossible to enter into any detail regarding the Queen's life, social or political, or do more than glance at the chief events among the many that are crowded into the four short years of her reign.

One of Mary's first acts was to issue a proclamation guaranteeing liberty of conscience to her subjects. It might have been supposed that what she so freely granted to others would not have been denied to herself, but the event was far otherwise. Knox thundered against the Queen from the pulpit; the royal chapels were on more than one occasion assaulted by the mob; and every opportunity was taken to insult the faith which was Mary's dearest possession. In other respects she soon gained the affection of the majority of her subjects, and her winning manner and kind heart brought her the love of the poor. In her charities she followed in the steps of her great predecessor, St. Margaret, by setting aside a portion of her income for orphan children, and by reviving or continuing the office of "Advocate of the Poor." She would herself preside in court from time to time, to see that the claims of the poor were attended to, and that justice was done to them whatever might be the rank of their opponent. The Queen took a prominent part in all affairs of state, and in a letter to one of his colleagues, the English Ambassador draws a pleasing picture of her seated at her work-table in the council chamber and brightening by her presence the grave and often stormy debates of her privy-council. Among the nobles who composed it are the well-known names of

Arran, Huntly, Morton, Bothwell, with Lord James Stuart at their head. In him Mary confided implicitly in the early days of her reign, and most of her misfortunes may be traced to his influence. The Queen created him Earl of Mar some time after her arrival in Scotland, and finally Earl of Moray, ceding to him a large part of the territories belonging to this title forfeited by Lord Huntly, whose disgrace and death are too surely to be laid at Lord James' door. Few things in the history of this period are more pathetic than the so-called rebellion of Huntly, and the overthrow of this gallant Catholic nobleman, who should have been Mary's chief support, had not the intrigues of her unworthy brother poisoned her mind against him.

The next great political event was the Queen's second marriage. Ever since the death of Francis this question had seriously occupied the courts of Europe, and various suitors had been proposed, among whom it seems probable that Don Carlos, son of Philip II. of Spain, would have been the most acceptable to Mary herself. But it was evident that any foreign alliance would be displeasing to the Scotch, and that of Spain in particular, on account of the excited state of religious feeling in the country. A nobleman of English or Scottish birth was thus apparently the most desirable husband for the Queen, and Lord Henry Darnley seemed to unite the necessary qualifications. Son of Lord Lennox and Lady Margaret Douglas, he was the Queen's cousin and a Catholic, and the next to herself in the succession to the English throne.

Darnley was young, handsome, and attractive, and he won Mary's heart in spite of his weak and wayward nature, which was soon to work such mischief both to her and to himself. The marriage was solemnized in the Royal Chapel of Holyrood on July 29th, 1565. Darnley had been created Duke of Albany, but this did not content him; and the Queen yielded so far to his wishes, as to declare that he should bear the title of king and sign, with her, all public documents. Even this dignity did not long satisfy Darnley. From the first, his foolish vanity made him enemies among the

nobles, while his weak and unworthy conduct was a constant source of anxiety to Mary. Other troubles weighed upon her at this time also. Knox and his followers were making fresh efforts, on the score of religion, to disturb the peace of the kingdom, in which they were encouraged and supported by Moray and others of the lords. The Queen herself took the field against the insurgents; and this rebellion, the second in two years, was easily crushed. Moray and his confederates escaped to England, where they found liberty to plan further mischief.

The next plot against the Queen's peace ended in a tragedy well known to all, and the fact that her husband was involved in it gives a peculiar horror to the crime. We have said that Darnley's ambition was not yet satisfied, he aimed at obtaining the crown-matrimonial; and in his discontent Moray and the disaffected nobles saw an apt instrument for the furtherance of their designs. They accordingly persuaded Darnley to enter into a convention with them, in which they pledged themselves to maintain his right to the crown and the supreme power, Darnley on his side promising to uphold their interests and to protect them in case of failure in the execution of their plans. These general resolutions soon took a definite form and purpose, the first fruit of which was the death of an innocent victim in the person of the Queen's Italian secretary, David Rizzio. This able foreigner had won the Queen's favour by his talents and faithfulness. She employed him for her private correspondence, and sought his advice in state matters. He was unpopular with the proud nobles, who could not brook seeing one of Rizzio's inferior birth and position preferred before them; and to Darnley he was specially displeasing, as it was known that he had upheld the Queen's resolution not to grant the dignity Darnley sought. The confederate lords therefore determined that Rizzio should die, and to cloak their proceedings, they endeavoured to provoke Darnley's jealousy by spreading reports derogatory to Mary's honour. Darnley seems to have paid little attention to these false accusations, but, inflamed by his own ambitious wishes, he consented to take part in the cowardly plot.

On the evening of the 9th of March, 1566, three hundred armed men surrounded Holyrood, some of whom entered the palace while the rest remained outside to guard the approaches to the building. Darnley's apartments were on the ground floor, under those occupied by the Queen, and here he awaited Ruthven and the other occomplices. Darnley then led the way up the private stair, through the Queen's bedchamber, into the small turret-room where she was at supper with the Countess of Argyll, Lord Robert Stuart, and three of her attendants, among whom was the unfortunate secretary. Here, regardless of the Queen's presence or of her condition—for she was shortly expecting the birth of her child—Rizzio was cruelly murdered, and every insult offered to Mary herself, who endeavoured to protect him. That night the Queen was a prisoner in her own palace, and to what extremities the rebels would have proceeded we cannot tell, had not Mary's own courage procured her release and that of the unworthy Darnley, who had by a partial confession obtained her forgiveness.

On the second night after the murder, the royal pair escaped from Holyrood and rode to Dunbar. Here they were safe, but Mary was, as she wrote to one of her uncles, a Queen without a kingdom. Happily this state of affairs was of short duration; her loyal subjects rallied round their sovereign, and ten days later Mary returned in triumph to Edinburgh. Darnley, who had acknowledged only a portion of his own share in the late crime, now turned informer and revealed the names of some of his accomplices. These in their turn laid before the Queen the two bonds with their fatal signatures, and she thus became aware of the extent of Darnley's treachery and ingratitude. We can imagine what such a revelation must have cost Mary, and the utter faithlessness of her husband must have caused her to distrust all around her, but she was, as always, too forgiving. At this moment, when her condition unfitted her for political cares, the peace of the kingdom was her first thought, and a reconciliation was effected for the time between her and her rebellious lords. Edinburgh Castle was

considered the safest residence for her at this time; here therefore she took up her abode, and on the 19th of July the pealing of cannon announced the birth of an heir to the throne. This event seemed a promise of future peace and prosperity to the kingdom, and for a time all parties united in common rejoicings. Elizabeth herself sent messages of goodwill and congratulation, and agreed to be god-mother to the infant Prince.

It had been arranged that the baptism should take place at Stirling, but before that event the Queen's life was placed in great danger by a serious illness at Jedburgh, whither she went to hold the Assizes. On this occasion Mary's courage edified all around her. Aware of her danger, she prepared for death with great faith and calmness. Addressing the noblemen who surrounded her, she commended her son to their care, and implored them not to persecute the Catholics. She declared that she died in the Catholic Faith, and that she pardoned all who had injured her, and in especial Darnley.

The latter, whose conduct was becoming more and more heartless and capricious, was not with her during her illness, but on her convalescence he paid her a hasty visit. It is about this time that the designs against this unhappy prince first come before our notice. The chief noblemen whom he had so deeply offended had determined upon his ruin. The first step in these proceedings was to suggest to Mary that she should consent to a divorce or separation from her unworthy husband, and for this purpose a deputation consisting of Murray, Argyll, Maitland, Huntly, and Bothwell waited upon her. To their proposal however Mary returned a distinct and dignified refusal. "I will," said she, "that ye do nothing through which any spot may be laid on my honour or conscience; and therefore I pray you rather let the matter be in the state that it is, abiding till God of His goodness put remedy thereto."

Thus balked in their wishes, Maitland and his accomplices set themselves to plan a deadlier method of revenge.

In the meantime, the Court assembled at Stirling for

the baptism of Prince James, which was performed on Dec. 17th with great magnificence. Mary bore her part in the festivities with her usual grace and amiability, but she was sad at heart, for Darnley had—from a feeling of pique and jealousy—utterly refused to be present on this happy occasion. He foresaw that he would not be treated by Elizabeth's envoys with the deference and honours he desired. He therefore withdrew to Glasgow, where he was shortly afterwards seized with the small-pox. Illness often effects a moral cure, and Darnley, sick and lonely, began to regret his cruel and wayward behaviour, and sent to request Mary to go to him, which she hastened to do. A happy reconciliation took place, and Darnley begged Mary never to leave him. It would have been more fitting had Darnley undertaken never again to desert his wife; but Mary was too happy at the change in his sentiments to quarrel with the manner of their expression. Towards the end of January, Darnley was sufficiently recovered to travel to Edinburgh; here—in order to avoid any risk of infection for the baby-Prince at Holyrood—the King was lodged in a house in the south part of the town, called the Kirk o'Field. In this place, destined to be so fatal to him, Darnley was comfortably established, and here the Queen was with him constantly.

In these last days of his life, Darnley's better nature asserted itself, and there seemed a greater prospect of future happiness for the royal pair than had ever before been the case. But these hopes were not to be realized; Darnley's enemies had now matured their plans, and on the 9th of February the blow was struck. Shortly after midnight Edinburgh was startled by the sound of a terrible explosion. The house of Kirk o'Field had been blown up, and the lifeless body of the King was found lying within a few yards of the building. The precise manner in which Darnley met his death will probably never be known; but from the fact that his body bore no marks of violence it is conjectured that he did not suffer in the explosion, but was intercepted and strangled as he was attempting to make his escape. Bothwell, whom we now know to have been the chief actor in this tragedy,

brought the fatal news to the Queen, on whom the shock fell the more heavily that she had parted from her husband but a few hours before in good health and spirits.

In her grief, Mary showed all the energy of her character, her one wish was to discover her husband's murderers. She had also fresh cause of anxiety for herself and her helpless child, for she well understood that by Darnley's assassination the conspirators had gained another step in their secret warfare against the throne. Mary's feelings at this moment of trial are well summed up in a letter to her ambassador in Paris, to whom she expresses herself in these terms: "God has (we are persuaded) saved and preserved us in order that we should fittingly punish this horrible crime; for rather than leave it unpunished we would prefer to lose our life and our all. We are assured that whoever may be the authors of this crime the enterprise was in reality directed against our own person as well as against the King." As may be easily imagined, the discovery of the criminals was an impossible task, as they were themselves among Mary's most trusted advisers and officers, and their common danger united them in every endeavour to defeat suspicion.

Popular rumour, however, soon fixed upon Bothwell as the principal instigator of the crime, and darker whispers, accusing the Queen herself of complicity, were industriously circulated among the excited people. In thus for the first time coupling the name of the Queen with that of Bothwell, Mary's enemies were preparing the public mind for the irreparable disasters which were to follow. So far Bothwell's position had not been a very prominent one. As Warden of the Marches, his duties kept him absent from Court, and he was better known as a warrior than as a courtier. He had hitherto proved himself a faithful subject, and was one of the few noblemen who were not in the pay of England; but his moral character was of the lowest, and his bad passions, aided by his boundless ambition, made him a fit tool for the designs of the conspirators. Aware of the Earl's ill-directed ambition to obtain the Queen's hand, they saw

in this project an easy method of working the Queen's ruin and attaining their own ends.

Before their plans could be matured, however, Bothwell had to stand his trial for the murder of the King: if trial it may be called, where the judges were bound by the circumstances of the case to acquit the prisoner, their own accomplice.

Shortly after this farce of justice, we find Mary's chief nobility, headed by her brother, signing a petition to implore her to marry Bothwell. The Queen declined this extraordinary proposal; but Bothwell was determined to effect by force what he could not obtain by persuasion. On the 24th of April (1567), accordingly, as the Queen was returning from Stirling, where she had been visiting her little son, Bothwell, accompanied by a large force, intercepted the royal party, and on the plea of having discovered some plot against the Queen, persuaded her and some of her retinue to take refuge in his Castle of Dunbar. Here instead of finding safety from danger, fresh perils awaited her, for she found herself the Earl's prisoner. These days must have been the darkest in Mary's life. What sorrows in the past or future could compare with the indignities which, according to Bothwell's own confession, were then heaped upon her! He did not hesitate to resort to violence to attain his end, and before the Queen was permitted to return to Edinburgh he had obtained her consent to the marriage. This step, so fatal in its results, has been so amply discussed by Mary's biographers that we feel a diffidence in approaching a subject to which it is impossible to do justice within the narrow limits of our sketch; but it will be well to draw attention to the following facts.

Mary's enemies would have us believe that the Queen had for some time already indulged in a guilty passion for Bothwell, and that she was an only too willing bride; but happily the simple facts of the case are a sufficient refutation of such a charge. We find that, after undergoing the insults we have mentioned, Mary, far from being a free agent, was virtually kept a prisoner till the day of the marriage. She was allowed to return to Edinburgh, but only under Bothwell's care, who kept her

under strict ward and guard until she became his wife. That Mary was forced into the marriage sorely against her will is also apparent both from her own report of the transaction, and from the testimony of contemporary witnesses of high character. It is evident that, under the circumstances of the case, no other course was now open to her.

The second great charge against Mary, founded on the supposition that Bothwell's first marriage was a valid one, and that therefore she was consenting to an immoral and illegal union, can now by grave documentary evidence also be entirely disproved. Bothwell's marriage with Lady Jean Gordon was already annulled for the cause of consanguinity, both by the Pope's Legate in Scotland and by the Kirk; and that the Church sanctioned the Queen's marriage is made evident by the presence of the Primate and two other Catholic Bishops at the ceremony. The marriage took place on May 15, and there were present besides the Bishops alluded to, the Earls of Crawford, Huntly and Sutherland, together with several other noblemen and gentlemen. Moray, as we know, had conveniently absented himself during this period of unusual trial for his sister; but his signature at the head of Bothwell's "Band" leaves no doubt as to his sentiments regarding the marriage. One important person refused to be a witness of an act which he deplored,—Du Croc, the French ambassador,—but he paid his respects to the Queen in the course of the day, and he tells us that he found her in the deepest dejection. She told him that she only desired death. Melville, her trusted attendant, corroborates this statement in even stronger terms. This unhappy union only lasted one month. Those who had built up, now hastened to destroy. The nobles who had urged the Queen to marry Bothwell, rose to deliver—as they said—their beloved mistress from his hands, and to execute justice for the King's murder, which was now openly laid at the Earl's door.

On June 15th, the opposing parties met on Carberry Hill, and here, without a blow being struck on either side, Mary virtually lost her kingdom. The Queen,

anxious to avoid bloodshed, endeavoured to come to terms with the rebels, and at length determined upon the fatal step of placing herself in the hands of the confederates, who protested their entire loyalty to her person. She first, however, required that Bothwell should be allowed to depart in safety. His late accomplices dared not refuse, and he left the field a free man, unhindered by the very men who had so loudly declared war against him. The Queen and Bothwell never met again.

As soon as the confederates had the Queen in their power, their true sentiments became apparent. Mary was subjected to every species of insult, and after being imprisoned for a night in Edinburgh, she was hurried to Lochleven Tower and consigned to the care of Sir William Douglas and his mother, from whom she could hope for no sympathy.

The Queen being thus safe in prison, the first object of the rebels was to give a colour to their proceedings. For this purpose they again signed a "bond," reiterating that they had taken up arms to deliver Mary from the "thraldom and bondage" to which Bothwell had subjected her; adding that they did so in "lawful obedience *to our sovereign*," as if Mary herself had given orders for her own imprisonment. Such a declaration needs no comment. The position of the confederates seemed indeed full of danger. Their number was small, by far the greater portion of the higher nobility being still loyal to the Queen, while both England and France denied their support. For once Scottish rebels met with no sympathy from Elizabeth, who seems to have been sincerely horrified at the attack on Mary, and the outrages offered to her both as a woman and a sovereign.

In France, the young King Charles warmly sympathised with his sister-in-law, for whom he had always had a real affection; and his sentiments would have taken a more active shape had not his mother, who had never loved Mary, interposed her influence, to arrest the assistance he was willing to send. For the present, therefore, the amicable feelings excited on behalf of the hapless prisoner bore no fruit. Elizabeth's efforts to effect her liberation were steadily eluded, and at last entirely

crushed, by the policy of her chief adviser, Cecil; and many months passed before the courage and devotion of some of her subjects brought about the Queen's release. In many ways this imprisonment, at the hands of her own ungrateful nobles, must have been far harder for Mary to bear than the long years of her captivity in England; but her faith and resignation, and her bright hopeful spirit, helped her through the weary days. There was one person in whose affection the Queen still trusted, wonderful as it seems. She looked forward to Moray's return, in the belief that he had the will and the power to effect her deliverance. He on his side, was hastening back to secure the prize he had so long desired, and in the meantime was endeavouring to strengthen his position by spreading a fresh report against his sister. It is from him that we now first hear of the famous "Casket Letters," as they are called. These letters, which purported to be written by the Queen to Bothwell, contain the only proof ever produced of Mary's complicity in Darnley's murder; and, if genuine, they would, without doubt, have established her guilt. The Queen's enemies, therefore, make much of them even now, when the evidence of their being forgeries seems to be overwhelming. It is well to remember that Mary's own contemporaries did not believe in them; for when Moray, later on, took them to England to incriminate his sister, so little was thought of his pretended proofs that he had to take back the letters, and we hear no more of them.

Meanwhile, grave events were occurring of cruel significance to the Queen. Before Moray reached home, Mary had signed the abdication extorted from her by force, and her young son had been solemnly crowned at Stirling. Before accepting the regency now offered him, Moray went through the farce of visiting his sister and endeavouring to win her consent and approval; but in this interview Mary's eyes were opened as to his true character, and she utterly refused his request.

As the year of the Queen's captivity drew to a close, a gleam of hope and prosperity shone on her fortunes. By the aid of a few faithful attendants, Mary escaped from Lochleven, and was joined by the loyal Hamiltons and

several other noblemen. For a moment it seemed as if she would be restored to her throne and the cause of loyalty triumph; but the disastrous battle of Langside destroyed these hopes, and Mary, regardless of the advice of her truest friends, took the most fatal step of her life, and determined to throw herself upon the mercy of the English Queen.

In entering upon this, the third and last period of the Queen's life, we must bid farewell to those episodes of earthly glory and happiness which, like golden threads, have hitherto been interwoven with her history.

The next nineteen years lie stretched before us in a long monotony of baffled hopes and weary captivity, until the end is reached at Fotheringay. Could Mary have foreseen what was in store for her when she entered England, she might well have applied to that country Dante's famous line, "Leave every hope, ye who enter here." We, who know the sequel, wonder how it was that the Queen could make the fatal mistake of trusting Elizabeth; but once more Mary's own loyal nature misled her, and this time the error proved irremediable.

Mary and her small retinue of faithful subjects landed at a point on the English coast, called to this day Maryport. Here she was received by the Deputy Warden of the Western Marches and conducted to Carlisle, where it was agreed she should remain until Elizabeth could be informed of her arrival. At first the English Queen's sympathies were aroused, and it seemed as if she would welcome Mary as became their mutual rank and relationship; but the old jealous policy soon prevailed, and Mary, instead of an honoured guest, soon found herself the prisoner of her sister-queen.

Now began a series of political intrigues which ended only with Mary's life. Could Elizabeth and her Scotch confederates have proved to their own satisfaction that Mary was guilty of the great crimes imputed to her, their path would have been easy and Mary's fate would soon have been sealed; but the proofs brought forward to criminate her failed, as we have said, to convince even those most anxious of being persuaded of her guilt.

Unable to condemn Mary on these grounds, Elizabeth still, however, pursued her short-sighted policy, and determined to keep her cousin in her own power; and in so doing, she prepared for herself also nineteen years of misery. This was only natural: so long as the Queen of Scotland remained a prisoner, so long did her friends and adherents endeavour to procure her freedom; hence the constant succession of plots and conspiracies both in England and abroad which distracted Elizabeth's reign, and brought with them ready punishment for her injustice.

During these years Mary passed through every phase of trial and humiliation. Seven times her prison was changed, through some fear or fancy of Elizabeth's. The damp of these abodes and the sedentary life gravely affected her health; while the constant possibility of death by poison or secret assassination would have crushed the spirit of any ordinary woman: but Mary never lost hope or courage, and by her bright unselfishness cheered the failing spirits of the attendants who so faithfully clung to her fallen fortunes. If we seek for the source of Mary's heroism, we shall find it in the Faith which had always been her support. In all her trials she saw, and lovingly accepted, God's will for her. Prayer was her constant solace; powerless as she was to work actively for God's glory, her thoughts and prayers were occupied with His interests and those of His Church, and she often expressed her desire to lay down her life for the Catholic Faith. In this little sketch it is impossible for us to attempt any connected history of the period of the Queen's imprisonment: we will therefore confine our attention to the last year of Mary's life, with its final trials ending in the death, which, ignominious in the sight of men, was welcome to her as the end of all her sorrows, and the commencement of her true happiness.

The first days of the year 1586 found the Queen established at Chartley, in Staffordshire, a welcome change from her last cold and damp prison at Tutbury. The new year also brought her fresh hopes of freedom. Spain was moving on her behalf, and her English friends were unfortunately not idle. We say unfortunately; because nothing more unhappy in its execution,

or more disastrous in its results, can be imagined than the conspiracy known as the Babington Plot. This project had a two-fold object, the rescue of Queen Mary, and side by side with this, a design conceived by a few desperate individuals for the assassination of Queen Elizabeth. The latter project was carefully concealed from Mary; but she knew, and, as was natural, keenly sympathized with the efforts for her deliverance. Walsingham—now Elizabeth's Prime Minister—through his innumerable spies, was aware of the conspiracy long before it was ripe, and determined to make use of it for his own ends. Hitherto no evidence had been produced against Queen Mary sufficient to justify her death in the eyes of the law; but now the Minister saw his way to destroy her by involving her in the plot against the person of Elizabeth. Through the treachery of some of the conspirators, and the connivance of Walsingham and Mary's jailor, Sir Amyas Paulett, an ingenious method of introducing letters to the Queen in prison, and of receiving her replies was instituted, by which she was completely deceived. For some time Mary corresponded freely with her friends abroad, and her adherents at home; each of her letters was opened and read by Walsingham and his assistants, resealed and sent on to its destination with, we have every reason to believe, such additions and alterations as the Minister considered useful for his purpose.

When the matter had progressed as far as it was deemed necessary, the blow fell. Babington and his associates, the comparatively innocent agents in the plot, were imprisoned to await a cruel death, while the Queen of Scots was hastily removed from Chartley, and her private papers seized, in the hope that they would contain the longed-for evidence of her complicity in the projected attack on Elizabeth. No such evidence however was forthcoming, and the position of Elizabeth and her Ministers became one of difficulty. From hatred of Mary's religion and jealousy of her, as next in succession to the Crown, Elizabeth desired her cousin's death. She still however hesitated. To take the life of a sister-queen was a crime from which even she shrank: she dreaded the opinion of her fellow monarchs, and she feared the judgment of

posterity, but in the end jealousy prevailed. Supported by the wishes of her Ministers, she determined to bring Mary to trial for the pretended crime of conspiracy against her life.

On September 25, 1586, Mary was conveyed to her last prison, the Castle of Fotheringay. This gloomy fortress, a fitting place for the tragedy which was about to follow, seems to have impressed the Queen with sad forebodings from the first. As her carriage entered the gateway, she exclaimed, "I am lost."

On October 15, the captive Queen, who lay ill in bed, was visited by three of Elizabeth's Commissioners, who had brought her a letter from that Queen, demanding her in obedience to the laws of the kingdom, to answer the questions which should be put to her. Mary replied with dignity, that being a crowned Queen, she could not be judged by subjects, declaring at the same time that she was innocent of any attempt against her cousin. The Commissioners again endeavoured to persuade Mary to consent to the proposed trial, but with no greater success. Elizabeth, informed of this, wrote again to Mary, urging her to submit, and hinting at future assistance if she would consent. On receiving this letter, Mary yielded. Once more, relying on Elizabeth's sympathy and confiding in her own innocence, she placed herself at the mercy of her enemies.

Two days later, the Great Hall at Fotheringay presented a strange spectacle. At one end was erected the throne and canopy of state, representing the absent Queen of England, close to which was placed an inferior seat for the royal prisoner. The judges and their attendant lawyers and notaries occupied the body of the hall. At 9 o'clock in the morning, Mary appeared, escorted by halberdiers and supported by her faithful master of the household, Melville, and her physician, Burgoing. When she saw all the preparations, she said sadly:—"I see many advocates, but not one for me."

The Lord Chancellor opened the proceedings by declaring that, in bringing the Queen of Scotland to trial, his mistress was actuated by "her sense of duty, and the needs of God's cause."

In reply, Mary formally protested against the injustice of her trial. "If I consent to answer," she said, "it is of my own free will, taking God for my witness that I am innocent." The act of accusation was then read, in which she was declared guilty of having known of, and participated in, the plot against Elizabeth. In support of the accusation, copies of letters were shown purporting to be Mary's, but, as on all similar occasions, no original documents were forthcoming. The alleged confessions of Babington and the Queen's secretaries were also produced.

The trial continued for two days, during which time Mary, alone and unaided, defended herself with a dignity and vigour which confounded her judges. "I am innocent," she said: "God knows it. My only crimes are my birth, the injuries which I have received, and the religion which I profess. Of my birth I am proud; I know how to pardon the injuries; and as for my religion, it has been my hope and my consolation in my afflictions, and I am ready to seal it with my blood. I should be happy, at that price, to purchase relief for the oppressed Catholics." In the face of this defence, and in the absence of all real proof against the prisoner, her judges were silenced. Elizabeth hesitated once more; she then determined to preside herself at a fresh trial, but true to her fixed resolve never to see her cousin, Mary was not suffered to plead her cause in person. The court re-assembled at Westminster: here the documents were again produced, and this time Mary's secretaries were brought forward as witnesses. Here was strange justice; at Fotheringay, in the presence of the accused, no witness appeared; now, in her absence, they are allowed to appear. On this occasion, the result of the trial justified Elizabeth's hopes; every voice, save one, pronounced Mary guilty of death: and Parliament, hastily summoned for the purpose, confirmed the sentence.

On November 19th, Lord Buckhurst brought the news to Mary; she received it with perfect calmness and again protested her innocence. When Buckhurst advised her to prepare for death, and offered to send a Protestant

clergyman to assist her, she gently replied that she had never desired to change her religion for any worldly good, and would not now do so: adding that she would heartily welcome death. On the following day, Paulett caused the Queen's canopy to be removed, telling her that she must now be considered a dead woman, deprived of all the privileges of royalty. Mary accepted the humiliation without complaint, and placed a crucifix where the canopy had stood.

Mary now looked for immediate death, but three months elapsed before the sentence was carried out. During this period of suspense, when the Queen had reason to fear she would be put to death secretly, she wrote to Elizabeth, begging her to allow her the grace of a public execution, so that her servants and others might bear witness that she died true to her Faith and to the Church, and thus prevent false rumours being spread by her enemies. This remarkable letter contains the following touching passage: "I pray the God of mercy and the just Judge that He will enlighten you, and give to me the grace to die in perfect charity, forgiving all who unite to bring about my death. This will be my prayer to the end. Do not accuse me of presumption if, on the eve of quitting this world, and while preparing myself for a better, I remind you that one day you will have to answer for your charge, as well as those who have preceded you."

It might have been supposed that Elizabeth would have listened to her cousin's appeal; but on the contrary, she continued to wish that Mary, if possible, should be secretly murdered, in which case she flattered herself she could shift the blame on to others, and deny participation in the crime. Walsingham did not hesitate to inform Paulett of their mistress's hardly-concealed wish; but the latter, though rough and hard, was a man of honour, and utterly declined to be an assassin.

Elizabeth's Ministers, impatient of the delay, at last determined to put an end to the Queen's indecision, and took upon themselves to hasten the execution of the warrant. For this purpose the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, together with the clerk of council, named Beale,

were despatched to Fotheringay, where they arrived on the 7th of February, 1587. They at once demanded to see Mary. She was ill in bed, but as the Commissioners declared that their business was urgent, she rose and received them, seated at the foot of her bed, and surrounded by her household.

Shrewsbury informed her that his sovereign, yielding to the wishes of her people, had decreed that the sentence of death should now be put into execution, and he read aloud his commission. Mary made the sign of the cross, and calmly replied that she welcomed the news he brought her. "I am happy," she said, "to leave this world, where I am no longer of any use, and I regard it as a signal benefit that God wills to take me out of it, after the many pains and afflictions I have endured, for the honour of His Name and of His Church; that Church for which I have always been ready to shed my blood, drop by drop." Laying her hand on a New Testament, she added, "I take God to witness that I have never desired, approved, or sought the death of the Queen of England." Mary then asked for a short delay, in order to complete her will, and put her affairs in order; but Shrewsbury answered roughly that it was impossible, she must die the next morning, between seven and eight o'clock.

The Queen then petitioned that her confessor, who was imprisoned in another part of the castle, might be with her to help her to prepare for death; but this consolation was also denied her. Shrewsbury and Kent now urged her to confer with the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, but this Mary indignantly refused. Kent then told her that it had been concluded that she could not live without endangering the State, the Queen's life, and the Protestant religion. "Your life," he said, "would be the death of our religion, your death will be its life." Mary replied that she was far from considering herself worthy of such a death, adding that she humbly received it as a pledge of her admission among the chosen servants of God.

When the Commissioners had withdrawn, the Queen endeavoured to comfort her sorrowing attendants, and

bade them rejoice with her that the end of all her trials was at hand. She hastened the hour of supper, as time pressed, and there was much to do.

Her servants came and went about her, striving to show their zeal and devotion, though overcome with grief. At supper, Burgoing, replacing Melville, who had been of late separated from his mistress, ministered to the Queen with hands trembling with emotion and the tears falling. The only person who remained calm and cheerful was Mary herself. At times she seemed plunged in deep thought, or smiled to herself as if she possessed some happy secret.

After supper, she called her household round her. The faithful companions of her misfortunes threw themselves at her feet, imploring her with tears to forgive them any offences of which they might have been guilty towards her. "With all my heart, dear children," she answered with a gracious smile, "as I also beg you to pardon any injustice or harshness I may have shown towards you." She then begged them to pray for her, and exhorted them to remain constant to their faith, and to live united in Christian charity.

Mary then spent some time in dividing her wardrobe, jewels, etc., among her attendants, and entrusted them with little gifts for her son, the King and Queen of France, and others who were dear to her. She also wrote two letters, one to De Préau, her chaplain, begging him to watch and pray with her in spirit during this her last night on earth, and a farewell letter to her brother-in-law, the King of France. When all her sad duties were accomplished, Mary lay down to take some rest, while her sorrowing women watched and prayed beside her. Mary lay with her eyes closed and her hands clasped, looking so happy that she seemed, as one of her women touchingly expressed it, "to be smiling at the angels." The attendants noticed that she never slept but was absorbed in prayer and contemplation.

At six o'clock, the Queen rose and dressed herself with care as if for some grand and joyful ceremony. She then entered her oratory, where she remained in prayer until Burgoing, fearing for her strength, ventured to disturb

her and implored her to take some food. This she did, thanking him gratefully for his thoughtful care of her. Almost immediately afterwards, a loud knocking was heard at the door. It was the High Sheriff, who had been sent to conduct the Queen to the place of execution. "Let us go," said Mary in a firm voice, and leaning on Burgoing's arm, she led the way to the door. Here the Sheriff interposed to prevent her attendants from going further. They loudly protested against this cruel order, and Mary gently observed that it was hard that they might not be with her to the last. She finally obtained leave for two of her women to accompany her to the scaffold.

At the bottom of the great stair, Melville, her faithful old follower, was permitted to approach. When he saw his mistress, he threw himself at her feet in grief and despair, but she comforted him, bidding him rather rejoice to see her so near the end of all her sorrows, and commanded him to bear her last blessing to her son. The sad procession now advanced to the Great Hall, which was to be the scene of death. It was hung entirely with black, and at the further end was erected the scaffold. Three hundred spectators were assembled in the body of the hall; while in the courtyard outside, an immense crowd had gathered, guarded by two thousand soldiers, as it was feared a rescue might be attempted. Mary moved towards the scaffold, calm and majestic, her countenance serene, and her whole bearing that of one who was preparing for some great happiness. Arrived at the foot of the steps, she accepted Paulett's arm, thanking him pleasantly for this the last service she would ask of him.

When the Queen was seated, Beale read aloud the sentence. Shrewsbury then turning to Mary said: "Madam, you hear what our duty demands of us?" "Do your duty," she replied simply; and addressing herself to the witnesses of her death, she reminded them in touching words, of her long and unjust imprisonment, thanked God who had given her the grace to die for her Faith, and once more protested her innocence of the crime imputed to her. When she ceased speaking,

the Dean of Peterborough placed himself before the scaffold and urged her to listen to his exhortations. Mary gently declined; and as he persisted, she turned away and prayed aloud, invoking the Holy Spirit, confiding herself to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and all the Saints, praying also for her son, for Queen Elizabeth, and all the interests of the Church. Then kissing her crucifix, she exclaimed, "As Thy arms, O my God, were extended on the Cross, do Thou extend over me Thy arms of mercy; graciously receive me, and pardon all my sins."

The fatal moment had now come. Kneeling against the block the Queen waited for death. As she repeated the verse, "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped, let me not be confounded for ever," the signal was given, and the soul of Mary Stuart passed to its eternal reward.

In writing this little Memoir difficulties have arisen from the very richness of the material connected with this period of history. It has therefore been our object to draw attention only to the chief events of the Queen's life, and in especial to those which throw light on her character. All controversy on disputed points has been purposely omitted.

For the benefit of those who care to know more of Mary Stuart, we subjoin a list of the books consulted for this slight sketch.

Jebb, Sam. De vita Mariæ Scotorum Reginæ. 2 vols. Lond., 1725, folio.

Labanoff, Alex. Lettres de Marie Stuart. 7 vols. Lond., 1844, 8vo.

Hosack, John. Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers. 2 vols. Edinb., 1869, 8vo.

Chantelauze, R. M. Marie Stuart, d'après le Journal inédit de Bourgoing. Paris, 1876, 8vo.

The History of Mary Stewart, by her Secretary, Charles Nau. Edinb., 1883, 8vo.

SAINT COLUMBANUS

(539–615)

BY THE REV. JOHN GOLDEN

We have here no permanent city, but we seek one to come.—HEB. xiii. 14.

ANCIENT in name and in history, the little town of Bangor is situated on the southern shore of Belfast Lough. On the opposite coast of the fine bay is seen Carrickfergus, with its picturesque situation and strong mediæval castle. Bangor, too, had its ancient stronghold, as the noble ruins thereof clearly testify. Of its far-famed monastery, however, nothing but memory and history remain. "The parish church occupies the site"—that is, dear reader, the Church of the followers of the eighth Henry and his daughter, Elizabeth. Bangor was called "the Valley of the Angels," at the time when its great monastery flourished. The founder and first Abbot of this illustrious institution was St. Comgall, who lived between 516 and 601, was the contemporary of St. Columbkill, and "has justly been considered among the fathers of the Irish Church."

Bangor Abbey, one of the most distinguished in ancient Ireland, was founded in 559, according to some historians; but Alban Butler places its foundation in 550. The high reputation for sanctity and learning of its Abbot attracted students from Erin, Alba, Britain, and the Continent. Its situation, at once convenient,

picturesque, and salubrious, was an additional attraction. This was the age when, according to Camden and others, Irèland was the mart of sacred and secular learning, to which the English Saxons flocked in large numbers. Of Sulgenus, in the 8th century, it is written :—

> With love of learning and example fired,
> To Ireland, famed for wisdom, he retired.

In 674, Marianus Scotus, quoted by Alban Butler, makes this remark in his Chronicle :—"Ireland was filled with saints or holy men." Among these, and a disciple of St. Comgall at Bangor,[1] St. Columbanus finds an honoured place. One of the noblest sons of France, the great St. Bernard, refers to Bangor in the following terms : "Its disciples not only filled Ireland and Scotia, but swarms of its saints spread themselves through foreign countries, among the number of whom was St. Columbanus, who went to France, where he founded the monastery of Luxen." These are the words of a holy man, whose name and authority all revere, and they afford a light whereby we can read the character of the institution which, for long centuries, adorned "the Valley of Angels."

The birth of St. Columbanus is assigned to various years, ranging between 539 and 546. That he was born within this limit may be regarded as certain, and the balance of proof points to the year 539. Leinster was his native province, and he sprang from an illustrious family. His first tutor was the great St. Senile, Abbot of Cluain-inis in Lough Erne, one of the broad and romantic expansions of the Shannon. The sequestered and delightful situation of this monastic school exercised a healthy influence on the gifted mind of the youthful Columbanus ; it helped to develop his love of contemplation and study. So remarkable was his progress in sacred studies, that he composed some tracts and wrote

[1] In 818 Bangor was destroyed by the Danes. At that time it numbered 3,000 monks, of whom 900 with the Abbot were martyred by those fierce pagans. It was rebuilt by St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, who died in 1148.

an exposition of the Psalms while yet in his youth. The venerable Abbot of Lough Erne, once the disciple of St. Finnian of Clonard, was well qualified to have the moulding of a mind endowed with talents of the highest order; for St. Senile was remarkable for a high degree of sanctity and extensive knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures. The classics, too, of Greece and Rome, and the usual course of science, St. Columbanus studied under this venerable master and servant of God. He left Lough Erne in early manhood, and returned to the home of his parents, who sought to divert his mind from the religious to the secular state. But Columbanus, though young, had already formed the cherished design of embracing the monastic life. A mind like his, imbued with the love of holy solitude and of a strong intellectual grasp, was not likely to yield under any pressure. Against his mother's earnest wish, and rejecting brightest prospects, he fled his native province and directed his steps to St. Comgall at Bangor. His vocation was from God, and he must needs obey God rather than father or mother. Bangor received with joy a young man so distinguished for high attainments in virtue and knowledge; and Columbanus was fortunate in having for his master, during many years, the wise, holy, and learned St. Comgall. Here he made his religious profession and received Holy Orders; and here, too, he cheerfully engaged in the religious exercises, the labours and studies, of that great institution, from which "Alfred selected professors, when he founded the university of Oxford." [1]

Manual labour formed, by rule, part of the occupation of the monks of Bangor, as indeed was the case in all the abbeys of the island; but manual labour, whether in the field or in the workshop, was not permitted to interrupt the rule of constant contemplation. While the body was engaged in useful industry, the mind was employed in communing with God; and in this manner did St. Columbanus, one of the brightest luminaries of the Irish Church, spend at Bangor a large portion of his useful

[1] *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, vol. i.

and edifying life. To him, as to all the servants of God, "blissful solitude" was very dear—

> Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
> Uninterrupted joy, unrivalled love,
> In blissful solitude.

About his fiftieth year, St. Columbanus conceived an invincible desire of following in the wake of other Irish missionaries, who went to evangelize various countries abroad. This longing he regarded as the will of Heaven. His age, wisdom, solid piety, and extensive learning rendered him a most valuable assistant to his venerable master, St. Comgall. Master and disciple were among the great men of that age, so fertile of greatness in the Isle of Saints. They were attached to one another with all the earnestness of saintly and noble minds. Long years of holy friendship had cemented between them a union such as the angels love to contemplate. So we find that St. Columbanus cheerfully obeyed the voice that called him away from his beloved monastery and native soil; and that St. Comgall not only acquiesced in his wish, but even selected twelve companions, who should accompany him on his mission of mercy to nations either wholly pagan, or only partially Christian. Some twenty-six years before this, St. Columbkill set out with an equal number of disciples for the conversion of Caledonia. The fascination which this number had for missionary chiefs going forth from ancient Ireland, arose from the fact that our Lord had chosen twelve disciples to propagate the Gospel. Chief among the disciples of St. Columbanus were St. Gall, St. Dichuil, latinized Deicola, St. Columbanus the younger, St. Cummin, and St. Kilian. It appears certain that this missionary band visited Britain first, and that they established there the rule of St. Comgall, though their sojourn in that country was brief. Their arrival among the Franks of Gaul is set down to 589 or 590.

Toilsome and perilous was the mission upon which St. Columbanus now embarked; but he possessed zeal, fortitude, and knowledge equal to the enterprise. To

correct abuses of long standing, and to restore discipline among a half-civilized people, is an undertaking as laborious as it is necessary for the well-being of religion. And this, together with the conversion of pagan tribes, was the work which St. Columbanus accomplished. Jonas, Abbot of Bobbio, in the middle of the seventh century, gives a sad account of the state of society and of religion in the Gauls, that is, Burgundy and Austrasia, at the time under consideration. On the dissolution of the Roman Empire, numerous tribes of hardy and cruel barbarians, pagan to boot, came down from the north and the east upon the fair plains of France. Conquest and plunder were their pursuit. In a word, frequent wars, incursions of fierce enemies, and a consequent relaxation of discipline, had all but effaced the virtue of religion. Though faith had survived the rude shock, penance and mortification had become almost unknown. Alzog[1] does not hesitate to say that, "owing to the fury of war and the negligence of the bishops, ecclesiastical discipline had become greatly relaxed, and Christian morality almost unknown." But a great and salutary change is at hand. What Christ said of the house of Zacheus may be applied to Gaul, on the arrival of St. Columbanus and his monks: "This day is salvation come to this house." For several years they traversed the country up and down, preaching the Gospel, exhorting by word and example, and everywhere diffusing the "good odour of Christ." No labour was deemed arduous in the noble work of reformation and conversion, to which all their endeavours were directed. Bearing well in mind the command of our Lord: "So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, who is in heaven," they furnished in their own lives bright examples of every Christian virtue. God blessed their work, and vouchsafed them a rich and abundant harvest.

In the kingdom of Burgundy, and amidst the wild forest-clad mountains of the Vosges, there was an old

[1] Vol. ii. p. 75.

Roman castle, now no better than a picturesque ruin. This was the stronghold of Annegray, and, ruined as it was, St. Columbanus was glad to receive it from the king as his first settled residence. Here indeed, there was sweet solitude—

> The shadowy desert, unfrequented wood ;

but there was also a lack of all the necessaries of life, St. Columbanus and his numerous disciples being reduced to the hard necessity of subsisting for nine days on grass and the wild produce of the forest trees. But it is from trials and the Cross that the way leads to the throne, and St. Columbanus was too well versed in the science of the saints not to understand the value of trials. Extreme want would be followed by abundance, and by an increase of the blessings of heaven. Caranticus, Abbot of Salix in the neighbourhood, having heard of the distress at Annegray, sent a supply of provisions, and thus did Providence reward the patience of the sufferers. But another reward of a higher order was bestowed on them. The daily increasing fame of their sanctity brought to Annegray multitudes from all quarters, and the name of God was glorified in cures and conversions.

Owing to the abundant influx of disciples, a more commodious residence became a matter of prime necessity, and Goutran, the king, bestowed on St. Columbanus the strong old fortress of Luxeuil, some eight miles from Annegray. According to Jonas, St. Columbanus was the first who established the monastic order among the French, and Luxeuil became a most celebrated monastery and a great centre of perfection. Its foundation is ascribed to the year 591, and its situation was in the deep solitude of the Vosgean mountains. "Luxeuil was in Franche-Comté, in the diocese of Besançon, at the foot of the mountains of the Vosge towards Lorraine."[1] The rapid increase of disciples very soon rendered a third institution necessary: and

[1] *Ages of Faith*, vol. iii. p. 228.

it was from the highest grades of society that candidates chiefly came. The new monastery was named Ad Fontanes, the Fountains, because of the springs which abounded there. St. Comgall and St. Columbkill had several minor houses subject to them; and so St. Columbanus had precedents to follow when he made Annegray and Fountains subordinate to Luxeuil. The celebrated rule he drew up for the government of his monks was founded on that of St. Comgall of Bangor. The instructions which he gave the monks, sixteen of which are preserved in the Library of the Fathers, Mabillon and others highly extol. The discipline of Luxeuil found almost universal favour in the monastic houses of France, and it was followed by several in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. At the Council of Macon, in 627, the French Bishops stamped it with their approval, and, after it had done glorious service in the Church for some centuries, it was finally incorporated with the rule of St. Benedict, in the reign of the Emperor Charlemagne. Alban Butler remarks that "the rule of St. Columban was highly esteemed, was observed in many great monasteries, and is still followed jointly with that of St. Benedict. Both excelled as law-givers, and the nations owe them a debt of gratitude."

What those great Fathers of the cloister taught by wise and enlightened rules, which are a "treasury of invaluable precepts," they had themselves practised for long years; "and hence the sound of truth was mighty on their lips." The regeneration of society, shattered and broken like the Roman Empire, was due to the marvellous self-denial and heroic zeal of the children of Benedict and Columbanus. The sombre forest and the barren desert yielded to the persevering toil of the monks of Luxeuil, and became productive. While manual labour subdued the soil, the eloquent preaching of the Word, supported by angelic holiness of life, softened savage manners and created in them a change truly marvellous. In the secluded shades of the cloister, science and literature were cultivated with eminent success; and the treasures of Greece and Rome

were preserved by the persistent multiplication of manuscripts, the loving work of monks. Besides all this, intervals were allotted to the reciting of psalms, anthems, and the canonical hours. Prayer, study, and labour alternated by rule; and of St. Columbanus it is said, that he left his monks a rule of life so admirable as to merit universal eulogium; that he was a man profoundly versed in the science of salvation; and that he was endowed by the Holy Ghost with grace to conduct souls to the highest state of perfection. The Columban Rule was very rigorous in punishing faults, while it allowed but one meal in the day—towards evening—the food being of the roughest and meanest kind. The monks to the letter followed the precepts of St. Columbanus, and what a charm did the fulfilment thereof impart to their sacred characters! In the midst of all their varied duties there was maintained a continual application of the mind to God, and day and night they beheld nothing but our Lord Jesus Christ hanging from the wood.[1]

The mode of computing the Easter time gave rise to a dispute between St. Columbanus and the French bishops. This was the great Paschal question, which regarded discipline only, and touched no dogma of faith. What was the exact time of celebrating Easter became, however, a question that gave rise to many serious difficulties and disturbed the peace of the Church from very early times. The General Council of Nice, held in 325, decreed that Easter should be celebrated on the first Sunday after the full moon of the vernal equinox, *i.e.*, after the spring full moon. This rule, which was the famous Jewish cycle of eighty-four years, was the one which St. Patrick introduced from Rome into Ireland, and the early missionaries into Britain. St. Columba and his monks followed it at Iona and throughout Caledonia and the north of England. But this system of computation was found to contain an error, which the Alexandrians were the first to discover. In 444, a difference of nearly a month was found between

[1] "Semper in ore tuo resonent bona verba salutis," was a precept of St. Columbanus. *Ages of Faith*, vol. iii. p. 451.

the days on which Easter was celebrated at Alexandria and at Rome. The Alexandrian system of calculation—that of nineteen years—was the more correct one; and the adoption of this cycle in Rome, through the exertions of the Abbot Denys the Little, secured uniformity in the Eastern and Western Churches on the vexed Paschal question.

The new system of calculating the Easter festival had been introduced into France not many years prior to the arrival of St. Columbanus in the country. In Ireland, however, it was not adopted till the year 633, when the ambassadors, despatched by the Irish Bishops to Rome, reported on their return, that people from all quarters were of one mind on the question, and that all celebrated Easter on the same day as the great centre of Catholicity. The Irish Bishops, in sending a deputation to the Pope, proved their loyalty to the Holy See, and also to the famous canon of St. Patrick, that "if any questions arise in this island (Ireland), they are to be referred to the Apostolic See."[1] The report of the ambassadors as to the practice in Rome placed the question beyond controversy, and the Irish Church accepted the decision of the Successor of the Apostles. But St. Columbanus had departed from Ireland many years prior to this date, and had taken with him to France the custom handed down from St. Patrick and scrupulously observed, both at home and abroad, by all Irish missionaries. The deep veneration he entertained for St. Comgall, St. Columba of Iona, and all the venerable fathers of the Irish race, made him very reluctant to change at the bidding of the French bishops. As no question of faith was involved, and as Rome had not yet enforced the new cycle in Ireland, Columbanus firmly and religiously adhered to the discipline he had brought from the great monastery of Bangor. This occasioned much irritation between him and the French prelates. A tract which he composed on the Paschal question, defining and defend-

[1] "Si quæ quæstiones in hac insula oriantur, ad sedem Apostolicam referantur." Canon S. Patr. Aux. et Isser.

ing his own position, he directed to St. Arigius, the first bishop of Gap—in Latin, Vapincum.

In 602, the bishops held a Synod, and St. Columbanus, writing to them, thanked God they had assembled, and expressed his wish that, according to the Canons, they should do so more frequently. He entreats them to examine dispassionately which is the correct tradition, and refers them for explanation to his letter to the Bishop of Gap and to three different communications addressed by him to Pope St. Gregory the Great. For twelve years he had lived in the wilderness for the love of Jesus Christ, and now that a tempest was raised against him, he would say, in the words of Jonas the prophet: "If I am the cause of this tempest, make it cease by casting me into the sea." Yet he was of opinion that, instead of disturbing poor strangers, they should have afforded them comfort. He begged to be allowed to adhere to the traditions of his elders in Ireland, and disclaimed any idea of disturbing others in their observances. In the first Council of Constance, it was decreed [1] that the Churches outside the Roman Empire are to be administered according to the traditions of their fathers. This decree St. Columbanus claimed in his favour, as Ireland, his native country, had never come under the dominion of Rome. And though he maintained, with warmth and vehemence, the traditional customs of his native land, he declared his entire willingness to comply with whatever instructions should arrive from Rome. Indeed, no heart could be truer to Rome than that of St. Columbanus, as is abundantly manifest from his own words. If St. Columbanus in France, the Irish missionaries in Scotland and the North of England, and the Irish Church at home, were so tenacious of what, after all, was a matter of discipline only, but a discipline originally received from Rome, what would they not have been prepared to do and to suffer for the essentials of religion, for the faith of St. Patrick and of the Apostolic See? The great revolt of the 16th century found them ready to shed their blood and lay

[1] A.D. 314.

down their lives for the faith of Rome. Had the occasion arisen, St. Columbanus and his monks at Luxeuil would have cheerfully sacrificed their lives for the faith of St. Peter and his successors. Relative to the Paschal question, his feelings and motives should have won more respect.

The life of the saints is the continual carrying of the Cross. "If any man will follow Me, let him deny himself, and take up his Cross, and follow Me."[1] So spoke our Divine Lord, the master of the school of tribulation, "who, though exempt from sin Himself, was not exempt from suffering."[2] The disciple must not seek to be above his master; and as it is with gold refined in a furnace, so with the soul purified by suffering: each comes forth improved in lustre and in value. St. Columbanus was tried in the school of tribulation. We refer to the persecution he suffered from Thierry, King of Burgundy, and his grandmother, the impious Brunchilde. St. John the Baptist lost his liberty and life for reproving the vices of Herod's court. St. Columbanus was banished from Luxeuil for raising his voice against the corruptions of the Burgundian court. The Baptist's worst enemy was the wicked Herodias: the Abbot of Luxeuil experienced the greatest hostility from the ambitious and designing Brunehilde. Fearing to lose power, if the young Thierry engaged in lawful wedlock, the haughty Queen Dowager dissuaded him from marriage and encouraged him to lead a vicious course of life. St. Columbanus remonstrated with the King by letter and by personal interview. The deep and heartfelt interest he took in the monarch's salvation, influenced him powerfully, and would have effected in him a thorough and permanent conversion, had not Brunehilde's relentless hostility and dark intrigues interposed to frustrate the Abbot's charitable endeavours. Filled with holy zeal and fearless of consequences, he inveighed against the scandals in high places; and the hostility of the Court, increasing by lapse of time, culminated in his

[1] St. Mark viii. 34. [2] St. Augustine.

banishment from the Vosges. "In the world you shall have distress; but have confidence, I have overcome the world."[1] Inspired by the divine example and promise, St. Columbanus wavered not in his character of apostle and reformer. Hence the persecution. "What fellowship has light with darkness?" Later on we shall see how it fared with the man of God, and how with his enemies.

In 610, St. Columbanus was forcibly expelled from his beloved monastery. The monarch himself attempted the ignominious task. The energy of the Abbot's reproving words inspired him with fear and horror. When attempting to invade the enclosure, he was met and driven back by those terrible words of the Saint: "If thou, sire, art come hither to violate the discipline already established, or to destroy the dwellings of the servants of God, know that in heaven there is a just and avenging power; thy kingdom shall be taken from thee, and both thou and thy royal race shall be cut off and destroyed on the earth." It happened to Thierry and his race according to the Abbot's prophetic words. Courage failed the guilty king and he desisted; but satellites were not wanting to execute his will. Brunchilde, thirsting for vengeance, succeeded in bringing matters to this crisis. And the stormy scene she excited did not abate until St. Columbanus was banished first to Besançon, and then to Nantes on the western coast, whence it was intended to send him a prisoner to Ireland. His Irish monks were permitted to share in his banishment. Grief filled the hearts and tears the eyes of the other monks who were forced to remain behind. The scene was very touching; but St. Columbanus, as far as sympathetic words could effect, relieved the distress of his disciples. "God will be to you a father, and will reward you with mansions where the workers of sacrilege can never enter."

Long was the way—a *via dolorosa*—from the neighbourhood of the Rhine to the port of Nantes. Raga-

[1] St. John xvi. 33.

mund, the captain of the guard, executed his commission with much severity. When at Auxerre, St. Columbanus uttered these prophetic words to Ragamund, who had spoken disparagingly of Clothaire, King of Soissons, on the north-west of Gaul: "Remember[1] what I tell you. Clotharius, whom you now despise, will be your master in three years." At Nevers on the Loire, when embarking for Nantes, one of the guard struck a holy monk named Dua. Here again St. Columbanus uttered a true prophecy—the unfeeling soldier would be struck by God on the very spot where he had committed the wanton deed. On his return journey, the soldier found there a watery grave. Ragamund refused the citizens of Orleans the consolation of ministering to the servants of God, though provisions had now entirely failed them. But the designs of Providence are not to be frustrated. A Syrian woman, having met two of the monks in quest of supplies, became to them a good Samaritan. She invited them to her hospitable abode, and treated them with kindness and generosity. A stranger herself, but in easy circumstances, her sympathies were with those strangers in distress. "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."[2] The miraculous cure of her blind husband, at the prayer of St. Columbanus and his companions, amply rewarded her devotion to the saints. The report of this miracle brought to them large numbers of suffering humanity; and the captain of the guards, willing or not, was obliged to leave the people free in supplying St. Columbanus with the necessaries of life.

At the historic city of Tours, St. Columbanus was refused permission to visit the tomb of St. Martin. By the will of Heaven, however, it happened that the boatmen, unable to row away, were compelled to tarry there over night; and thus an opportunity was afforded the monks of satisfying their pious desires. The good Bishop of Tours, Leuparius by name, extended to them his kind hospitality, and wished them a prosperous voyage. They reached at length the ancient port of

[1] Jonas, cap. 19. [2] St. Matt. v. 7.

Nantes, at the mouth of the Loire. Providence willed this to be the termination of their weary pilgrimage. While some treated them here with coldness and desired to expedite their departure, two pious ladies, Procla and Dola, proved themselves veritable Veronicas. The monks were now embarked out in the harbour, and St. Columbanus was about to rejoin them by sailing down the river in a boat. But lo! a great storm arose: mighty waves rolled in: the ship was driven back ashore and stranded for three days; and the captain, divining the cause, liberated the monks, and was rewarded by the calming of the winds and the waves. St. Columbanus and his monks had yet work to do abroad, and Divine Providence would not permit their enemies to frustrate His purpose.

As the storm abated in the port, as soon as the monks disembarked, so the storm of persecution ceased, the one being a significant prelude to the other. They were prisoners no longer, and the guard offered them no further molestation. Their meekness and patience edified all, and the citizens of Nantes were indignant at the unworthy treatment they had experienced. They were now the victors, and the people rejoiced at being able to render them the services of charity. St. Columbanus, before leaving Nantes, sent written instructions to Attala, whom he had placed over the monks at the Vosges. He was to remain at his post; "but if," the Saint adds, "you see danger, I mean danger of disunion, which may be caused by the Paschal question, you may come to me:" whence it appears that the Easter Computation was still a probable danger to the peace of the community near the Rhine.

The King of Soissons (or Neustria), Clothaire II., received St. Columbanus with joy and affection. He would have him and his monks establish themselves in his dominions, but this did not seem good to the Saint, whose face was set to other regions more in need of his apostolic labours. But St. Columbanus rendered Clothaire a service of much importance. By his advice, the King abstained from taking part in the dispute which, at

this juncture, disturbed the peace between the brothers Thierry and Theodebert, respecting the boundaries of their kingdoms; and he foretold, as afterwards fell out, that in three years Clothaire would be monarch of the whole of France. The King lent him an escort on his way through Paris and Meux to the dominions of Theodebert. At Paris he cured a man possessed by an evil spirit; and at Meux a generous nobleman, Chameric, took him under his own protection. St. Columbanus gave the nobleman's family his benediction, and devoted to God his youthful daughter, Brugundofora, who afterwards shone as a model of virtue. Though he drank of the cup of bitterness from the Rhine to the sea, his return journey was all a triumph, God vouchsafing to magnify His servant by many striking miracles.

After many vicissitudes of travel, St. Columbanus and his companions arrived in the kingdom of Theodebert. This monarch, always well-disposed, treated them with the utmost courtesy and hospitality. Several of the monks of Luxeuil had now rejoined their dear Abbot, and their arrival cheered his heart. Theodebert offered sites for new monasteries, held out various inducements to the servant of God to fix their abode in his realm. The Bishop of Metz was equally desirous for them to stay, and gave many proofs of his affections for the monks. But the Bishop failed to detain him at Metz, and as he was left free to make his own selection, he directed his steps to the lake region of South Germany, which was a portion of the dominions of Theodebert. Alzog[1] summarises his journey up the Rhine in the following passage: "He ascended the Rhine from a point below Mayence, till he reached the lake of Zurich, made a short stay at Theergau and Arbou, and finally established himself at Bregenz, on the lake of Constance. His chief assistant in these missionary labours was another Irishman by the name of Gall, as daring and resolute as Columbanus himself, well educated and eloquent, and able to preach in the German as well as in the Latin language." The

[1] Vol. ii. p. 76.

people at Lake Zurich, rude and impious pagans, raised a violent storm of persecution against the monks, and St. Columbanus, seeing that no good could be effected, departed from them. They had conspired to murder St. Gall, whose zeal promoted him to burn down their pagan temples and cast the offerings of idols into the lake. St. Columbanus was to be scourged and banished. The monks, having got notice of hostilities, escaped the hands of the infidels. At Arbon, Willimara, "a worthy priest," cheered them by his hospitality, and procured a boat and trusty rowers to convey them across the lake of Constance, to the pleasant valley where stood the old Roman town of Brigantium, now Bregenz, a frontier town of Austria on the lake. The situation was very picturesque at the mouth of the river Bregenz, where it enters the lake between the Swiss and Bavarian territories.

St. Columbanus reaped an abundant harvest on the shores of the beautiful lake of Constance. The people, that is, the ancient Suevi, were little better than those at Zurich, who sought the lives of the monks; but the courage and address of our Saint disarmed opposition and won them to the Church. At Bregenz, he found an oratory dedicated to St. Aurelia, and also a temple now in the hands of the pagans, but originally Christian. On the walls of this temple were brass images, to which the people, some utter pagans and others lapsed Christians, used to point, saying: "These are our ancient gods and protectors." St. Gall preached with such fiery zeal that they allowed him to break their idols and cast them into the deep lake. Most of them were thoroughly converted. St. Columbanus purified the temple with prayer and holy water, anointed the altar, and, having deposited there the relics of St. Aurelia, celebrated Mass, to the great joy of the new converts. The solemn dedication of this church was an event of great importance, marking a new era of religious life at the lake of Constance. A miracle helped to win the hearts of the people and to bring about most happy results. Wodan was the false god of the Suevi, and to Wodan they were about to make an offering of beer, when St. Columbanus,

breathing on the vessel, caused it to be smashed in pieces and the contents to be scattered on the ground. The thirsty god had to do without his beer that day and ever after. "The barbarians were surprised and said he had a strong breath."[1]

The new monastic institution at Bregenz continued to flourish and grow in usefulness under the rule and guidance of St. Columbanus. Here the Saint would have gladly remained, had not an untoward event decided otherwise. In 612, his friend and benefactor, Theodebert, having suffered defeat first at Toul and next at Tolbiac, was made prisoner at Cologne by his brother Thierry; and at the instigation of the vindictive Brunchilde, her grandson was cruelly put to death. The kingdom of Austrasia, which was Theodebert's, having fallen thus into the hands of Thierry, St. Columbanus resolved to seek safety in flight.

The relentless enemies who banished him and his Irish monks from the sweet solitude of the Vosges, would not fail to banish them from their new abode at Constance also, and from whatever place St. Columbanus might select in their dominions. Old as he now was, and greatly enfeebled in health, he resolved to cross the Alps and extend the sphere of his usefulness to the classic land of Italy. It so happened that St. Gall, his most zealous assistant, was unable to accompany his beloved master owing to a violent fever. Divine Providence had other work for St. Gall amidst the mountains of Switzerland. St. Columbanus saw in this malady an indication of the will of God in his regard, and accordingly he offered no opposition to his remaining behind. The city of St. Gall and a province of the same name, commemorate to this day the labours and the virtues of that great man, who founded the illustrious monastery of St. Gall, and did so much for the propagation of the faith.

In 612, St. Columbanus crossed the Alps and reached the historic city of Milan, the capital of Lombardy. At

[1] Butler, *Life of St. Columbanus.*

that time, Agilulf and his virtuous Queen, Theodelinda by name, held their Court at Milan. Devoted children of the Church, the King and Queen rejoiced at the arrival of St. Columbanus and his monks ; and the good King of the Lombards offered St. Columbanus his choice of sites to found a Monastery. It was the monarch's pleasure that the servants of God should settle wherever they deemed fit. The abbot Jonas, biographer of our Saint, mentions that while at Milan, he confuted the Arians in a very learned tract, which is not extant. From Milan also he wrote his celebrated letter to Pope Boniface IV., and this he did at the urgent request of King Agilulf, who hoped that the Pope might take such action as would confound the heretics of his kingdom, and restore to the Church the peace which they had violently disturbed. An extract from the letter in question will show how strongly St. Columbanus felt and wrote on the doctrine of Papal Supremacy, and that the faith of the Irish people, and the opening of the seventh century, was the same as that of their posterity at the close of the nineteenth. It runs as follows : " For we, Irish, are disciples of St. Peter and St. Paul, and of all the divinely-inspired canonical writers, adhering constantly to the evangelical and apostolical doctrine. Among us neither Jew, heretic, nor schismatic can be found ; but the Catholic faith, entire and unshaken, precisely as we have received it from you, who are the successors of the Apostles. For, as I have already said, we are attached to the Chair of St. Peter ; and although Rome is great and renowned, yet with us it is great and distinguished only on account of that apostolic chair. Through the two Apostles of Jesus Christ, ye are almost celestial, and Rome is the head of the Churches of the world." Splendid testimony of the faith of our ancestors and of their unshaken fidelity to the See of Peter, from which St. Patrick derived his authority and came to our shores with the benediction of a holy Pope !

In other parts of the famous document referred to, St. Columbanus designates the Popes " their Lords and

Fathers in Christ;" and "the first Pastors set higher than all mortals;" and again, "the most beautiful Heads of all the Churches of the whole of Europe." He is profuse in the titles and encomiums he bestows on the Apostolic See and its occupants. The Popes are "the Princes of the Leaders;" "the Steersmen and the Pilots of the Spiritual Vessel;" and "no one is to discuss with Rome." "The Pontiffs give the bread of doctrine to those who seek it;" and "the Irish are bound to the Chair of Peter." Elsewhere he tells why Rome is great among the Irish: it is "through this Chair." The Irish "are the servants, scholars, and children of the Popes." "The principal seat of orthodoxy and the head of the Churches of all the world," behold what he calls Rome. These and many other vigorous expressions St. Columbanus employs to show the faith of the Irish in the Papal Supremacy, and with a view to rouse the Pope to greater zeal against the heretics and schismatics. Because the Vicar of Christ was higher than all mortals, he should raise his voice like a trumpet, in order to protect the flock and confound the enemies of the Church. "You are the Prince of the Leaders, and have to endure the perils of the whole of the Lord's army—therefore I strive to stir thee up." Here we have a monk coming forward as the adviser of the head of the Church, and urging him to action. St. Bernard and St. Peter Damian in later periods, and Cardinal Miccara, acted similarly, respecting the Popes of their times. Men of wisdom and holiness of life have used strong but respectful language to the Holy See, when occasion required. So with St. Columbanus, whose heart was ever in Rome and in the interests of holy faith. The heretics and schismatics of that day he would have quickly condemned; and the pretended union they affected with Rome he repelled with all his orthodox soul. "Let the cause of schism be immediately cut off with the sword of St. Peter, that is, by a true confession of the faith in a synod, and the detestation and anathematisation of all heretics." The great and high-souled Abbot is fired to indignation because the heretics had aspersed the

character of Boniface, and therefore he urges him to have them condemned in a Synod, and thereby to prove that their heresy precludes the possibility of union with Rome. "The Roman Church," he writes, "admits to its communion none who impugn the Catholic faith;" words as true to-day as when they came from the heart and the pen of St. Columbanus—words whose import all non-Catholics would do well to study.

At the time when St. Columbanus came to Lombardy, the North of Italy was in a state of great agitation relative to the affair of the "Three Chapters" or writings condemned in the East. The famous Three Chapters were publications which favoured the heresy of the Nestorians, who sought to undermine the belief in the mystery of the Incarnation; and were the productions of three Oriental bishops, Theodoret of Cyrus, Ibas of Edessa, and Theodore of Mopsuestia. At the General Council of Chalcedon, celebrated in 451, the authors of these mischievous writings retracted their errors, by making a profession of Catholic faith. Later on, Pope Vigilius, in hope of promoting peace, condemned the Three Chapters himself, with this reservation: "In accordance with the authority of the Council of Chalcedon." But this did not restore peace, and another General Council, that of Constantinople, convened in 550, opened the whole question afresh and condemned the Three Chapters. Though the action of this Council established comparative tranquillity in the East, there still prevailed considerable commotion in Africa and Italy. The want of more frequent communication with the East and ignorance of its language caused the question to be misunderstood in Italy. Alban Butler, in his life of St. Columbanus, remarks that "Pope Gregory the Great tolerated the conduct of those in the West, chiefly in Lombardy, who, upon mistakes concerning facts which passed in the East, defended the Three Chapters, but did not on that account break off communion, till they could be better informed, as their faith was in all respects orthodox." St. Columbanus deeply felt the unsatisfactory position of affairs, and hence his letter to Pope Boniface IV., a document

in which "the author expresses great zeal for the honour of the Roman See, and professes himself inviolably attached to it." The Saint may be taken as a type of the race from which he sprang; for, "the Irish, though far removed from other nations, excelled all their neighbours by the fervour of their faith." [1] Their attachment to the Holy See, then, as ever since, corresponded with "the fervour of their faith."

In 610, St. Columbanus foretold that Thierry and his race would "be cut off and destroyed on the earth;" and he also predicted that, in three years, Clothaire, king of the small territory of Soissons, would become monarch of all France. Let us see how these two predictions were verified. In 612, by the defeat and assassination of his brother Theodebert, Thierry became ruler of the whole nation, except Soissons. That portion, too, he coveted; but in 613 he died at Metz, when on the point of waging war with Clothaire, who, thereupon became sovereign of the whole French monarchy. As for the illegitimate offspring of Thierry, some were put to death, while others fled, no more to appear on the scene of political action. As for the old sinner, Brunchilde or Brunhant, the cause of many wars and misfortunes to France, she was found guilty of putting to death several Kings, besides the saintly Desiderius, Bishop of Vienna, because he had reproved her public scandals; and according to Alban Butler,[2] "she was put to the rack for three days, and afterwards dragged to death, being tied to the tail of a wild mare."

Now firmly established on the French throne, and seeing the prophecies literally fulfilled, Clothaire became most anxious for the return of St. Columbanus. Eustasius, Abbot of Luxeuil, was dispatched as ambassador to invite the man of God to the Court. This was in 614. The Saint excused himself on the plea of age and infirmities, but sent messages of wisdom to the King, and instructions for the government of the institutions he had founded on French soil. Never had he coveted worldly honours;

[1] Jonas, *Monk of Bobbio.* [2] Butler, vol. v., *Life of St. Germanus.*

much less had they any charms for him now. "St. Columbanus from Ireland sung the shame and folly of avarice."[1] Of him might it well be said:

> Full of zeal and faith, esteemed light
> All worldly honour, empire, treasure, might.

At Bobbio it was that Eustasius delivered the royal message to St. Columbanus. Bovium, or Bobbio, a site at once romantic and retired, lies in a deep gorge of the Apennines, between Genoa and Milan, but nearer to the former city. Agilulf, the Lombard King, bestowed on him this picturesque site as his choice, and here, on the banks of the rapid Trebia, he founded, in 613, one of the most celebrated monasteries of Christendom. An old church, dedicated to St. Peter, and sadly in need of repairs, he found in the wild but beautiful gorge. This he caused to be renovated, and by its side he laid the foundation of the great Abbey. Bobbio has to-day a Cathedral Church and episcopal palace, and a population of about 4,000 souls. But St. Columbanus, sighing for complete solitude, built himself a little oratory, apart from the Church, and in the cavern of a large rock. This became to him a kind of Bethlehem, and he dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin. In this secluded dwelling he spent the residue of his days in the practice of prayer and mortification, and close communion with his God. Remembering that "man shall go into the house of his eternity," he shut himself in from the world and found in his sweet grotto that deep repose which he loved so well, and in which he employed all his time in preparing his soul to meet the great Judge. Others he had served during many long years, and now he felt the force of the great truth—

> What to thee is other's good,
> If thou neglect thy own?[2]

And so, in his lonely grotto, he resolved

> To finish the short pilgrimage of life,
> Still speeding to its close on restless wing.

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[1] *Ages of Faith*, vol. i. p. 244. [2] Dante, Purg. x. and xx.

In this beloved retirement he closed a most eventful and brilliant career on the 21st of November, A.D. 615, about three years after he had left Bregentz on the lake of Constance. His sacred remains found an honoured resting place at Bobbio, where, with some of his companions, he lies buried in the crypt of the Cathedral. Jonas mentions that many miracles were performed at his tomb, and Jonas, first and chief among his biographers, published his life in 650.

The town of San Columbano, in Northern Italy, derives its name from our Saint, and he is honoured in many churches in France, Italy, and other countries. St. Columbanus was chief among the long roll of Irish saints and missionaries, who in the French, German, and Helvetian nations converted various tribes, founded numerous churches and monasteries, subdued wild forest and desert places to the use of man, and gave an impetus to religion, science, and civilization. "The breviary of the French Benedictines styles him one of the chief patriarchs of the monastic institute, especially in France, where many of the principal monasteries followed his rule, till, in the reign of Charlemagne, for the sake of uniformity, they all received that of St. Benedict."[1] How impressive is the beautiful story of his grand life! how serene the death of so great a servant of God! and how glorious a reward awaited him in Paradise! Trials, contradictions, and persecutions he endured in life; but "the God of all consolation," in Whose service he persevered to the end, enabled him to convert tribulations into blessings. Internal joy accompanies the patient endurance of afflictions, and Providence has ordained that those who suffer with Christ here shall reign with Him hereafter. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy," (Ps. cxxv. 5).

St. Columbanus was the author of various tracts and poems of a high degree of merit. He was endowed with a genius unusually rich, and he had stored his capacious mind with every branch of learning, sacred

[1] Butler, *Life of St. Columbanus.*

and secular. His writings manifest an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures and the early Fathers, with the classical learning of Rome and Greece. His knowledge was acquired ere his departure from Ireland, and chiefly in the great school of Bangor, under his beloved master, St. Comgall. He went out in middle age, ripe in years and wisdom and elegant acquirements, to begin a life of wonderful activity and usefulness. Cave and Dupin, quoted by Ledwick,[1] speak of St. Columbanus as of primitive simplicity and ancient virtue . . . Dupin, who carefully examined, and with ability epitomized his works, declares they are written with wisdom and eloquence, and with a profound knowledge of ecclesiastical history: they are judicious, witty, and learned.

The holy and austere life of St. Columbanus; the miracles he performed; the prophecies he uttered; his writings, remarkable for breadth and holiness of thought; his famous Rule, which is full of wisdom and spiritual instruction; and his great school declared to be the first monastic establishment in the Gauls,—all tended powerfully to influence many parts of the Continent, and especially France. The zeal and courage wherewith he reproved vice, even in high places, was characteristic of a true reformer of morals, of a brave champion of Christianity. Persecution he suffered from a depraved Court, banishment, too, from his dear monasteries amid the Vosges;—persecution from the barbarous tribes of Helvetia. What more natural for a faithful and intrepid follower of a crucified Master? "If they have persecuted Me, they will persecute you," says the great Master of the school of affliction. But our Divine Lord, Who overcame the world, encourages His servants to "have confidence," and their "distress," after "a little while," shall be changed into everlasting joy.

[1] Ledwick's *Antiquities of Ireland*, p. 354.